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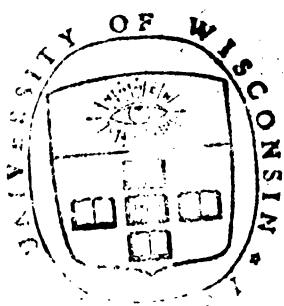
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THE HISTORY
OF
THE HOLY, MILITARY, SOVEREIGN ORDER
OF
ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM;
OR,
KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS, KNIGHTS TEMPLARS,
KNIGHTS OF RHODES, KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

By JOHN TAAFFE
KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE ORDER, AND AUTHOR OF
"ADELAIS."

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE HISTORY
OF THE ORDER OF
ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

BOOK I.—(CONTINUED.)

ABEYANCE THE FIRST.

OUT on the pinnacle of the rock looking towards Jerusalem, about five miles from it, stood a horseman, evidently Christian, from the setting beams of a vivid October sun, A.D. 1187 (the very last day of that month,¹ for early in November Saladin was before Tyre with his army),² which sun flashing on

¹ Arab. Chron., 219.

² Arrivez sur un point élevé de la route; nous avons arrêté nos chevaux, et nos regards se sont reportés sur Jerusalem. Quelle profonde détresse!—Michaud: Orient., iv. 297.—That Grand Master Gardiner was quite a different man from Gardiner, Prior of England, is certain also from this latter's having been still prior there in 1189.—Appendix, Num. xxxvi.

his scarlet surcoat, showed most distinctly its white cross; his eye accompanying each movement of another horseman that indistinctly in the deep shade was coming nearer and nearer, though rather slowly; and at probably two hundred paces away, as he got over some rising ground on the plain, keen gazers could observe he wanted the right arm, and wore a whitecross of small dimensions. And they soon knew each other; and the younger, with as much speed as he could manage, rode climbing not straight over the rocky face, which was impossible, but round by the village. "Sir Almeric de Vere," said the Grand Master, as this knight of his drew up from behind, with a low bow, being without the hand to salute with his sword, or touch his helmet, "I am very glad to see you alive, even so." "Nor," said Sir Almeric, "did I hope evermore to meet your Grace in this world; for the last thing I recollect just as I felt falling, and before quite losing my senses, was to have seen your blood bursting out in torrents; so, in spite of all our exertions, you were severely wounded, and as I believed, killed, like such multitudes." "But death gave me only a distant shake again," answered the veteran, "for which, under God, I am to thank you, and indeed the whole of the valiant three score that were round me when we clove our passage at Hattim, and of whom the survivors are

you and the seven patches you see in muster behind me. We stopped first a little beyond Nazareth, where we buried several, and afterwards in certain caverns, where others of our party died, and then it was too late to go to Acre or Ascalon; for from Tyre to Egypt, all along the coast, is Moslem. And now being better, we have come to take our last view of that thrice holy and most noble metropolis, and then endeavour to get round by the mountains into Antioch, or somewhere in those parts. But having told you of us, let me ask you how you got into Jerusalem, and what has happened there since Saladin is its master, which he has been this fortnight, as we are informed; and as many exact details as possible, for we are worried with contradictions!"

"Very little could be testified," replied Sir Almeric, "by one senseless from that bloody field, or lying wounded in a room. However, I know it was that angel, an English lady, who had me lifted, with Saladin's leave, and her sweet care recalled me to life, and had me conveyed on a litter to the Jerusalem Hospital, several days before the siege. But in a week after I had undergone amputation, there was a great noise; and I went to the street door, and behold there was a motley crowd, monks, priests, canons, Levites, hermits, anchorites bent with the heavy

B 2

weight of years, and now, alas! obliged to carry arms, women, old or young, and even children; nor indeed could a finger be raised an instant above the parapets without being hit—and amongst the rush, I distinguished the English young lady (she was only seventeen) with a helmet on her head, and carrying drink and refreshments to the soldiers on the bastions. Nor did an hour pass before I saw her borne in wounded, and her brother, who had received an arrow in his face; but fortunately it glanced sideways, and slid along the bone, so that surgeons extracted the wooden part,¹ but the steel barb lies still buried in the flesh. As to my gentle Margaret, she had been struck on the shoulder by a large splinter of stone,² so that she cannot yet get up, and bled dreadfully, but is out of danger. To such a dreadful crisis had matters come, that I myself heard five thousand byzantines offered for fifty soldiers to man one tower for a single night. It was the public crier from Government.³ But not a single person was to be had at that extremity. It would have been only worse, for traitors rendered all real defence impossible. The Greeks and Melkite Christians now openly regret it did not last for a

¹ Coggeshale: Chron., 27.—Bib. Crois., i. 351.

² Thomas of Beverley.—Bib. Crois., iii. 371.

³ Coggeshale: 34.—Bib. Crois., i. 355.

few hours longer, for that they had resolved that very night to cut the throats of all the Franks.¹

“The capitulation, that each should pay a small sum of money, was not rigorously exacted; thousands of expedients to avoid it. Forty days were allowed for all who chose to betake themselves to Tyre or Tripoli.² After a week, came the time prefixed for leaving Jerusalem, and, certainly, it was a melancholy scene; all the gates were shut but one, and Saladin on a throne to see all pass, the clergy with the consecrated vessels and the ornaments and treasures of the churches, and chiefly of the Holy Sepulchre, which some fanatic Moslem wished to pull down, and plough up the place, to prevent all further Christian pilgrimages³—the priests and their infinite riches were all allowed to file by unexamined.⁴—Even upon some of his emirs objecting that those treasures were valued at two hundred thousand pieces of gold, and that, by the capitulation, the clergy had only leave to carry away their own effects, and not the church ornaments, Saladin replied, ‘Let them alone, otherwise they would accuse us of treachery. They do not well know the true meaning of the capitulation.

¹ Aboulfarage.—Arab. Chron., 207. Note.

² Michaud: Hist., ii. 289. ³ Arab. Chron., 214.

⁴ Arab. Chron., 211.

Let them rather have grounds to praise the kindness of our religion.'¹—The Queen, and ladies, and barons, and knights.—And Saladin respected her grief, and his words were full of kindness.—A large crowd of women, some with children in their arms and all with shrill cries of distress; wives, mothers, daughters. And Saladin, stung with deep pity, promised them aid to support their calamity, and gave the wives their husbands, and the mothers their sons, as many as could be found among the prisoners.—Since every one was permitted to carry what they could, many left their most precious effects, and, instead, put their aged parents, or sick friends, on their shoulders.—And Saladin then rewarded them, and pitied their piety, virtue, and misfortunes. All misfortune, even of his foes, found an entrance to his pity. And he permitted all of our order to remain in the city with the sick, and continue to take charge of them, till quite recovered. Nor can I but confess that the Mahometans praised and were proud of their sultan's noble compassion.² Large sums did he bestow on the ladye captives, with wondrous courtesy; but, particularly, on those of them that had lost their husbands or fathers; to some more, to some less, according to their wants. And many

¹ Arab. Chron., 212.

² Id.: 219.

beautiful dames and young ladies had to praise God, internally and most sweetly, for the good and signal honour which Saladin had done them.¹ Fierce, glorious and lofty were his virtues; and he testified it by the careful respect shown by the soldiers he sent with each band of Christian captives; towards whom they acted with the utmost humanity, permitting none to insult them, and if a man or woman, or child, fell sick or tired by the way, those soldiers used to alight and walk, and put their prisoners on their horses. Kindness, and tenderness, and courtesies, were found in all Saladin's army. I declare it was so then, whatever it was before or since. And, to several Christian knights he gave fiefs, considering they had neither the strength nor riches for a journey to Europe, and were too accustomed to the climate to change. Nor proposed any altering of religion to them. So that of the one hundred thousand Christians, by far the greater part went free; ransomed by their own money or Moslem charity. The soldan's brother paid the ransom of two thousand, Saladin of as many, and also set free crowds of poor people and orphans. Numbers were furtively let down the walls by ropes; others borrowed Mahometan dresses, and escaped as such. One thousand grown-

¹ Bernard le Tresorier.—Bib. Crois., ii. 280.

up Christians, at most, fell into slavery, and about five thousand infants.

“Certainly this is very unlike the extermination of the first crusade, but here there was a capitulation, and there the city was taken by storm. Nor was it a cold delicacy in Saladin, that engaged him to defer his triumphal occupation of Jerusalem till after the Christians had gone. A few days sufficed for the mass of the population. Those who chose to linger, were present at the entry certainly, nor could the Moslem army wait longer under the walls. It would have been unjust. Indeed the pomp of the Mahometans was very splendid when they entered. Then, with the single exception of the Holy Sepulchre, all the churches were turned into mosques; that of Omar washed with rose-water from Damascus, and embellished as before. Inhabitants, law, religion, all is changed in unhappy Jerusalem. Name it as you will, it has wholly vanished. Like those other boasts of antiquity, it no longer exists. It is lost for ever and ever! And please your Grace, all is over, all is lost with it. As for me, I have experienced nothing but kindness, from that completest of defeats at Hattim (which in truth was the downfall of the holy city) to this moment; for when all that care and skill could do for me in the hospital had been done, Saladin ordered me to

mount this good steed from his own royal stables; and sent me this honourable safe conduct, with which I may embark anywhere hereabouts, nor I or my suite subject to any examination, only if I should have a body of above fifty armed men. So you see I can take your Grace and all your retinue with me, and I believe all that are alive of Hospitallers and Templars in Palestine."

"Which cannot be, Sir Almeric, and I think every one of these will refuse as well. But I do not mean at all to decline your services; on the contrary, confide a mission of great importance to you, which no one can do half so well!" And here he called one of his troop; "For be it known to you, Sir Almeric, I am tied in my saddle, and my hands are bandaged, so that my surgeon, who leads my horse, bears my ring. Now take that ring and let him put it on one of the fingers of your left hand, and it will be your sure passport to all Christian countries to obtain ships, monies, advice, every aid you may want; and presenting it to whoever commands at Tyre or Tripoli, and taking all the Hospitalleresses, sail with them to Italy or France, and thence, after placing individuals of them in any of our houses they like, take the rest to England, where the prior will fix them pleasantly, in our various commanderies, or Buckland, or Normandy,

or direct them to Prague, or our new establishment in Spain, as he judges best, and as the ladies themselves prefer—many of them are English. But I recommend them all to you equally, and to every one who sees that ring. Which may lead you to Germany or Spain, but everywhere I entreat of you to mention the straits of the Christians here; and at Rome, prostrate yourself before the Pope in my name, and come to me back with the ring. But if your physician prescribe your home air, or that you hear of my departure, in either case give that ring finally to the prior, and tell him to pray for his poor (however younger) brother's soul."

But the voice of the turtle had gone forth at the battle of Tiberias and Jerusalem's downfall, and mournfully had it echoed through the whole Christian world.¹ The then Pope is said to have died of the grief.² "On the 2nd of October, Jerusalem was retaken, and on the 19th, Urban hearing it at Ferrara, he dropped dead," says the Papal biographer. But Muratori objects to its coming such a distance in seventeen days. Still, of seven carrier pigeons, the fleetest reached Tyre in an hour, and, with a brisk, fair wind, a sailing ship is nearly as rapid as

¹ Anspert (Dubrowsky Ed.): Chron., 6.—Bib. Crois., iii. 259.—Pantaleonis Colonia Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 5.

² Vertot: ii. 291.—Michaud: Hist., ii. 296.—Platina: iii. 31. Note 6.

a steamer, and from Ravenna you can go in less than two hours; so from Syria to Ferrara in seventeen days is not incredible. What had been deferred too long, was undertaken at once. The aged hero, Frederick I. (Barbarossa), of forty pitched battles, was the earliest of that third crusade.¹ It is probable that so excellent an army never left Europe. Some of the Moslems make his army six hundred thousand, and his waggons carrying arms and provisions twenty-five thousand.² Much exaggeration certainly; but it shows the opinion. Christian chroniclers have eighty thousand horse, from every part of Germany, and fifty thousand foot.³ Of his cavalry of fifty thousand, not one single man but was a complete soldier, and either a gentleman, or a healthy, well-built citizen, of good conduct, and independent. Every private had to furnish a written document, that he had conducted himself well in two campaigns, and fought at least in one great battle.—A letter of recommendation from his bishop. Recruits to be examined naked by a physician and surgeon; and each, for wealthy, to pay one whole year's revenue, for the poorest of them, three hundred francs to the imperial treasury, as

¹ Anspert: 9.—Bib. Crois., iii. 260.

² Arab. Chron., 281.

³ Ricobaldus apud Muratori, Rer. Ital. Script., vol. ix.—Bib. Crois., ii. 612.

credit towards their expenses for two years, in going, staying, and returning. "Formidable indeed to the enemy in arms, but also entitled to the admiration of those who wished for peace in whose lands, and under whose roofs they lived, without oppression or harm."¹ One would think it impossible to raise an army on such terms, to pay, instead of being paid. Yet, it is said, many more offered than were accepted.² The infantry was similar. Frederick I. was ill-treated early. "I have made his troops so suffer, that they will not be able to give your Excellency much trouble," wrote the traitor of Constantinople, the imperial Greek, to Saladin.³ But the celebrated Frederick I. was lost in a small rapid river of Cilicia, or Thessaly,⁴ whether in bathing,⁵ or at a hunt,⁶ or to avoid the mountains, or to speak to his son, whose wing had encamped on the other side, as appears was most likely,⁷ is little matter. Frederick I. was the greatest soldier of his day, as all agree.⁸ "The only one that resem-

¹ Milton.

² Michaud: ii. 317.—Vinisauf: 1.—Bib. Crois., ii. 668.

³ Michaud: ii. 323.

⁴ Albi Chron., 15.—Bib. Crois., iii. 218.

⁵ Canisius, 24.—Bib. Crois., iii. 183.

⁶ Robert du Mont.—Bib. Crois., iii. 104.

⁷ Anspert (Dubrowsky).—Bib. Crois., iii. 269, and ii. 670.—Vinisauf: who also affirms it was close under a rock, on which had been cut long before, *here shall the greatest of mortals perish.*

⁸ Michaud: ii. 333.

bled the great captains of antiquity.”¹ Much, seeing it was the age of Cœur de Lion! Yet, how does our hero king’s biographer exclaim at Frederick’s death: “O sea! O earth! O heaven! the ruler of the Roman Empire, that august prince, who had revived the glory and power of ancient Rome, has perished, alas!”² Instead of burying his intestines at Tarsus, and embalming or salting his corpse, some say³ it was boiled on the spot; that the bones, separated from the flesh, were collected and deposited at Antioch,⁴ or Tyre,⁵ or Nazareth, and (as Jerusalem, which the emperor’s will had prescribed, was always in the power of the Mahometans) finally, he was brought back to Spire,⁶ and interred with the other emperors. His fine army melted away, their horses eaten, the wood of their lances burned for fuel,⁷ a mountain of metal formed in Asia Minor of their weapons and armour;⁸ the very few of the German warriors that got to Palestine, like spectres, so worn by famine and incurable fever, could not possibly be of any assistance, but far better

¹ Ricobaldus.—Bib. Crois., ii. 614.

² Vinisauf.—Bib. Crois., ii. 670.

³ Arab. Chron., 273.

⁴ Anspert (Dubrowsky).—Bib. Crois., iii. 270.

⁵ Nangis d’Achery.—Bib. Crois., iii. 236.

⁶ Arab. Chron., 274, 380.

⁷ Id., Id., 280. ⁸ Id., 278.

not show them for fear of discouraging the Christians. His poor son died soon—the second—for the first had remained at home as regent.¹ One good came of it, that deadly Asia Minor was renounced for ever. The sea for all future crusades!²

Scarce had Acre fallen to Islam, when Conrad, son
1187 of that Marquis of Montferrat who as related,
had been taken at Hattim by Saladin, coming
in a ship from Europe, found out his mistake before
landing, so remained on board as a merchant in the
port; till hearing the Christian flag still flew at Tyre,
profited by a favourable wind to sail out of the net,
and got to the Tyrians, who were so encouraged
and elated also on observing his engineering
ability, that they acceded to his proposal to make
him their prince. Had Saladin gone against Tyre
immediately from the victory of Tiberias, he would
have perhaps succeeded; but his delay followed by
Conrad's coming, spoiled all.³ As to Acre, it had be-
come Mahometan, with the rest, which occurred im-
mediately after the overthrow at Tiberias. And very
soon after the fall of Jerusalem, a small Christian
detachment had begun to observe, if not besiege Acre.
Against whom Saladin marched; but went round by
Tyre, and for the third time essayed to reduce it by

¹ Arab. Chron., 279.

² Id., 282.

³ Id., 219.

presenting Conrad's father in chains; but the valiant young prince, whom Saracens call the most voracious of wolves, the slicest of all Christian dogs,¹ chose rather to be a martyr's son than a traitor. So the Moslem had to remove to Tripoli, where the *green knight* rendered all in vain.² And the besiegers of Acre kept increasing in numbers every day. The desultory had soon to become sanguinary, and that small detachment grew up into an army.

Not only religious exasperation—a sort of despair—but likewise the spirit of every description of patriots, had been much changed by the remodelling of Palestine. Latin or Moslem despotism—the Hospitallers wished for neither. Yet they now had to choose; and which worst, was evident. Their affections, forced to become isolated, grew stronger. So they attached themselves entirely to what seemed possible; but, alas! was to baffle all their efforts. Inscrutable are the secrets of the Lord! They for the future saw no other refuge than the cross! Their only triumph was to plant the cross! The softener of the heart—the enlightener of the mind—Christianity! To them all the rest was dross! The present world was a glimpse—of nonsense; if they could not ascend

¹ Michaud: Hist., ii. 238.

² Id.: Id., 239. All known of the *green knight* is, that he was a Portuguese.

even the first step towards civilisation. Nor can any be civilised but Christians. Freedom flows in the same direction. To be free, you must first be a Christian.

His title of King of Jerusalem, which he had been forced, while prisoner, to swear to abdicate, was taken back by Guy, who had been liberated; perhaps from the bad motive that he might breed dissensions, and prevent the Giaours from having a better monarch. But even so, and though his oath of abdication, extorted by force, was therefore invalid, yet, when a conclave of bishops dispensed him from the obligation, it appeared as if Christians were always ready to break what had been sworn.¹ In spite of his oaths (cried the Mahometans), King Guy (whom God curse) violated the pact.² But Conrad (curse him), a devil for perfidy and daring, the cleverest of Tyrian wolves, the impurest and most artful of curs—not even the Tyrians would acknowledge him. So, after wandering awhile, he led his few followers to join the siege of Acre. And soon indeed we have nauseous images; the ribs of Saracens, well cleansed, being made into bows by his bowmen.³ But better men than their

¹ Michaud: Hist., ii. 341.

² Arab. Chron., 220, 238.

³ Florentini: Chron:—Bib. Crois., iii. 320.

royal leader soon joined the nucleus increasing every day.

Acre, just before that time, had been a strong and flourishing seaport, with considerable commerce, as transit between the East and Europe. On the land side it was thought to be defended by walls and the *Cursed Tower*; and the *Tower of Flies*, at its harbour's narrow entrance, made it pass for secure. From November of the year before, there had been a small Christian army of nine thousand at most, with Guy observing,¹ rather than besieging, the Moslem garrison within it.

Acre has long been in ruins, and since Ibrahim, more than ever. Yet man cannot deprive it of its southern glory, Carmel! Eastward the ground shorn of its woods, is marshy, but was a glorious plain.

Saladin was not far from Zook, collecting a great force to begin the new campaign of 1188, and at one of his military banquets had most beautiful apricots from Damascus, which shows the spring was far set in.² Yet little was there to conquer in Palestine. The two forts—one, Kaucab, belonging to the Hospitallers, the other Sefed to the Templars—were the principal things. But he had in his mind a far mightier foe—the third crusade, which certainly

¹ Michaud: Hist., ii. 344.

² Arab. Chron., 244.

menaced him with what does him vast honour. For he had to resist not only the three chief monarchs of Europe—Germany, France, and England—one led by *Barbarossa*, and one by *Cœur de Lion*, and the other, by a name very properly dear to France, *Philip Augustus*—but all Christendom; for Italians, Spaniards, Flemings, Swedes, Friezlanders, Portuguese, and others, composed it. They had Mahometans at home, but nevertheless Ebro and Mondego sent several to be Templars and Hospitallers; besides who was the Green Knight? Saladin might hold his head high; for he, risen from a private station, had to contend with all Europe, led by renowned warriors, to be conquered by any one of whom would have been a credit to any member of the military profession, alive or dead.

But seeing the crusade delayed, Saladin moved about, and in five weeks occupied Laodicea and Tortosa, and the iron bridge near Antioch, and all along the Orontes, and several places; yet avoided Marcab (say the Moslems themselves), for it appeared impregnable, and belonged to the Hospitallers, who were sure to defend it ably, which is a just tribute to those heroes, but may be fairly attributed to a wish in Saladin to preserve his army entire for the coming foe; though his prudence must have been pain to his self-love, for Marcab lay

directly on his line of march, and he had to diverge from it. The Moslems who mention this, do not make any excuse.¹ "Glory be to God," said Saladin, "for permitting me to take so many towns all on Fridays in a few weeks, rendering easy what in itself is difficult!"² In the middle of Ramadan he attacked Sefed, and it soon capitulated. A few days afterwards, he heard his brother had taken Petra and Montreale; so, regarding the four places he had said he coveted,³ his mind might be at ease.⁴ Kaucab having foiled his emir, he went against it himself.⁵ "Having taken Sefed, he will also take Kaucab," said the Christians, "and then it is all over with us. If the Hospitallers could only resist until the arrival of our brethren from Europe!"⁶ Hear Emad-eddin, Saladin's private secretary: "We came to Kaucab, and found it a fortress as if hanging from the stars, or the nest of eagles, or domicile of the moon. There inhabited the *barking dogs* and *perfidious wolves*⁷ who whispered to each other, 'While one of us is left, our name shall be unspotted.' Their walls began to shake, and several wide breaches were made; but the season

¹ Arab. Chron., 225.

² Id., 228.

³ Id. 224.

⁴ Id. 231.—Michaud: Hist., ii. 341.

⁵ Id. 232.

⁶ Id. 232.

⁷ The Hospitallers, says the note on the original.

was bitterly rude, rain in torrents, wind, mud, at every moment the stones yielded, the cords relaxed, the tents fell, and had to be put up again. Notwithstanding such excessive rain, we were without good water to drink; the roads were so slippery, that our mules were continually tumbling on their bellies, and from the weather, the highway, which was wide, became choked up to a narrow passage. The soldan had left us with the baggage below, while he had his engines dragged up the mountain. Each morning and evening we used to clamber up to salute him; at last his miners got under the walls!"¹ So Kaucab was taken by storm; but very easily, since without any opposition; all its survivors having found a way out to join the Tyrians, it did not contain a human creature.² If Kaucab and Margat, or Marcab, were the same place, then Saladin must have been doubly pleased; but it was not with his army, but a picked corps of his Mamelukes and his guards, that he made this second approach, not unsuccessful like the first.³ Thus he himself, in a letter to his brother: "Kaucab was the stronghold of the Hospitallers and infidelity, the ordinary residence of the grand master of the order and its head-quarters, since being expelled from Jerusalem. We waited long

¹ Arab. Chron., 234.

² Id. 232.

³ Id., 232.

before we attacked it, and our efforts have been crowned with full success. All is safe now. We are masters of every one of those fortresses. We only want Tyre. If that city was not continually succoured from beyond sea, it would long since have been in our hands. But God be praised! the infidel rebels are in no ark, but rather in a prison. The Christians have nothing left but a few yelling curs, led astray by Satan. But for us, they would come on like outrageous lions; and falsehood would have triumphed over virtue. Our brethren from Egypt and the Emperor of Constantinople, send us word that the Franks in the west have already unsheathed their swords. The partisans of error coalesce against us. God confound them! Mad men, they will soon put back their sword into its scabbard. With the aid of Providence, we shall thrash them. Let us supplicate the Lord to strengthen our hearts and hands, and keep us united. Only great men are called to great things. Whatever God decrees, cannot but be effected.”¹

Then the soldan went into Acre, and passed most of the winter there, fortifying its fortifications with great care.

In Europe, the Christians wore black in mourning

¹ Arab. Chron., 235.

for the loss of the Holy City, and took arms; their women, too. A Christian prisoner told the Moslems that his mother had no other child, and sent him on the crusade, and sold her house to equip him.¹

Saladin, in a letter, tells the caliph that the crusaders are not individuals, but the whole body of Franks, able to bear arms. That they come by every way; easy and difficult, by land, by sea; from the remotest regions, as well as the nearer.

Yet one division of the third crusade had already perished. If the Germans had arrived, it might have been written: "*Here once reigned the Mussulman!*"² Some residue of Frederick's grand army reached Acre. It had been easy to impede them; *but when God wishes a thing, he prepares the causes.*³ That remnant of a division of Franks got close to Acre on the 12th of August, 1189, and the soldan, who had advanced to cut them off, but missed the road, some day later. Truth is, the Duke of Suabia, Frederick I.'s son, and the rest of his army, had been engaged to remain on the Orontes, not to discourage the Christians by their haggard sight—living skeletons as they were, of no use to the crusaders; on the contrary, very dangerous. But a

¹ Arab. Chron., 242.

² Id., 243.

³ Id., 244.

bribe of sixty thousand besants from Saladin persuaded a Frank prince to induce the poor Germans to join the crusaders, as if these acted from a spirit of envy in depriving them of the honour of sharing the besiegers' victory. Whereupon the imperial duke did come with his troops to Acre, and was the cause of most lamentable dissensions there.¹ So Saladin's march was a feint.

The Christians were not in numbers sufficient to enclose Acre, but only two thousand horse, and a larger multitude of foot; so left one of its gates free, of which Saladin profiting, introduced some troops and provision, and then pitched his tents on the little hill of Kissan, directly opposite the principal street of the town, with his left leaning on the ancient Belus or *Rivulet of Sweet Water*, and his right on the hill Aiadia, so as to form a crescent behind the Christians, who were between him and Acre, having their king's tent on the hill Massallaba, or Thuron, exactly facing the harbour.²

Combats every day, the Moslem wheeling like butterflies round a light. The soldan trying to moderate their zeal, and economise all for a great blow. He, also, was receiving reinforcements almost each day from Mesopotamia and the whole

¹ Vinisauf.—Bib. Crois: ii. 678.

² Arab. Chron., 245. Note.

East. Acre was now completely occupied by a forest of ships on the sea side, and there remained only a little spot open towards the land. Even that was closed about the end of August, and then really began the siege of Acre; one of the mightiest events of the middle ages. The Moslem had been two years working at its defences, under direction of one of the ablest engineers then in existence. At first Saladin's emirs had advised him to throw down Acre; but when he saw how fine a city it was, he sent for the famous Egyptian, who had built the Cairo citadel.¹ That celebrated Caracousch was then in Acre, and continued in it during the whole siege, as one of the two that directed the whole government and nearly every operation.² The Christians had to resist both the garrison and the Moslem army. There was much blood shed; yet conversation often ensued by mutual accord, when tired of fighting. Nor unfrequently, the belligerents disarmed and mixed, singing, dancing, gambling, friends for some minutes, and, at a signal resuming their arms, enemies as before. In those pacific intervals, their children not seldom played at battle, mimicking their fathers, for some trifle. When a boy was down, his parents ransomed him

¹ Arab. Chron., 246.

² Id. 246.

for two bits of silver, and it is related that one wanted to retain the other, declaring he had made him prisoner, and did not wish to sell him, but to have him as his slave. At all events, he blushed deeply, and was unwilling to accept the ransom.—It was considered by the Turks a good omen, that a valuable horse leapt from a European ship, lately arrived, and swam, not to the Christian camp, as his owners intended, but into Acre.¹—An emir falling sick, and wishing for death in battle, ordered out his charger, and mounting him with excessive pain, died a martyr.²—The Christian line stood like a perpendicular rock, on which nothing could have effect. One slain, another took his place instantly. They had fought till night, and lay on their arms, and renewed the battle at day-break. Until noon, it was balanced. The Moslems' right at last penetrated to the city, by the latest spot the Christians closed, and where the works were fresh. Even Saladin himself then rode into Acre, but returned to his camp with his army, which there went to repose after such fatigue; Saladin's physician protesting that his master had not tasted nourishment from Friday morning to Sunday night³—so he had to retire. But for that retreat of his,

¹ Arab. Chron., 248.² Id., 249.³ Id. 247.

the Christians were lost. They made use of the opportunity, and built the spot up. Next day the Moslems came too late. The Frank camp was impregnable, and every passage to Acre impossible. The Grand Master of the Templars was taken,¹ the same who had been taken at Hattim, and given his freedom; but this time the soldan had him slain. Three Christian women, who had fought on horse-back, like brave men, were made prisoners, and their sex discovered only when their armour was dragged off.² Ten thousand corpses of Christians (most of them knights) were thrown into the river by the soldan's orders. Christian infantry took small part in many actions. Some pious Moslem civilians, quiet lookers on, having made off on their mules, passed Jordan, frightening the whole country; and never stopping to eat or drink, but hastening forward, each with his hands firmly set on his beast's neck and breathing with difficulty; some of them never pulling in, till they got to Damascus; they were soon followed by the truth, that all was well, and that their party had gained a victory; "*at this their spirits grew calm, and they regretted having run away.*"³

But the stench of the slaughter caused sickness,

¹ Arab. Chron., 251.

² Id., 251.

³ Id., 252.

and even the soldan felt sick.¹ So he and some Moslems retreated to another hill, the *Karoula*, a few leagues from Acre.² In October not many troops remained near Acre; so the Christians employed the time in cutting wide deep ditches and raising a high wall quite round their lines; with room behind it for a body of archers armed with the *zemboureck*, the *quadrellus* of Ducange, the French *carreau de la foudre*. This weapon appeared a moment at Constantinople among the modern Greeks, but fell out of use. The Popes, from humanity, had prohibited it to all Christians; and we first hear of it at the siege of Tyre by Saladin. Thence it went to Acre, and when Cœur de Lion came, he adopted it for some of his archers, which on his return to Europe scandalized the Christians, and it was considered a judgment on him that he was slain himself by a *coup de carreau*. Since the invention of gunpowder *zemboureck* (in some countries) means a kind of light artillery or field piece.³

Saladin's sickness soon passed, since that very winter we read of his being out hunting with his falcons.⁴ The Moslems find it very curious that women (and dissolute ones too) were
1190
allowed in the Christian army—but particularly

¹ Arab. Chron., 253.

² Id., 254.

³ Id. 255. Note.

⁴ Id., 257.

a company of three hundred courtezans, regularly shipped out together in the same ship, to amuse the warriors, who were some of them unmarried, and some separated from their wives—which impropriety soon becoming known, many emirs, Mamelukes, and other Mahometans, contrived to frequent the Christian camp on visits to those sprightly ladies. These appear to have been considered by the infidels as an essential part of our military discipline, to keep and direct the spirits of the soldiers towards furthering whatever plans their commander-in-chief might have.¹

Excellent divers—who passed through the Christian camp by night—and carrier pigeons were the only communication with Acre now.² An embassy from the Caliph of Bagdad brought some Greek fire, as a sample, and five men, who knew how to compose and throw it.³ Saladin next came back to Kissan and his vast and most beautiful camp. In July, Count Henry, who was related to both Philip and Richard, came with news of the French and English crusade, which from hour to hour might be expected.⁴ “See the Pope of the Franks,” said Saladin in a letter to the caliph, “how he imposes taxes for the holy war, and whatever he

¹ Arab. Chron., 258.

³ Id., 261.

² Id., 260—286.

⁴ Id., 282.

desires is as a law to all Christian people. But you who are of the blood of our Prophet, it is for you to do far more than that infidel high priest of Rome the great. What your servant here writes, he would dare say in the dust at the threshold of your palace. I am resigned to the will of God, and hope to be firm in danger. But you are Islam's physician, and we the sick."¹ Again. "Not only the Pope of his own authority restrains the Christians as to eating and drinking, but he menaces with excommunication whoever does not march with a spirit of piety to the deliverance of Jerusalem. Such is the obstinacy of Christians in their perverse cause. Then what should be we true believers?"²

All the Moslem army were now at Kissan. Their camp was like a splendid city. Several streets and an immense square. "I myself counted seven thousand well-stocked shops (wrote an eye-witness) and a hundred and forty sheds for shoeing horses. Of a multitude of kitchens, one had twenty-eight boilers, each boiler large enough to hold an entire sheep; a single seller of butter had paid seventy gold pieces to transport his utensils; of baths there were one thousand, a bit of silver being the

¹ Arab. Chron., 284.

² Id., 286.

price of a bath. As to the warehouses of new and second-hand dresses, they were too numerous to count!"¹

About this time Guy's Sybilla died, as well as her two children; on which Conrad of Tyre resolved to marry Almeric's other daughter. But how? for she had for years been the wife of young Thoron. Yet Conrad got clergy who broke the marriage. As for Isabella, she seemed contented with any husband. Yet the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom (as being on the spot, having come from England with some recent crusading party) the Jerusalem Patriarch delegated his authority, excommunicated the pair; at which both Conrad and she laughed. Thus he had two wives, one at Constantinople and one in Palestine. And two Kings of Jerusalem; Conrad in right of his living wife, and Guy of his dead one.² This, and other miseries, made Canterbury die of grief.³

On the 20th April, 1191, the King of France
1191 joined the Christians before Acre. A few
days afterwards, the Count of Flanders, one
of the most powerful of the Western lords;⁴ and, on
the 8th of the following June, the King of England.⁵

¹ Arab. Chron., 262.

² Michaud: Hist., ii. 365, 366.

³ Vinisau. — Bib. Crois., ii. 681.

⁴ Arab. Chron., 302.

⁵ Id., 304.

Monies for the third crusade were in each parish to be paid, in presence of a priest, a prelate, a *Templar*, and an *Hospitaller*. The same of the tax called Saladin's penny. Those knights then became the treasurers of Europe.¹

Some gentlemen of Bremen and Lubeck² added to the German Hospitallers, and a small remainder of Frederick I.'s army,³ after having existed as a party, it is hard to say precisely how long, became one of the three military orders, ranking henceforth with Templars and Hospitallers, by the formal institution of a Papal bull, dated the 22nd February, 1191.⁴ Not in Jerusalem, like the other two, yet in the most honourable position of that moment, under the walls of a city against which were now coming the united forces of France and England, after Germany's had been broken on the way. Glorious was the post where the Teutronics openly raised their nascent flag. And if their first steps were naturally weak, still they soon learnt from their elders to act as a worthy member of that celebrated trine.

All was joy and illuminations in the Christian camp. But an omen took place the very next

¹ Michaud : Hist., ii. 306. ² Id. : Id., 389.

³ Werner, Martene.—Bib. Crois., i. 332.

⁴ Michaud : Hist., ii. 494.—Appendix, Num. xlvi.

morning, which appeared highly consoling to the Mahometans. The King of France having a favorite falcon "of a terrific aspect, and rare in its kind, a very large, and really fine bird, milk-white—I seldom saw a finer—(says Boha-eddin), it flew away from his fist, and into the city, whence it was sent to the soldan; King Philip, who used to caress and fondle it, and loved it much, *as the falcon did him*, offered one thousand pieces of gold to ransom it: and was refused." ¹

But now the season was quite favourable. Small cavalry affairs had been rather for show; everything was ready on all sides; furious struggles, and the whole is to be decided.² The Pisan fleet had been off the mouth of the port from the first.³ When the first fifty ships of Europeans were descried from Thoron, there had been a moment of cruel surmise; after which, came a joyful hurrah from the vessels, to which the Christians on Thoron sent a similar shout in wild response. They were twelve thousand Danes, Friezlanders, and Flemish, headed by Sir James D'Avesnes, of the founder's glorious family, and who was soon to die as became it.⁴ Long ago with Henry of Champagne no few English had arrived, among whom the Archbishop of Can-

¹ Arab. Chron., 302.

² Id., 306.

³ Michaud: Hist., ii. 344.

⁴ Id.: Id., 346.

terbury ; if not even some weeks, still earlier, as some chroniclers record.¹

On the 12th of February that year, Guy, as King of Jerusalem, made a deed of gift to the Hospitallers, of an addition to their house in Acre, learning that the said house is small (*dinoscens*), and recollecting how great had been their establishment in the holy city. As he was then not in possession of Acre, nor in it, but only near it (*apud*), this at least shows he was sure of it; and of course, some months later, he executed his obligation. Of that document an extract shall be given in the Appendix : not because it praises the Hospitallers, for in that case the whole of their diplomatic codex might be copied, and it would be little; but because it proves that Gardiner had not died at Ascalon of his wounds the day after the battle of Tiberias, as Vertot and the others relate.² On the contrary, here he is alive four years later, after having participated in the battles of that siege; and as he is not said to be *in extremis*, or sick at all, for aught we know, there is every reason to suppose he shared the victory : at soonest, may have expired in the following autumn. When I differ from my predecessors in the history of the order, I do so

¹ Vinisau, Brompton, Coggeshale, Beverly, &c.

² Vertot : liv. ii. 271.—Appendix, xlii.

unwillingly; and like to testify it, by assigning the paramount evidence.¹ It is not surprising that the King of France should be received as an angel, after two whole years of battles.²

If Richard had delayed a little, he had been forced at Cyprus to reduce a despot to order, and put him into chains, not of iron, but silver, as descending from the imperial Comneni. Nor did Richard take to himself that Latin kingdom, which was to last three hundred years; but with characteristic generosity gave it away. Richard is said to have been very handsome, and with chivalrous manners; and remarkable even at first sight, from a magnificence of dress, that distinguished him from every one else;³ particularly on his noted fawn-coloured horse from Cyprus. Why so called is somewhat doubtful. When he too came, it might be truly said, all the most celebrated captains then in existence in any part of the world, were before Acre. On his voyage thither, off Cyprus, he had destroyed a monstrous Saracen ship, with stores of every known description, for Acre; and unknown also—two hundred deadly serpents, to be sent as ruin among

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i.—Num. lxxix.

² Michaud: Hist., ii. 370.

³ Vinisauf: 2.—Bib. Crois., ii. 684.

the Christians. Who ever heard, before, of poisonous serpents as instruments of war? ¹

Also the crusaders' camp was like a city, with streets, palaces, churches, as spacious as Saladin's, or more so; so that to the eye, there were three Acres, not merely one. And the army of Richard was more numerous than Philip's, for a very excellent reason, that the former gave higher pay. He too sided with Guy, and the other with Conrad. Philip's party was of French, Genoese, Germans, Templars. Richard's, English, Hospitallers, Pisans. So Conrad, who had visited the crusade, betook himself back to Tyre, resolved to make no *self-sacrifice* to unite the Christians. There was much of the noble generosity of chivalry in the relations between Saladin, and Richard, and Philip, and their mutual presents, contrasting strongly with the fanatical barbarism of the holy wars, particularly on the side of the Mahometans; which exposed all the leaders, Moslem and Christian, to an accusation of lukewarmness in matters of religion, and even of Deism and Atheism. After long debates it was resolved, first, that Guy should be king for life, and Conrad after him; second, on the days the English party attacked Acre, the French should defend the camp from Saladin; and *vice*

¹ Vinisauf: 2.—Bib. Crois., ff. 686.

versa. The besieged kept fortifying, while the besiegers disputed. Giant battles ensued, minings, escalades; during one of which Richard, being sick, had himself carried in a chair to direct the action,¹ of which he must have been at the head, in the very hottest, since he struck several of the enemy with his lance.² At a surprise the man pre-eminent for intrepidity was a Bishop of Salisbury. The Moslems were in vast numbers from Asia and Africa. It was Asia and Africa against Europe.³ "Only let God rest neuter, and victory is ours," cried the Franks.⁴ "Impious cry," says their chronicler.⁵ Fanatical enthusiasm on both sides. What worse could a cannon do than what one of Richard's machines did, throw a stone that killed twelve men in a single discharge? He had carried with him a dozen of those machines, that reduced everything else to dust, but could not resist the devouring Greek fire.⁶ The despair of the garrison was terrible. They twice had asked for quarter, and were refused. The Christians wished to take it by storm. Death at all events.⁷

¹ Vinisauf: 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 690.

² Id.: Id.— Id., Id.

³ Bib. Crois., ii. 677. ⁴ Michaud: Hist., ii. 349.

⁵ Vinisauf.

⁶ Vinisauf.—Bib. Crois., ii. 689.

⁷ Id. Id. Id.

The Moslems were as certain to die; then why not rather with arms in their hands? The fishermen having caught one of their divers in their net, he was tortured, whipped, and beheaded.¹ All means had been employed to inform Saladin of their straits. Yet desperate violence wore out, and remained the weakness of terror. So all failing, they capitulated.

All had but to succumb; there was no other resource. Famine and distress of every kind had reached their zenith.

To apprise the soldan of their piteous resolution, they sent him this final missive. They were now less than six thousand.² It was on a Friday, July 17th, 1191.³

But he, having received their pigeon and letter that very dawn, had called a council of war to consider on a last effort to save the garrison. It was near the stroke of noon, and while the council deliberated, on a sudden they saw the Christian flag raised on the walls. The Mussulmen were in the utmost consternation at the sight. Dumb for awhile, as if struck dead by astonishment. Then burst forth their sighs and sobs like madmen. All

¹ Vinisauf: 3.—Bib. Crois., 679.

² Id.: Id. 691.

³ Arab. Chron., 316.

participated in that common sorrow. Only in proportion of each one's faith and piety, was his deep affliction; the deeper, the more religious. To restore the cross and one thousand six hundred Frank prisoners and pay two hundred thousand pieces of gold.—All to be the price of the city and their mere lives, and all the human creatures within Acre the hapless to remain as security in the victors' hands until full execution of the treaty.—Such the substance of the capitulation, sworn to already and hostages given.¹

“As for me,” says Boha-eddin, “I remained the whole time close to Saladin, and tried to console his anguish, which was like that of a mother for the death of her only son. I conjured him to turn his thoughts rather towards how to save Jerusalem and Palestine.” The historian Emad-eddin, who was also present, tells us of the soldan's great sorrow. Nor did they as yet know the hard conditions. “It was God's decree! Towards evening Saladin shut himself up in his tent, full of black thoughts. Consolation was feeble, and hope had flown far off. In the morning we returned to see him, and found him dejected and unquiet as the evening before. We said, Islam has not perished,

¹ Arab. Chron., 317.

for losing a town. Let us confide in Him as much as ever." Saladin never fought a battle without having implored the Lord first, nor won a victory without, prostrate or kneeling, pouring out fervent thanks to Him on the field. Why should the hero be suspected of fear or hypocrisy? The Mahometans who relate it, did not mean to question either; but admired his courage and profound faith. The Frank also marched to battle "*with the ardour of a courser on his way to the pasture,*" write the same Mahometans; often did his troops rally at his voice. "And we," said the Christians—"were also displeased at the capitulation; for above two whole years have we shown more bravery than would have sufficed to conquer all Asia; and now we are defrauded of justice!"¹

On learning the conditions, and they sworn to and hostages already given, Saladin hesitated to stand by a capitulation in which he had no part, but his emirs to his interrogations answered unanimously, "Those Mahometans are our brothers and companions, we cannot do otherwise than ratify; no excuse, the Koran allows none; we must absolutely give really what they promised, whatever be our private opinion." So he sent immediately for money to

¹ Michaud : Hist., ii. 393.—Viniseuf ; 3,—Bib. Crois., ii. 691.

Damascus, not having the sum with him. In such circumstances all Mussulmen are bound for each other as their Prophet expressly lays down. "So also the cross that he had taken at Tiberias. As soon as it came, deputies were deputed from the Christian camp to identify it, which they did, and knelt to it; and knew it to be the very same that had served for the crucifixion of the Messiah, and had been sent to the Bagdad Caliph, and could convince themselves of Saladin's good will and sincerity," says Emad-eddin.¹

If there were afterwards a doubt, the Moslems refused to consider it. But before the cross was delivered up, or the money paid (for which there was a month allowed by the capitulation), the passions got inflamed on both sides. The King of France had already returned home, not only from sickness (it is said), but also from disliking the intimacy he perceived between Richard and Saladin. Thus Richard remained sole master of Acre and commander-in-chief not only of his English, but of all the Christians, including the French under the Duke of Burgundy. Cœur de Lion's first duty (if duty) was a cruel one. But if the Arab chroniclers have been often cited already,

¹ Arab. Chron., 318, 319.

they shall be still more frequently during the remainder of his stay in Palestine, because his English biographer or any Christian might pass for a partial authority.

From the first day the Christians entered Acre, they violated their word—not treating the Mussulmen well, but extremely rude, and threw them into prison under pretence of saving them from the crusaders.¹ If the garrison held up their heads like brave soldiers, they merited honour for it. Their most noble resignation ought to have inspired admiration and respect, not hatred.² To Saladin's just proposal, for them to set all the Mussulmen free at once, and that he would pay all the money at once, not in quotas, as the capitulation prescribed, and give them the cross, which by their deputies they had already verified, they objected as unwilling to liberate any one before they were paid and had the cross; and, when he proposed *vice versa*, only that since they did him the injury of distrusting him, he would them; and required that the Templars should be their guarantee on oath, for he supposed, that those religious gentlemen would think that what is sworn is to be observed; then the Templars denied to be guarantee or to

¹ Arab. Chron., 319.

² Michaud: Hist., ii. 392.

swear or to be responsible for any one or anything.¹ So the ratification was withheld—which drove King Richard (God curse him) furious, and meditating a terrible vengeance, he mounted his horse, and in the plain before the two armies drawn up, had his handcuffed and enchained hostages put to death, to the number of better than three thousand Mussulmen.² Yet it is affirmed, it was not the king, but the whole Christian army, that decided in a general court-martial. The sentence iniquitous or not, was theirs, not his.³ Some Moslems blamed Saladin more than Richard; and that their soldan, by not keeping the treaty, abandoned his co-religionists to death.

Saladin should not have allowed any sum, or any worldly consideration, to make him spur the Christian to a deed which he could not have well avoided in his station, where the interests of so many nations were confided to him alone, and many ready to accuse him of imprudence. Of his private generosity all Mahometans were convinced, and that his rigour was for the public.⁴ But the whole was over as to that treaty, and cross and money went back to Damascus. “As to the cross, not from any value the soldan saw in it, nor any

¹ Arab. Chron., 319.

² Id., 320.

³ Michaud: Hist., ii. 395.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., ii. 396.

other motive, than that he knew it pained the Christians to think it was in Saracen hands," writes Emad-eddin.¹

On the 30th of August, two days after the massacre of hostages, the fortifications of Acre being put to rights again, and in good state, and in free possession of the Franks, the Christian army set out on its march along the coast southward. They were then three hundred thousand strong, but of all different nations and manners, and some of them unwilling to quit Acre, where the wine was excellent, and the women renowned for beauty.² "It was at the end of August, two days after the massacre of our poor martyrs, the defenceless prisoners."³ This was the order of the Christian march leaving Acre: King Richard headed the vanguard; but, as he flew about everywhere, the Templars and Hospitallers were the head,⁴ leaving Caiphas. The standard in the centre was surrounded by the Normans, and from it streamed the banner of England. The Duke of

¹ Arab. Chron., 322.

² Vinisauf.—Bib. Crois., 693.

³ Mahometans' words.—Arab. Chron., 323.—Moslems and Christians come precisely to the same date as Vinisauf in his round-about manner, the Sunday next following St. Bartholomew's day. But Bartholomew's day is the 24th August, and in that year fell on a Tuesday, and a day for change of style.

⁴ Vinisauf: 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 694.

Burgundy and the French composed the rear-guard.¹ Their march was slow ; for the Saracens, on their small, light Arabian horses, kept always flying round them.² Stopping at every town, and halting some days frequently, it was a continuous combat ; and that the Christians lost immensely is proved by this, that a little beyond Cæsarea they were reduced to a third.

Richard himself had been wounded, by his avowal, without deigning to say exactly on what day, or by whom.³ The sea was on their right ; the hills and the Mussulmen on their left. Then it was that the Christians made great use of the *zembourek*, that kills horse and horseman together. They had a long line of carts, with mantles hanging like curtains, behind which lay those with that destructive weapon. But the mantles were only on the Mussulmen's side. In reprisals for the massacre, the soldan had the head of every prisoner he took during the whole march, cut off. He said his evening prayers, and then, as was his custom, mounted on horseback, and ended his day by having the Christian prisoner or prisoners beheaded.⁴ In September, one of the greatest of the

¹ Vinisauf : 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 695.

² Michaud : Hist., ii. 398. ³ Id. : Id., ii. 400.

⁴ Arab. Chron., 327.

Islam champions, a Mameluke of Saladin's, remarkable for his strength, ability, and audacity, was killed, to the general grief. The first proposals by Richard were quite inadmissible. The battle of Arsouf was a¹ deep grief to the Moslems, and glorious to the Christians, by the confession of the Mahometan eye-witness as well as themselves.² It was given in an extensive plain. The Christians had now but a hundred thousand instead of thrice that number, as when leaving Acre; and two hundred thousand Moslems awaited them. As soon as Richard perceived the enemy, he drew up for battle in five divisions. The right wing the Templars, next those from the north of France, in the centre the English and Normans with the standard, next them the Hospitallers, and the left was composed of a strong body of archers. The first to enter the plain were the Templars, and then the different corps deployed in the order given. Count Henry, with a detached body of cavalry, observed the mountains; and Cœur de Lion and Burgundy were free to move about in all directions. The Christian army was drawn up so close that an apple could not drop but on a horse or man. They had commands not to stir; but, strictly only standing on the

¹ Michaud : Hist., ii. 401.

² Arab. Chron., 329.

defensive, wait the enemy's charge. It was tremendous, but vain. The Moslem called the Franks a nation of iron.¹ At a signal of six trumpets, two at the right, two at the centre, and two at the left (but not before), they might advance. The Moslem did all they could to make them break their ranks. One of Saladin's bravest officers exposed his own life to sacrifice by insulting the Christians, and even striking some of them; but was allowed to return alive, and without one word of answer. The Grand Master of the Hospitallers then rode up to Richard, and expostulated with him on the slaughter of several of his knights in that trying manner; and that it would be out of his power to restrain them any longer. To which Richard replied that he could not be everywhere at once, and that the Hospitallers must remain even as they were. And at Gardiner's return, every one beheld with admiration the quiet magnanimity of that glorious confraternity under every form of threats, danger and death. At last two other knights, heroes not under as rigorous discipline as those of the Hospital, charged, at which the Hospitallers followed; and probably the trumpets had blown, for Cœur de Lion came on a gallop to join them, and

¹ Michaud : Hist., ii. 402.

the Christian gained that mighty victory. King Richard, though he does not say a word about his own exploits, affirms in his letter that Saladin had not suffered a similar defeat those forty years.¹

Gardiner's being there shows that splendid veteran was not as yet dead, and it was now within a week of October.

There the illustrious Jacques d'Avesnes closed his earthly course at the enemy's third charge; he had resisted long, and slaughtered many; but in the third charge lost one leg and the foot of the other; on which he cried out, *Bon Roi Richard, vengeance ma mort*, and, still struggling, slew the Saracen that rushed on him; and then by a crowd had his arm cut off, and fell dead with a multitude of wounds. That Richard and the crusaders buried him next day with all honours, after having attended with tears at his funeral service in the church, in presence of his corpse, is only as it should be.² He, also, was of Norman blood; so that he was not only a Frenchman, but, in one sense, had a right³ to call Cœur de Lion his countryman. The interpreter, between Richard and Saladin's brother, was

¹ Mathew Paris : Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 796.

² Vinisauf : 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 698.—Michaud : Hist., ii. 405.

³ Brompton.—Bib. Crois., ii. 748.

that young Thoron, Isabella's first husband, made prisoner at Tiberiade; which shows that the growing generation of the highest class then learnt Arabic. After the day of Arsouf, Saladin kept aloof; so the crusaders entered Jaffa and Ascalon peaceably after the soldan, forced by his emirs, had destroyed its fortifications; so the whole road to Egypt lay open; and dismantling Ramleh too, he entered the holy city September 30th, 1191. But pressing¹ were the calls for Richard home, where John had already begun a civil war. "Palestine and the cross are the cause in dispute," said Richard in a note to Saladin. "Let us divide the first—you taking all beyond Jordan; we all on this side of it. The cross is in your sight a mere bit of wood. Give it to me, and let me return to England."

"But if Jerusalem is the cradle of your religion," replied the soldan, "it is still a holier city to us. Thence our Prophet ascended to heaven; and it is in Jerusalem the angels assemble. Only culpable Mussulmen could give it up. Palestine was ours formerly; you took it from Mussulmen that had waxed weak. Better if the cross had never existed; but as it is, it must be of use to Islam, and exchanged for something of immense value."² Richard next offered his

¹ Michaud: Hist., 410.

² Arab. Chron., 334.

sister, with Acre and great wealth for her dower, to Saladin's brother, who should be King of Jerusalem, and she Queen, and the city free to both Christians and Moslems; a proof that Richard considered Acre as his own, to be given where he liked. But she refused her consent, as Saladin foresaw; and therefore perhaps he gave his. Monks and priests persuaded her that it would be a denial of her faith.¹ Another proposal of Richard's was to divide Jerusalem into two equal parts.² But Saladin resolved to listen to none. "What guarantee? I dead; and all over again!" When Saladin made peace, it was that he was forced to it.³ Richard had viewed Jerusalem's walls well, and declared them impregnable so long as Saladin lived, or any one that knew how to defend them, and that Moslems remained united. So he went back to his camp near Ramlah. There the tidings he first received was, that Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, and whom he had just acknowledged King of Jerusalem, had been assassinated at Tyre; and although it was confessedly an act of the Old Man of the Mountain, in consequence of the murder perpetrated by that Templar who had been sentenced to death, and was in prison, in Almeric's

¹ Arab. Chron., 335.

² Id., 336.

³ Id., 336.

time, but at whose death was left free (as in Chapter V).; so that the Assassins' vengeance was directed against the new sovereign, as responsible for his wife's royal father; still that miserable crime added to the divisions that were already too general among the Christians. Then came the French,¹ calling to be led to Jerusalem. "As long as I command this crusade," he replied, "I will do nothing to incur shame. If you go to Jerusalem, I will accompany you, but not lead you to it. Saladin knows our strength. What if he descend into the plain of Ramlah, and intercept our road and convoys? What would then become of us before Jerusalem? Our army is too small to surround it. I am responsible for the evil that will ensue! There are people enough here—ay, and in France too—who would rejoice at inducing me to commit an imprudence, in order to reproach me with it. Neither you nor I know the country. Let us consult those who do, and proceed as they advise." So by King Richard's counsel, they named twenty faithful persons, and determined to abide by their suggestions—five Templars, five Hospitallers, five French, five Syrians. It is vexatious to have no record of their debate; but their verdict was against going to Jerusalem, and

¹ Michaud: Hist., ii. 411.

that they ought previously go and take Cairo. However strange this seems—though one of those cities seems to have nothing to do with the other—yet it assuredly exculpates Richard, and is in strict conformity with great military authority, both then and now. He who was the most celebrated for warlike qualifications at that time, and who had longer experience of each city, was of their opinion; and affirmed that Cairo was the only real key to Jerusalem. The first crusaders found the Egyptian in possession of the Holy City; and it seems Ibrahim thought the same in our own day; and that Egypt is the only military road to Palestine.¹

So, full of the most perplexing meditations, King Richard and army marched back to the coast, and spent the rest of the winter in raising the walls of Ascalon and Jaffa that Saladin had pulled down.² Early in the spring of 1192, King Richard 1192 advanced into the mountains of Judea, near Jerusalem, and had several battles. In which of them precisely the subsequent facts occurred, is not specified. But the chronicler Ricobaldus gives a sure date when he says it was between Ramlah and Jerusalem, and on St. George's day; for only in 1192 did Richard advance thither, and St. George:

¹ Bib. Crois., ii. 712.—Vinisauf: 3.

² Arab. Chron., 340.

is on the 23rd of April—the difference of a day in the almanacs may fairly be attributed to passing from the old to the new style. Whatever be the opinions of Muratori, he, by the very act of rescuing it from the dust and publishing it, makes the chronicle so far his own—and of excellent authority—agreeing with five Arabic MSS. in the Ferrara Municipal Library. Tiraboschi tells us Ricobaldus wrote about 1297.

“Saladin and his brother Safadin were on a hillock directing the Moslems, who had repulsed the English, when from the right wing up hastens King Richard on Fauvell, and springing from the saddle, puts himself at the head of the archers, and stooping down to one of their companions who had just been slain, loosens the small tape with which the Kentish use to tie their sheaves of arrows in their quivers, and winding it round his own leg, just below the knee, bids all the chief knights (who were indeed his associates, and of all Christian countries) do the like, and fight that day in honour of St. George, for it was St. George’s Feast, whose mass he had heard that morning, and received the host at it; and truly, though those gentlemen always fought well, they never performed such heroic actions as on that day. The consequence was, that Saladin seeing Richard a-foot pitied him—

thinking his horse slain—and in a few moments up rode Safadin, leading what Saladin had just alighted from, a beautiful Arabian in the richest housings, and though fawn-coloured Fauvell of Cyprus and Lyard of Paris were fine steeds both, this was far finer. ‘My brother bids me say, “Shall the pupil continue mounted when the master is on foot?” So sends your Majesty this present, and begs you to accept it for the love of him.’ And the Moslems were ordered to retreat, whence ours believed we had won a victory; but indeed, had Safadin’s advice been followed, and the Paynim charged then, we had been hardly put to it.

“Here was the first idea of the Order of the Garter, to which Richard afterwards gave its motto in his French wars, and made it exclusively an English order, from being common to all Christendom, as it till then had been.”

A floating tradition of this had reached Ashmole; but too vague and imperfect, so he could not follow it. Still he rejected the fable about Lady Salisbury’s garter. Edward was then not a creator, but a restorer. Clearly, if Ashmole had lived to Muratori’s time, he would have assented to Ricobaldus at once.¹

¹ Arab. Chron., 345.—*Rerum Itali. Script.*, ix.—Tiraboschi : *Litt. Ital.*, iv. 287.—Ashmole : 122.

Count Henry married Conrad's widow, as the people proposed and Richard consented to, and in her right, Henry became King of Jerusalem, *de jure*, no doubt; let him conquer it, and he is so *de facto*. It was a compliment to France as well as England, for he was nephew to both. But Palestine was a most disunited land. To every event opposite colourings. Falsity and treason. No repose or candour. No confiding in any one. Even the French disaffected. Not contented with the twenty, three hundred of the chiefs of the Franks met in a plain on horseback, and chose twelve commissaries; and these chose three arbiters, who had to decide whether to attack Jerusalem or not, and also came to the same resolution—No! This was in July, 1192. As to the Franks being on horseback in council, such is always the custom with them, says Boha-eddin.

Count Henry offered to reign as vassal of Saladin, who instantly was angry at the proposal.¹ King Richard then wrote to Saladin: "That as he did not think he had himself any right to sacrifice his own subjects, neither did he suppose the soldan thought he had any such over his; that therefore, for both Christians and Moslems, it was better to make peace. My nephew is at your service at the head of the Chris-

¹ Arab. Chron., 346.

tians, he and his troops. Do not refuse me the only thing I ask, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I renounce all the rest, and go home; for what you used to call my iron health is at length broken, and I feel sick. Whatever state that church be in, I accept it with gratitude."¹

All the soldan's emirs desired him to accede to the offer. "Your nephew," replied Saladin, "shall be to me like one of my own children. I give it to you; it is the chief church in Jerusalem, and we call it of the Resurrection. The country to be divided; to you the coast, to me the mountains. But Ascalon and Daroum must be razed. I will give no fortresses."² King Richard immediately sent to thank Saladin, with also two falcons as a present, but insisted on Ascalon and Daroum as they stood. "The king only asks them to content the Franks. What are two such insignificant places to the potent soldan?"³ So it was agreed on; yet some trifle extinguished the whole.

From Ascalon, Richard had frequently advanced towards Jerusalem, while Saladin was within its walls with expert engineers, adding to its fortifications, and Moslem troops devastating all the environs; and in an action near the fountain of

¹ Arab. Chron., 846.

² Id., 347.

³ Id., 347.

Emaus, or Nicopolis, I find the Grand Master Gardiner again, in summer 1192, commanding, and indeed punishing one of his own knights for a breach of orders, though accompanied with signal heroism.¹

Jaffa had to furnish another instance of the incomparable valour of Cœur de Lion.² He might have been thought gone for Europe; but it was not so, he was in Acre preparing to embark, but not yet embarked, when on tidings that the Moslems were besieging Jaffa, he threw himself into a ship, and sailed thither.³ Thus the Mahometans: "Saladin had taken the town, except the citadel, when Richard appeared. At sight of sails, at peep of day,⁴ those who were besieged within the citadel, mounted their horses, and rushed down

¹ Vinisauf.—Bib. Crois., 711. Then Gardiner was not only alive, but he distinguished himself in various battles subsequent to February, 1191. What, after all, shall I have done, except adding, on respectable authority, a few months (at most twenty), to the several years which Seb. Paoli proves by an unanswerable document? Manifest error of all past historians. I only corroborate what the diplomatist had the perspicacity to divine; and since Gardiner was commanding armies as late as summer in 1192, and that no chroniclers tell of his sudden death, which infallibly they would at that juncture, it is almost a moral certainty that he survived until nearly the end of autumn, and that it was he who had the honour of accepting Richard's gift, and installing the order in Acre.—Appendix, Num. xlii.

² Arab. Chron., 349.

³ Id., 350.

⁴ Id., 350.

all at once, like one man, and filled the town;¹ ours flying in such confusion and hurry, that many were nearly suffocated in the gateway;² others cut to pieces in the churches. Yet our flag was still flying on the walls.³ At Richard's arrival at the mouth of the harbour, he hesitated an instant, thinking all lost, and that he was too late. The noise of the waves, and cries of the soldiers, made it impossible to hear. Moreover, the soldan was beating to arms. The Christians were in the utmost terror; one of them, *it was a priest*,⁴ shouting '*I devote myself for the glory of the Messiah!*' sprang headlong from the top of the citadel, right down into the sea,⁵ and swimming out to King Richard, let him know the truth, who was the first to leap ashore;⁶ and every one of our people made off. The soldan had the pen in his hand, to sign the capitulation; but he had to retire.⁷ The entire city had become Christian dogs—God confound them! The king had taken Jaffa.⁸ Even Saladin's camp insecure; all was Richard's. Our master marched east on Saturday evening, the 19th of July, but came back, suddenly, five days after-

¹ Arab. Chron., 351.

² Id., 351.

³ Id., 351.

⁴ Vinisauf, 3.—Bib. Crois., 716.

⁵ Id., 351.

⁶ Arab. Chron., 351.

⁷ Id., 351.

⁸ Id., 351.

wards—that is, on Thursday, the 24th,¹ when that accursed King Richard had but ten horsemen and some hundred foot,² all lodged *in ten tents*, therefore outside the town, the walls of the town being in ruins and of no defence. But though our Moslems environed these few Christians, these stood rooted firm, *grinding the teeth of war*.³ Astonishing! our cavalry kept cantering round them, without venturing to strike a blow,⁴ and then returned into line. It was in the plain, quite close to the ruins of the walls, and the royal miscreant had marshalled forth his shadow of an army, as regularly facing ours in extensive array with the soldan at its head, as if there were a parity. But what struck me dumb altogether, was to see a whole division of ours at the sound of a trumpet charge like one man, and stop all at once, when they got close to the uncircumcised, as if these were a wall of steel, or something unearthly; their horsemen having their lances couched and vizors closed, but remaining motionless. And their infantry's first file were on one knee, with the ends of the handle of their lances fixed in the soil; so that they formed an angle, whose points were elevated a couple of feet, the other file up-standing, as usual; but not

¹ Arab Chron., 353.

² Id., 353.

³ Id., 353.

⁴ Id., 353.

a weapon was used on either side, nor a word spoken, but ours went back silently and slowly to their ground. Yet ours, I knew, were incited to the utmost by hate and desire to sack.¹

“The indignant soldan then rode through our ranks, to excite them.² In vain his son set the example, by riding in a rush towards the Giaours.³ An emir called out, I could not distinguish what, but it was clear that ours refused to obey.⁴ So, our Saladin, after having, in vain, twice given the command, *Charge*, perceived he was committing himself uselessly, and, in a transport of rage, had a retreat sounded, and retired, and shut himself up in his tent without seeing any one, and so remained there invisible to us all for three days.⁵ But our troops waited for a still more shameful scene. King Richard, advancing alone, rode along our whole front with his lance in the rest, and no one was bold enough to accept the challenge, and stir from the ranks to fight him.⁶ On which he made a sign to his servants to come with his dinner, and, descending from his horse, sat down and ate and drank in the face of our army, drawn up as for battle; his small troop, and the handful of foot,

¹ Arab. Chron., 354.

² Id., 354.

³ Id., 354.

⁴ Id., 354.

⁵ Id., 354.

⁶ Id., 354.

drawn up opposite likewise; so that he was banqueting half way between the two armies."¹

All this being from Mahometan accounts, and not the least in contradiction with what other Mahometans write, and having come down through so many centuries, unquestioned by any of the Moslems, would it not be very hardy in us to consider it an hyperbole, if even a Christian be reduced to call it a greater feat than what is attributed to Achilles or any of the ancients, or Amadis de Gaul, or Roland, or the greatest heroes of romance?² Nothing equals the plain truth. See what it is to be terror-struck. Perhaps no veteran will deny the possibility of this, if he has been ever swept off by soldiers in a panic. Then it comes to be like other facts, merely a matter of evidence. It stands solitary in history. It may be wiser to disbelieve everything historic; but, if we believe any, it is hard to see why not this, which comes from the most opposite quarters. At a time when all disagreed, they agree as to this.

Some weeks later, King Richard sent to Saladin again: "How long am I to humble myself before the soldan? How long is he to remain deaf to my entreaties? In God's name grant me peace, I am

¹ Arab. Chron., 354.

² Vinisauuf, 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 688, 722.

unwell, and my kingdom is in an alarming state of sedition. Urgent business calls me home, and winter is approaching, when it will be too late to navigate the sea.”¹ It was towards the end of August. Withal the king’s sickness had increased,² which renders the recent exploits still more stupendous. The soldan sending to him ices and fruit,³ as well as his renowned physician,⁴ added a treaty for three years, says he who wrote, counting from September, 1192.⁵ It was ratified, the rest swearing by King Richard’s soul,⁶ but the king giving only his hand, since kings never take an oath.⁷ The swearers to it on the Christian side, were Count Henry, young Thoron, the Hospitallers, the Templars, and some of the principal barons.⁸ These went, next day, to the soldan, who received and lodged them in a magnificent tent, and the day after, he gave them his hand; and his brother Malek-Adel swore by the soldan’s soul, for the Moslem, to the treaty, and the soldan’s two sons, and the Emir Marchtoub, and others.⁹ Then peace was proclaimed, to the infinite joy of both

¹ Arab. Chron., 352—356.

² Id., 354.

³ Id., 354.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., vi. 323.

⁵ Vinisauf, 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 722.—Arab. Chron., 356.

⁶ Hoveden.— Id., Id., 777.

⁷ Arab. Chron., 354.

⁸ Arab. Chron., 356.

⁹ Id., 357.

Mahometans and Christians, and that the road for as many as chose to go in pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre was open.¹ Several reasons combined for Richard's conduct: 1st.—Those decisions. 2nd.—The letters hastening him to England. 3rd.—The dissensions.² 4th.—His sickness, which kept on the increase. Any of the four would have done; but, in his mind, the first alone counted. And if to remain in Palestine was utterly useless, what right had he to defer his return home, where his presence was absolutely required? His lady mother's letter, as well as the trustiest of his noblemen, who brought it, declared his return to be, to the last degree, urgent. Several messengers, including both church and laymen, and the cream of his peerage, had followed by different routes, to hurry him. Indeed, he had tarried too long already; and left time for rebellion and a wicked alliance to be organized. His whole road, land and sea, blocked. The net was spread. Still little he or Saladin thought that, within little less than four short lunar months, both should be snatched away from this world's blue air; one to a dungeon, the other to his grave.³ If that queen had only been on a par with her sex in ability, the English less

¹ Arab. Chron., 357.

² Id., 358.

³ Michaud: Hist., ii. 451—454.

faithful, less stout-hearted the Pope, never had Richard re-ascended his throne.

Count Henry—whom the Christians called of Jerusalem, the Mahometans King of Acre¹ (but he himself appeared not to have used either titles)—left as the only protector of the Latin colonies, sent to ask Saladin for a pelisse and turban.² “You know neither are in dishonour with us. I mean to wear them both for your sake.” It was evident Islam had nothing to fear.³ Yet Saladin would not have made peace, had it depended on him. “Our soldan was forced to it by his emirs.⁴ Had he not died soon, it might have been worse for Mahometans as well as Christians.⁵ No better treaty in the circumstances could be, says the chronicler. Who say otherwise, they are in error, or it is malevolence; England had no reason whatever to hope for more advantageous terms.⁶

It had been one of his first and warmest requests to give back the property of the Templars and Hospitallers. But when he found it in vain, he never more mentioned it. It is said his last act was to give Acre to the Hospitallers, which is traditional

¹ Arab. Chron., 379.

² Id., 358.

³ Id., 359.

⁴ Id., 360.

⁵ Id., 360. Note.

⁶ Vinisauf, 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 722.

and highly probable. Yet nothing remains that the Paolis could discover, to prove it. Still a comparatively modern has "Our valiant King Richard regained Acre, and gave it to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem;"¹ and it is to be supposed he had a legitimate authority for what he asserts frankly, though it has baffled the present writer's researches. He who gratuitously gave Cyprus to the Temple, could scarcely not have nobly remunerated the Hospitallers, to whom he was so publicly and affectionately devoted, although no such deed of gift be now extant. His scrupulous and earliest care, on regaining freedom (even before reaching Normandy or England), was to write a formal declaration of his gratitude, and to confess he owed them much, and took care to deposit that legal document so securely, that it has been lately printed, and therefore is now out of danger for ever, and shall be borrowed for the Appendix.²

A weeping train of the entire population of Acre accompanied him to the shore, where they bade farewell to him whom they loved and revered as no human creature. It cannot but strike every reader of those times that maritime matters must have been far less behind than we think, when such

¹ Comm. Geograph., ii. 18, Ed. London, folio, 1709.

² Appendix, Num. xxxix.

large armies of cavalry were conveyed in their ships, the King of France alone having had forty-five thousand cavalry at least when he sailed from Marseilles to Acre. Chroniclers never talk of any difficulty as to transport, nor of the Franks buying any horses in Syria. All seem to have brought their horses from Europe. The light Saracen horses may have been used by a few officers, but the soldiers were on powerful horses from Normandy, England, or Germany—remarkable for strength, as befits cuirassiers. With respect to sappers and miners, those from Aleppo were perhaps as good as any we have now. The invention of gunpowder has given an immense superiority to our artillery, no doubt. Yet the machines that could throw balls of six hundred pounds weight were dreadful things; as the steel barb from the zemboureck, that passed through three cuirasses and their contents—three human bodies.

Many are the stories told about King Richard and Saladin, some of which may be true, but some not possibly so; if no gravestone of the latter remains at Damascus now, that may fairly be ascribed to the lapse of ages. A similar reproach might for a long time have been made to England, and in truth both have their best of monuments in tradition, the lasting memory of nations. England

was shortly to mourn for her monarch, captive she knew not where ; and noble and holy Damascus for her soldan's death. It was now the end of November, 1192, and on Wednesday of the first week of the next following March, in spite of his celebrated physician—most learned Maimonides—died Saladin, “the Phoenix of his century, the firm and beautiful pillar of Islam,” as his grateful countrymen call him;¹ and for the accuracy of the date, we have the authority of the Grand Master of the Hospitallers in his letter from Palestine to his lieutenant in Europe.²

Thus the order within its proper orbit had performed its first revolution of better than ninety-two years, under its Founder or Provost and eight Grand Masters.³

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

¹ Arab. Chron., 376.

² Chron. Acquin.—Bib. Crois., iii. 322.

³ Appendix, Num. xlvii.

BOOK THE SECOND—ACRE.

CHAPTER I.

IMMEDIATELY after Richard's departure, then at the close of November, died Sir N. Gardiner in Acre, and was succeeded by Sir Daps, who may have reigned for some days in January, but not longer, since a document shows Sir Godfrey de Duisson, Grand Master in January, 1193,¹ which completely agrees with that letter in April,² which contains no allusion to recent promotion. Of Daps nothing is known; nor if he did anything during his short reign. It is only reverence for former historians (a sort of prescription) which gives him a right to be placed in that post at all; for not a scrap of documentary evidence names him.³

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros. Num. clxxiii.—Appendix, xlviii.—Bosio writes D'Aps, Sir Esmengard D'Aps, lib. vii.

² Bib. Crois., iii. 302.—Appendix, xlix.

³ Seb. Paoli : Serie, i. 340.

Daps is said by some to have been an Englishman, but upon no sufficient authority. It may seem ridiculously minute, but there must have been many English. But as the order's historians have been nearly all foreigners, these names are translated or ill spelt; so as to have been too difficult to discover even formerly, and now impossible. Yet many old English names have in themselves proof of a Palestine origin, as D'Acre. England was much more connected with the Continent then than in Bonaparte's time.—But you so often speak to us of those documents as certain. Are they quite so? Are you very sure of it?—Why, yes, quite! as certain as anything human.—How? Might they not have been forged?—No!—Have not similar forgeries been?—No! never! For these only regard individuals and things of little importance to any except private interests, and each of them has been sifted and resifted thousands of times, and they all agree with each other, as well as with whatever is extant of like validity. They are neither historical nor political, but only the solid basis on which history may be raised. History must cover far wider ground, and embrace within itself not only much that is highly probable, and from coincidences acquires a moral certainty or nearly, and some particulars

of more or less truth, or perhaps doubtful; but also a few quite incredible in themselves, but yet with this of verity, that they express the way of thinking of that time. Then these documents may be relied on blindly as far as they go, and that is not far, save dates and small contracts and concerns of no general value. But they may be used as a test with regard to others that are. What is in contradiction with them, in even so minor a point as date or place, must be apocryphal or necessarily be false. They are the cross-examinations of a lawyer.

Ibn-Alatir's observation, that the founder of an empire has scarcely in any instance been succeeded by his children, for that he probably lies under pollution of blood, which, however necessarily shed or legitimately, cannot but be displeasing to the Eternal—so that ambition is punished even in this life—is applied by many Moslems to Saladin himself, who leaving seventeen sons and one daughter, these and his turbaned emirs cut up his inheritance into a number of small states, and conducted themselves so ill, that Safadin was in a manner forced to become Sultan of Egypt and Damascus; and ended by concentrating in himself and transmitting to his own children the entire possessions of his mighty brother, with the single exception of

Aleppo, which small angle one of his sons contrived to keep. Had Saladin left a will, it might perhaps have been otherwise; but he died intestate, and the natural consequence was confusion.¹ He was but fifty-seven when he died.²

Far from indifference in religion and doubt, as is pretended, Saladin, after having lain senseless three days, at the imam who assisted his last moments coming to the line, which he read with solemn strength, "God is Omnipotent!" "It is true it is true," cried the Soldan, springing up; and then fell back and expired.³ He was sincerely attached to his creed, and tenderly loving his children, brought them up in the same principles; yet he left no will to regulate the succession;⁴ forgotten it perhaps, as what appeared to him so trifling a matter, in the magnitude of his dying thoughts. Singularly affectionate in his domestic relations, a trait is related of him that resembles what the French relate of Henry the Fourth. His private secretary recounts that, on the conclusion of peace a little before his death, some ambassadors presenting themselves for audience, when he was employed in playing with his youngest child, who astonished to see men with their beards cut, and short hair,

¹ Arab. Chron., 376, 382.

² Id., 363.

³ Id., 367.

⁴ Id., 377.

and in clothes different from what he was accustomed to see, began crying; on this the soldan begged the ambassadors to excuse him, and put off their business to the next day.¹

But in addition to what was said already, it is proper to take a further review of Acre; for it must now be for a period what Malta has since been, the sovereign dominion and chief residence of the order; though a fief of Jerusalem, as that other of Sicily; and therefore called for the future not simply Acre, but St. John's Acre, *St. Jean d'Acre*. At the foot of Carmel, its shelter to the south, and Thabor within sight—seated on the sea, commanding the whole line of coast from Egypt to Asia Minor—not far from the celestial Nile, nor from the king of rivers, Euphrates; emporium not only of Palestine and Syria, but also what Alexandria had been before it, and was to be after it, chief transit between the Oriental countries and Europe, whether *via* Pisa, or Genoa, or Naples, or Venice, termination of the tongue of that beautiful and renowned plain that runs northward all along the shores between it and Libanus, and leaving the cedars, crosses to Mount Taurus, and returning to Caiphas stretches east to where our Saviour passed

¹ Arab. Chron., 365.

his boyhood, and where He pronounced His divinest discourse, and to the lake whose waters He trod, and Jordan and stern Judea's hills:—with so grand a situation, whether considered materially, relative to commerce and landscape, or morally from its historic and sacred recollections, Acre could not well but be one of the richest, most populous, and most agreeable cities of the whole world.¹ And though it had more than once been partially razed, it had always been rebuilt with increasing magnificence. If the Moslems had been its masters twice, yet they had not been long so either time, and treated it on both occasions with unusual respect; and the Franks being always lords of the sea, Acre was on the skirts of Europe, and enjoyed complete security in that direction. And if it was continually menaced, yet what foe approached close enough to injure its suburban districts? That could be only in a regular siege; rare misfortune, to which all cities are liable, and six years had scarcely elapsed since its taking in the third crusade, when its houses had been greatly embellished, and many of them re-erected, for which the not distant hills yielded a white stone nearly equal to the finest marble. Nor had those huge armies been unattended

¹ Michaud: *Hist. des Crois.*, v. 119.—*Corneri Chron.*—*Bib. Crois.*, iii. 135.

with considerable compensation, for they had imported and spent immense treasures, and, with all their doleful memorials, left also much wealth of every kind behind them, and refinements and fashions, and usages, from the best of every land over the civilised globe; and that long fallow and those tremendous slaughters had rendered its fertile plain more fertile than ever; so that with a gayer and more vivid vegetation than before, it lay in a labyrinth of villas and gardens. The roofs were flat, with terraces; so that you could go from one end of the city to the other in an uninterrupted walk on the same level, without descending into the street, as is partially the case in Aleppo even now; and the streets were wide for the Levant, which might be worse respecting sun, but gave air, and above all was better for riders, and all knights went then on horseback as universally as the Turks now. The whiteness of the cut stone houses, those marble terraces ornamented with jars of orange and lemon trees and flowers, the universal practice of glass windows, then a singularity everywhere else, without excepting London or Paris of that day (which is certain), but even of the present, which may be doubtful—paintings decorating the interior of the principal houses, the gilded cupolas, domes, minarets, steeples standing out from the brightness of the

green and sparkling waters for horizon on one side, and on the other those gorgeous mountains, presented a most impressive view whether you approached Acre by land or sea. The population was usually calculated at one hundred and fifty thousand, a third more than Jerusalem. Acre was by far the gayest and most fashionable place then in existence. It had no duties, nor, it would appear, any other taxes than a very small capitation and an easy land tax. But the tithes were rather heavy, as were the feudal obligations on knights and large proprietors. Altogether these were the bright features which had, for counterpart, the want of order in the legislation. There are said to have been seventeen jurisdictions for various nations, each of which pretended to be governed by its own code—Venetians living exclusively in one street, Genoese in the next, Pisans, Templars, Syrians, and so on; most of those having acquired their rights long previous to the Hospitallers' reign there. Indeed Venetians, Pisans, and Genoese, date by treaties from the first crusade, nor could Richard have given away what did not belong to him; nor did he pretend to conquer, but only restore, and Acre had been a fief of Jerusalem, and those Franks had title deeds that derived from former Kings of Jerusalem; but the Hospitallers, having much of

the republican in their own constitution, did not dislike this. Gerard, when he had to choose, did not choose a monarchy, but a sort of commonwealth, with a Moderator or President, with only one vote more than any other knight of the order. Indeed it was but conforming to the Norman fashion, for the first Normans established a military republic in Puglia; and, if they afterwards became royal, it was to follow the taste they found there; they only did not resist the temptation, but they had brought other usages. The Normans permitted, as an exception, the use of force as to what they considered their right to visit the Holy Sepulchre as often as they pleased. Their desire to go there might be religious, but to impede them was an attack on their liberty; and would be, had the Moslems been Christians. The holy war was then (at least at its best, the first crusade) not so much a war against Mahometanism as against tyranny; and rather defensive, than aggressive. So in strict neutrality between Christians, the order were only keeping to Norman principles, never to use force in matters of mere belief.

The Hospitallers perhaps gave the example for the Italian republics. It is not hard to credit that the reins of government were loose in Acre—too loose. Times of great trouble, as a siege,

might unite; but even then, to have taken such habits of independence must have been injurious to soldierly discipline. The bad had its good also—mixture as in all human things. Many of the most illustrious rank chose Acre for habitual residence. So that at one time twenty crowned heads lived there, and kept up stately and splendid establishments and courts. Not ex-sovereigns, but rich and potent masters of far-off realms. There were the three military orders, and grandees of every country. And beside these residents, there were always Emperors of Germany, or Kings of France, Sicily, England, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, as well as troops from all those parts. There were a great number of stately palaces; and we have seen that even before the Christians took it, King Guy, foreseeing it would be soon theirs, had given a spot to the Hospitallers to erect a wide gate to their Xenodochia, and a square in front, as to increase their hospital to be worthy of the one they had left in Jerusalem.

The order having become sovereign, their hospital was no longer restricted to the crusaders alone, but received Moslems also, or any one whatever. The flimsiest disguise, if even that was requisite, sufficed. So, on that score, the current story is very possible; but, on another it is scarcely so—

Saladin's death in March.¹ But he was so astonishing a person, that it is hard to say what he could not do. Who durst deny but in the short space of a few months, it is barely possible that what is told he may have executed, during some military recognisance into the immediate vicinity of that town, before his mortal sickness? At all events the rumour shows the public opinion at that time. "Master Saladin, King of Babylon, who commanded over thirty kings, having heard surprising matters of the hospital at Acre, determined on taking a stick, and piece of old carpet for cloak, fumbling it round him as well as he could, and came straight to Acre, feigning grievous sickness; and hobbling, inquired whether, for the love of God, they could lodge him. On which he was received at once, and invited to lie down at his ease, and a little after, asked what he wished to eat. He who desired to be thought sick, declared he did not care for eating, but for God's sake to allow him to repose, as being very tired, and that he had long wished to die, so they let him sleep all that day and night. The next day the infirmarians asked what he would eat, but he assured them that not only he did not wish to eat, but could not. 'Friend,' replied the in-

¹ Appendix, Num. xlix.

firmarian, 'eat; for, unless you eat, you cannot live long.' But Saladin remained two days and nights without bit or sup. Then the chief infirmarian returned to say, 'My dear friend, you must really take something to eat; for, otherwise, we should be much blamed, and my superiors would say you died here of starvation.' 'My lord,' replied Saladin, 'I believe I shall never eat again in all my life, and it is far better for me to die, since the only thing I could eat, and desire intensely, it is madness even to name.' 'Oh, as for that, sweetest brother, do not hesitate in the least, for the established law in this house is to use the very extreme of charity. A sick man, here, is given everything he fancies, if gold can buy it; so, ask for whatever your warmest fancy demands, and be assured of it you shall have it.' On which Saladin determined to ask: 'Then I wish for the right foot of Moriel, your grand master's favourite horse, and that it be cut off here in my presence, or I'll never eat a morsel more; so now you have my desire; see if it be not preferable I die; for I am but a poor man, and that beast is very valuable; the grand master would not take a thousand bezants of gold for him, they say.' Then the chief infirmarian went and told it all to the grand master, who reflected a little, and could not imagine how such a strange

desire could come into the head of a sick person. 'However, since it is so, take my horse,' replied he to the infirmarian. 'Better that all my horses were dead, than a man; and, besides, we should be reproached with it for ever!' So the horse was led out, and thrown down alongside Saladin's bed, and tethered close, and a groom got ready, and having armed himself with a large hatchet and a small block of wood, 'Which foot is it,' said he, 'which the sick man wishes for?' Whereat he was told the right fore-foot; and he took the wooden block, and put it under that foot, and raised the hatchet with both his hands to strike with more force, on which Saladin cried, 'Hold! for my desire is satisfied; and I would be contented now with a good slice of mutton.' So Moriel was loosed and led back to the stable. And the grand master was vastly pleased, and all the brethren too. And the sick man ate and drank well, for he had fasted for four days, and then taking his cloak and stick, he thanked the infirmarians for all the honour and courtesy he had received, and returned to his own land; nor forgot to write a charter, which he sealed with his seal, to this purpose in substance: 'Let all know that I Saladin, Soldan of Babylon, leave and bequeath in perpetuity to the Hospital of Acre one thousand bezants of gold every year, on St. John

the Baptist's day, to buy sheets, and secure said sum on my rent-roll of Babylon; and expressly desire that in all wars between Saracens and Christians, this continue to be paid the same, and sent to the grand master, whoever he be; and that it is in gratitude for the wonderful charity of his order.'"¹

Margat² is a clear proof of what I have stated already, that the stories of dissensions between Templars and Hospitallers are likely to have been inventions of malignant idlers, to which neither of the parties themselves attended much. There could never have been any dispute between them concerning Margat; for the Templars knew just as well as the Hospitallers themselves, that given to these latter it had been years before by a regular deed of gift or sale, and with a whole cloud of witnesses among whom the Bishop of Valence, the Prince of Antioch, &c., &c., in date of 1186;³ and was a fief of the Massocians—*Castrum munitissimum Margatum quod fuit Hospitalis*.⁴ Were the information of Mathew Paris perfectly correct, that the Templars had become enormously richer than the Hospitallers,

¹ MS. du Roi de France, Num. 454.—Bib. Crois., iii. 341.

² Michaud: Hist., iii. 12.

³ Cód. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxvii., vol. i. 77.—Seb. Paoli Notizie Geograf., i. 423.—Appendix, l.

⁴ Sanuti: lib. iii. 14.

these might perhaps have been goaded on to see with some displeasure their own children put over their heads; but indeed it was not so, and other chroniclers of that time say the direct contrary. The fact is, that neither orders had time for such squabbles; and it was those who hated both who tried to play them off against each other, and alas! had too quickly their intent regarding one. But all that is childish now.

Great warriors were lost in those holy wars, and Mahometanism survived. Frederick I. was held quite as valiant and as able a soldier as Alexander the Great; and they appeared on nearly the same scene. One conquered the Sultan, the other Darius; why then so different a result? Frederick had an established religion against him, Alexander not; but an established religion is what is hardest to vanquish.¹

In 1193, another Bohemond becomes an aggregated member of the order by election;² and a new Pope confirms what his predecessors had said, particularly respecting the Hospitalleresses in Spain—his Holiness praising them as no doubt they deserved;³

¹ Suabian Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 184.

² Confrater factus sum S. Domûs Hospitalis. Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxx., i. 86.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xxxiv., i. 313.—Appendix, Num. li.

but he does not mention what tradition adds, that they each had to hold a little silver sceptre in their hand during divine service, to remind them that some of their sisterhood had been queens;¹ nor avows that it was contrary to the ancient custom of the order that they should be thus shut up like
 1194 nuns. Of Cœur de Lion's nephew, Harry Count Palatine of Troyes (or Champagne), we have a deed of gift, less remarkable for his not entitling himself sovereign for the property in Acre, than for his care to mention his wife, in whose right he could pretend to royalty.²

But early in the next year is a letter from the grand master to the prior of his knights in England,
 1195 in which he relates the shipwreck of several noble gentlemen of his order, the sore famine in Egypt, where that river of paradise had not overflowed, the menaces of Safadin, and worse still, the forlorn state of their house in Sicily, from its having been sacked by Germans and others; so that their knights were obliged to leave it; nor was it possible for it to assist the Holy Land; "Wherefore, my good brother, we entreat of you to send us all you can by the very earliest opportunity in March, for we are heavily in debt, and you know what loads

¹ Vertot: ii. 301.—Bosio.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxxi., i., 87.—Appendix, lii.

of money and provisions of every kind are necessary to maintain our garrisons and armies ; and it is but with these that we can hope any respite from the Moslem. Fearfully monstrous is our expenditure. But our trust is in God.”¹ How tender is the command “good brother !” But it is only a fair specimen of the order’s affectionate fraternization !

Next comes a deed from the Empress Constance, confirmatory of all her ancestors had done for the order, and executed in Palermo.² Cœur de Lion’s truce having been renewed by mutual accord of the parties, was broken by some Franks headed by Valeran de Limbourg, son of the Duke of Ardennes, 1197 without the knowledge of Henry, England’s nephew,³ to the great detriment of the Christians of the land ; for the Paynim, in reprisal, marched against those of Jaffa, and slew five thousand of them.⁴ And unfortunate Henry, who had gone thither, and returned to Acre, anxiously to prepare for inevitable war, whether in washing his hands, he backed and fell from the window, as the servant held a basin of water, or in rising 1198 by night, for whatever purpose, or in the

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xxxviii., i. 317.—Bosio.—Appendix, l.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. clxxxv., i. 228.

³ Michaud : Hist., iii. 24.

⁴ Lamberti Parvi : Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 334.

morning, while looking out from a terrace on his troops filing past, or in the portico, had a sudden apoplectic stroke ;¹ however it was, he was killed. Another Henry, Duke of Lorraine and Brabant, succeeded;² but in two or three months to be superseded by the defunct's widow taking a new husband—Almeric, who had followed his brother Guy, on the throne of Cyprus, and now married Isabella, by the Grand Master of the Hospitallers' means, and in her right became titular King of Jerusalem, which he hastened to authenticate by a deed, dated Tyre, in August, 1198.³ Almeric is represented to be a good wise man by the Moslems themselves;⁴ which, and the Pope's eulogy, is no contradiction to the same Pope's blame of the patriarch, for having connived at a woman's taking a fourth husband while her first one was still alive.⁵

And, what was of more consequence, a truce was again assented to, by the Moslems, for six years six months and six days, permitting the Christians a free passage to and from the Sepulchre, Jordan,

¹ Bib. Crois., iii. 284.—Arnold de Lubeck : Chron. 4.

² Lamberti Parvi : Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 334,

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros, Num. clxxxix.—Appendix, liii.

⁴ Arab. Chron., 381.

⁵ Seb. Paoli : Storiche, i. 376.—Muratori.—Bib. Crois., ii. 497.

and the other sacred places.¹ And in the very end of that same year, is a bull of Innocent III., requesting of the Hospitallers to defend Cyprus, whose king they had themselves elected to Jerusalem, and to defend him and his island as cordially as Palestine itself.²

Beautiful—which law papers rarely are—is the deed by which a lady of Holy Land certifies she has become a sister of the order, with her husband's consent, without calumny, without 1201 revocation, without contradiction.³

Nor could De Duisson have died earlier than the last days of 1201 (Vertot mistakes much), as documentary proof shows, and in 1202, he was succeeded by Sir Alphonso, of the royal family of 1202 Portugal (probably son of Alphonso I.), who being very austere at the expenditure, called a chapter in cloaks⁴ for some minute and ill-timed reforms, where, not considering it compatible with his own dignity, he had a proposal made by another, to whom a younger knight having replied sharply, that it would render harder what was already hard, that no officer could ever do with one horse—at least

¹ Reiner : Chron —Bib. Crois., i. 334.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., Bolla iii., i. 270.

³ Id., Num. lxxxvi., i. 91.—Appendix, liv.

⁴ Bosio :—Appendix, Num. xxxvi.—Seb. Paoli : Serie, i. 340.

not the Hospitallers, in continual dangers and exertion of every sort, the warm debate was closed by one of their best veterans standing up, and reverently laying back his hood thus calmly: "Were the regulations from our Grand Master, and my opinion unfavourable to them, I should hesitate to interfere; but, as I am decidedly in their favour, I permit myself to express it, because this peace is propitious to grave proceedings, as our very conversation in this hall attests; for the sanguinary Marchtoub once commanded here in the name of the law of Mahomet, whereas Cœur de Lion drove off the Saracens for ever; and if three of the best horses were not then enough to enable me to fulfil my various duties, but I was often obliged to borrow a fourth, and on one pressing occasion, in the battle near Antioch, a fifth—that was a period of war, and very different from what we see at present."

And when he sat down, the turcopolier rose smiling, "and now let every one of you judge by what he has just heard, and give his vote without our losing more time in vain discourse." And the sequel was that Alphonso abdicated and returned to Lisbon, and it is said died badly, after having taken a prominent part in some revolutionary attempt. And on his tombstone in that country

was inscribed, "Anno 1245, Kalend. Martii, obiit Alfonsus, Magister Hospitalis Hierusalem."¹

Any considerable diversity of opinion in their chapters, or among themselves or with those of the Temple or others, is not so much to be considered a passing burst or exception, as indeed a radical consequence of the republican spirit kneaded up with the first principles of the Hospitallers from the very beginning; which however excellent, still share in the nature of all human things, and have some defects amalgamated with their excellencies. If, as a commonwealth, each individual took an intense and personal interest in every proposal, that exclusiveness easily during intervals of armistice degenerated into disputes in their own body and a facility to offend their neighbours. It was only in war and the execution of their decisions, that much of the dictatorial power entered. There are few or, I believe, no instances of disobedience, or even the smallest hesitation to obey on the field of battle in the fine times of the order; but very many of the fullest exertion of the power of a most rigid dictator by whoever happened to be their grand master, from whom all authority was then derived.

¹ Seb. Paoli : Serie, i. 340.

That Sir Godfrey Lo Rath did not succeed till
 1205 (though Vertot like the rest has 1195)
 1205 is clear from the document of December,
 1204, in which Alphonso was still the reigning Grand
 Master.¹

But if the fourth crusade took place earlier about
 a year, yet as a war between Roman and Greek
 Christians, the order had nothing to do with it, but
 kept true to its neutrality between all such; except
 that individual Templars and Hospitallers went to
 Greece also, for it was the land of glory;² nor either
 then nor ever could the grand master prevent
 individual knights from taking what side they
 pleased; nor, though the order had a priory and
 much property at Constantinople, did its banner
 ever fly there, although it had scarce a member
 but had near relatives amongst those Franks, and
 they had certainly its sympathies and names that
 were very dear to it, and reminded it of its own
 Norman descent, and its earliest protectors and
 friends, and its founder, and all his glorious race.
 Nor is it surprising it exulted when a Baldwin was
 elected Emperor of Constantinople, and testified
 his singular esteem by sending it, as proof of his
 victory, the chain he had to break, to reach the

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxxvii., i. 92.—Appendix, lv.

² Michaud : Hist., iii. 210.

Golden Horn, and the gates of that celebrated Byzantium,¹ and likewise a deed in aid of its exchequer,²—the fourth part of his own private estate (the Duchy of Neocast)—and therefore the surer and more expressive of his warm friendship; no crown property, but entirely his own. Yet there was a person, who paid for so much glory with her life—his wedded spouse, his faithful and affectionate Margaret, who had preceded her husband to Acre to join him there on their way to Jerusalem, and whose gratification for his sake at his attainment of what she knew was the object of his ambition, that immensity of joy killed her. What brought out the chain and gates under orders to return with their young and lovely sovereign, expected with such ardour, as the fittest to preside at the coronation festivities she was to share—alas! that ship returned with no living empress, but her corpse—sad presage of what was brewing (in the not far clouds) for Baldwin himself.³ About the same time there were various scourges of earthquakes and plague and famine in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. More than two thousand Christians were buried in one day at Acre of plague.⁴ The ground rolled

¹ Michaud: Hist., iii. 121, 210.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxxviii., i. 93.—Appendix, lvi.

³ Michaud: Hist., iii. 211.—Vertot: iii. 360.

⁴ Id.: Id., 154.

about, like the rising and falling of a bird's wings,¹ and devastated what remained of the antique in the Holy Land, Baalbec, and many places round Lebanon (whose mountains opened and descended), and much of Damascus, Tyre, Tripoli, and other towns; and the walls of Acre, and even the very palace where the King of Jerusalem was staying; so that the monies raised in Europe for the crusade had to be laid out in rebuilding the walls of Acre.² The state of affairs could not be pleasing for people that loved quiet—every one making war *ad libitum*—even the poet Saadi for awhile in prison, and condemned to work like a galley slave. Though Aleppo was at peace with Jerusalem, the Christians of Antioch were at open war with Saracen Hamah; so, as Almeric liked quiet, he thought it best to come and die at Acre.³ Isabella is once more free. Will she take her a fifth husband? John de Brienne took heed of that, for disembarking at Acre with only three hundred horse and eighty thousand livres (half from the King of France, and the other half from the Pope) he was received with great pomp and married to her daughter, and in her right became King of Jerusalem—at least to the Latins, for the Moslems called him King of

¹ Michaud: Hist., iii. 255. ² Id.: Id., 256.

³ Id.: Id., 258.

Acre.¹ And these besieging Tripoli and threatening Acre, the new king marched out and made his valour be admired on the field of battle. Still he had no other than that shadow of feudal superiority, and no army to defend it.² That most shameful of crusades (with which, thank Heaven, the order had nothing to do), that against the Albigeois, in every sense belonged to Europe, and "from their persecution," says the French historian, "came the Inquisition, that disgrace to humanity, religion, and our country."³ I am glad to copy that fervent Catholic's words. What has been said about the earthquakes, is by some referred to May, 1202; but such dates are uncertain, and let me observe once for all, that it is only the chronology in the margin that can pretend to documentary certainty, while that in the text is only extremely probable. But not only Godfrey Lo Rath was Grand Master in 1205, immediately on Alphonso's abdication, as has been shown, but also we have a deed of his the year next following which even Seb. Paoli
1206
seems not to have read with attention,
probably from its coming too late.⁴ And the same grand master was living in May of 1207 (though

¹ Michaud : *Hist.*, iii. 260.—*Arab. Chron.*, 379.

² *Id.* : *Id.*, 266. ³ Michaud : *Hist.*, iii. 271.

⁴ *Cod. Dipl. Geros.*, Num. clxxv., i. 217.—*Appendix*, lvii.

others say he died in 1206), not only because there is a deed wherein one of the witnesses is his
 1207 successor, still marshal, as Paoli rightly says,¹ but likewise, as I remark, because Lo Rath is himself mentioned, though the name be ill printed *Lirath* in one word, instead of two; and still more, that in another contract of 1207, he signs to it in full, *Lo Rath*, Master of the Hospitallers, and writes the name correctly with his own hand. Amongst this document's witnesses (the *alii phires* of the Appendix), is Hugo de Burin, which no doubt means Byron); so the late lord (the poet) was not wrong in thinking he had ancestors in the crusades.² And in another document of that same year, I read among the witnesses *Frater Galfridus Lo Rath*.³ Lo Rath,⁴ after exerting his insinuating manners
 1208 by being a peace-maker, as became his age, between the Armenian and Antioch, died in 1208, and his successor as grand master was one who until then had been marshal, Sir Gawen de Montacute,⁵ whom Vertot unhesitatingly dubs *Montaigu*,⁶ and that he was a French gentleman. And

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xci., i. 95.—Appendix, lix.

² Id., Num. xc., i. 94.—Appendix, lviii.

³ Id., Num. x., of the *Giunta*, i. 289.—Appendix, lxxxv.

⁴ Is not *Lo Rath*? Anglo-Saxon? *Here! Early one!*

⁵ Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 341. ⁶ Vertot: iii. 367.

Bosio and even Seb. Paoli concur; but be it observed that, according to Lodge¹ and Sir Harris Nicolas,² the Montacute was an *old* English family in 1168, earlier than the period we are treating of, and that they did not take the name of Montaigu until two centuries later, when they merged in the Nevils and old Earls of Salisbury; so that, until the contrary be decided by greater authorities (and the historians of the order cite none), I must certainly vindicate the claim of England to the Grand Master Montacute, and that he was no further a Frenchman than that his ancestors had been Normans. But at that time, if the Montaigus belonged to Auvergne, the Montacutes did to Wiltshire; and Montacute is the name in all the documents. And he had to exercise his diplomatic talents much, in a similar pacific way; but also in a sterner sort, for they were unhappy times, and the military orders were an exception to the surrounding degeneracy, which induced people easily to have small regard for their oaths and break truces every moment without compunction. Nor is it quite clear whether Christians or Moslems were the first in that respect, since mutual are the accusations; and it is painful to decide (without the fullest

¹ Lodge : iv. 16.

² Synopsis, 2.

proof) against our own co-religionists. Nor had creeds much to do with the matter; for if the first crusades were more religious than political, the later ones were more political than religious.¹ And in lieu a great indifference of religion was observable over Syria and Palestine—all parties seeking but their interests, Christians against Christians, and Mahometans against Mahometans, with astonishing impartiality;² so that Pope Innocent III. wrote to the Sovereign of Aleppo to felicitate him on his having become a Christian—though he never thought of it, but only had been generous towards some of that belief;³ which, if it scandalized the Pope of Rome the Great,⁴ or Caliph of the Franks,⁵ it did not less the Pope of the Infidels,⁶ as the chroniclers call the Caliph of Bagdad; the Apostle of Rome, and the Apostle of the Saracens are also their terms.⁷ We have a document
 1210 by which a German count and his wife
 became aggregated to the order in October
 1213 of 1208.⁸ A King of Cyprus in 1210 gives
 various lands to Sir Gawen Montacute,

¹ Michaud : Hist. iii. 291.² Arab. Chron., 382.³ Arab. Chron., 383.⁴ Id., 387.⁵ Id., 482. Note.⁶ Vitri.⁷ Michaud : Hist., iii. 325. Note.⁸ Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xcii., i. 96.

Grand Master of the Sacred House of the Hospital of St. John, and the Hospitallers.¹ On the 13th of October, certain persons borrow a thousand Saracen bezants from Montacute, Grand Master of the Hospitallers, one of the witnesses being a Garnerius with the adjunct of *Alemanmus*, the German, to distinguish him from others of the same name, English or of whatever country; for though *languages* were a posterior creation far, yet not so several leading offices being assigned to particular lands. Prior of England was always an Englishman by a custom dating from the very beginning of the order,² and on the 8th of the calends of 1216 August in 1216 the brief of Pope Honorius III.,³ recommends the Prince of Antioch to the Hospitallers; and on the 9th of the same month and year, comes a letter from the said Pope to the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, bidding him to go to Cyprus to confer with the King of Hungary and Duke of Austria, as to the affairs of Palestine,⁴ and in January, 1217, John of Brienne, King of 1217 Jerusalem, speaks of Gawen de Montacute Grand Master of the Hospitallers.⁵ Therefore, in

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xcvii., i. 101.

² Id., Num. xi., i. 290.—Appendix cvi.

³ Id., Num. xl. 320.—Giunta.

⁴ Id., Num. xli. 320.—Giunta.

⁵ Id., Num. cexii. 253.—Pantaleone: Hist. book iii.

spite of the existing treaties, Brienne led a force against Jerusalem, and, upon discomfiture, determined on taking the road by where its resources came from; nor can there be any doubt of his being at Acre in the January of 1217,¹ and embarked for Egypt in the month of May, 1218, as the Islamites have it, whose authority as to dates is reputed better than that of our chroniclers. These differ a little, but those estimate the crusaders as (what is probably an exaggeration) seventy thousand horse and four hundred thousand foot,² and that while some of the fleet were only two days on the voyage from Jaffa to the Nile, others were an entire month; which, whatever it came from, it were wrong to attribute to nautical deficiency, since part of that same crusade leaving the Meuse in June, 1218, and in its way touching at ports on the south of England, and north of France and Spain, entered that of Lisbon towards the middle of July³—very tolerable sailing.⁴ Four months hardly sufficed to take the first of the outworks of Damietta,⁵ the tower of the chain, which seemed so violent a loss to

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. cexi., i. 253 —Appendix, lxxxvi.

² Arab. Chron., 388

³ Michaud: Hist. iii., 313.

⁴ Chron. Cologne.—Bib. Crois., iii. 20.

⁵ Michaud: Hist., iii. 319.—Arab. Chron., 392.

Islam that it broke Safadin's heart when he heard of it on the banks of the Lake of Galilee;¹ so his corpse was borne secretly into the citadel, at Damascus, and buried at night, in private, for fear of a sedition; so loved and venerated was he by every class.² That the Grand Master was away is implied by there being a *locum-tenens*, in his stead, during those years, as in one document;³ and, by another, that Montacute was still in Egypt, in May of 1221;⁴ by a third, that he was still there in June;⁵ and by a fourth, that he was back in Acre, in October of that year, since his travelling companion was.⁶ 1219 Brienne's expedition went on swimmingly at first, taking Damietta after a good defence, to his exultation, except that it was found to be an immense charnel house, scarcely containing a human creature alive; but the streets choked up with loads of carcasses, in various stages of putrefaction, dead of plague, or famine, or

¹ Arab. Chron., 392.—Michaud: Hist., iii. 320. Note.

² Arab. Chron., 393. Note 1.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. xii.—Giunta: i. 290.—Appendix, lx.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. cviii.—Giunta: i. 114.—Appendix, lxxxvii.

⁵ Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. xiii.—Giunta: i. 291.—Appendix, lxi.

⁶ Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. cvii.—Giunta: i. 113.—Appendix, lxxxviii.

wounds, and emitting such an intolérable stench, that it frightened back the storming party,¹ much more the whole Christian army, when they got in by one of the gates, but arrested by the same horrible smell, were obliged to retreat, and encamp anew under its walls, until the streets and houses were a little cleaned; yet a moment sufficed to inoculate them with the plague, dire disease, that continued lurking in their ranks, and growing every day; during which interval arrived the Papal legate. So there were two cardinals, and, if one of them was meek and pious, the other was a fire-brand. But the former was soon killed, which only left the other's outrageous audacity without control.

1221 “Cardinal Peter is gone, and Cardinal Pelagius left living, the more the pity,” says the chronicler.² Hospitallers and Templars, at the storming of Damietta, in which were then eighty thousand men,³ were firmly believed by the Mahometans—not at all ashamed of being beaten by such—to be no human creatures, so transcendent was their valour, but white angels, and St. Bartholomew and St. George and company in red; the

¹ Olivier.—Bib. Crois., iii. 150.

² Michaud: Hist. iii., 325.

³ Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 596.

Templars wearing their white mantles, and the Hospitallers their scarlet surcoats.¹

The Sultan, Malek-Kammel, Safadin's eldest son, had written the most woe-begone letters to his brothers, who, all fourteen, came, one by one, from various parts of the East on this side, and from beyond Jordan, their different dominions, with their troops to join him. Above all, the Prince of Damascus, who, before he left Palestine, took care to raze the walls of Jerusalem, lest the Franks should take them, was remarkably enthusiastic;² and, by a stratagem, forced his brother Arschaff, King of Armenia, who, having come with his army into Palestine, and after they had a conversation late one evening, retired to bed; the prince, who may have perceived some hesitation in the other, pulled on his little boots in the middle of the night, and roused and harangued the troops, "March!—To Damietta!" But Arschaff, in the morning, dressed, took a bath, and coming from it, was astonished not to see his soldiery. But learning what the prince had done, mounted; and without one word, marched towards Egypt after him.³

So now the sultan's army counted forty thousand

¹ Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 591.

² Arab. Chron., 398. Note, and 410.

³ Id., 411.

horse, and an infinite multitude of foot;¹ while that of the Christians, according to the Moslem himself, was only the half; twenty thousand horse, and two hundred thousand foot.² How diminished since landing! Still the Latins were such celebrated soldiers, and their advance struck their foes with such terror, that, in both Cairos they forgot to open the gates for two days; and, though the Nile was on its increase, that which brought fertility, and decided whether they should have a good harvest or a famine, and which formed then, as at present, the usual topic of conversation in all Egyptian classes, was completely unattended to,³ and it got tacitly full up to the very edge of its banks, before it was perceived. Fertile Egypt had more Christians in it than Palestine. Egypt was so holy and precious in the sight of the Lord, that He chose it to be the road by which thousands of Franks should reach Him: for they died very quietly of dysentery.⁴ The Saracens came within our hearing, drawn up on the other side of the river, and summoned us to renounce our superstitious creed: "For either you must turn Mahometans, or we Christians." And the circumcised

¹ Arab. Chron., 412.

² Id., 409.

³ Id., 410.

⁴ Vitri: Letters, iii. Bib. Crois., i. 429.

ate two fowls on it, to make good their oath, devouring the fowls as hungry dogs do bread. And the battle began, and in a twinkling—it was the day of the decollation of St. John the Baptist—who wanted companions, observes the chronicler, and here they were, fifty Templars, thirty Teutronics, thirty-two Hospitallers, the Chamberlain of the King of France, and that nobleman's son, several counts and princes, eighty knights, and five thousand men of different nations.¹ Unwillingly had Brienne set out from Damietta, disapproving totally of that unmilitary excursion, headlong, without any preparatives; and wished, at least, to wait for the succours promised by the emperor. But Pelagius treated his worldly misgivings with utter disdain, and arrogated to himself the supreme command, saying it was a Papal army, since composed in part of Italians, and under the Pope's protection.² And, although some Roman princes ran away at the first of the action, that was not very wonderful; and if, on another morning, a Spaniard was caught selling a piece of bread to two Saracens, the traitors—not Spaniards, but Saracens—were tied to a horse's tail, and dragged all through the Christian camp; no trifle, its extent being of ten

¹ Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 603.

² Oliveri : Hist. Damatiana.—Bib. Crois., iii. 155.

miles.¹ And when Brienne proposed that they should halt until the galleys cleared the river, Pelagius vociferated treason, and that his galley should not lower its masts till they reached Cairo, which he hoped would be within three days.² This utter blindness was deeply blamed by Brienne, but seems to have terrified the sultan; for he made frequent proposals for peace during the march, and now that the Christians had arrived at the southern extremity of the Delta, opposite to the new town of Mansourah, where the whole Moslem army was drawn up, continued for three weeks to send deputies proposing to give Jerusalem to the Christians,³ and one hundred thousand pieces of gold to rebuild its walls, besides Ascalon and all the cities that had been won from them by Saladin in Syria and Palestine, in exchange for Damietta alone.⁴ One would think such terms surrendered all that was wanted, and that the Christians would accept them with warm satisfaction. But not so Pelagius, who disdained any peace, and would be contented with nothing but the extermination of Islam, and effectually chasing every shadow of opposition from the face of the earth.

¹ Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 605.

² Michaud: Hist., iii. 352.—Arab. Chron., 419. Note 2.

³ Id.: Id., 354.

⁴ Arab. Chron., 413.

Brienne once more expostulated: "Let us encamp where we are, we can entrench the army well; believe me, it is better not to be in a hurry, and if we were twenty years in conquering Egypt, it would not be too much."¹ At which words the legate could no longer contain his rage. Brienne replied, "Well, if you will go on, I'll accompany you, and be resigned to the will of God. Lead me where you please; you will see what will come of it!"² And did come of it, that the deputies were given a flat refusal.

"Ho! ho," cried the Saracens and their horses too. "Now you may just wheel about and retire; for we have lost all patience, and our scimitars are thirsty, and burning our hands to dash down on you!"³ So we perceiving them reinforced and so resolute, thought it best to take them at their word, and turned to withdraw in some confusion; but it was too late, for they attacked us, and a great battle ensued, which we lost; and had it not been for the Hospitallers, and also the other military orders, and Brienne himself, we should have been cut to pieces to a man.⁴ Nor was this enough, but the sultan had the dykes broken, and

¹ Arab. Chron., 418.

² Id., 419.

³ Id., 418.

⁴ Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 603.

out burst the Nile, bellowing most awfully, and the entire country was a deluge. Then might you see the cardinal quite changed, and hang his head in shame, and fear, and sorrow.¹ The very first thing was, of course, that all our boats and provisions were lost. Some of our people sprang the wine and spirit casks, that they knew would soon be swamped, and died dead drunk. Many who lay down on some dry spot, the waters coming over their heads while they slept, drowned them. Every horse of ours had disappeared; and those of pitiless Arabs and Mamelukes drove through the waters to get at us and trample us, or that their riders might transfix us with their long lances. Howling famine also waylaid us, and the plague; but why further of that deplorable retreat? Worse than by the recent Berezina; for this was a Berezina of several nights. It would have been hard for Brienne to have imitated Saladin, who on losing a battle had his charger's tail cut off, by way of mourning; since there was not a horse amongst us.² Not one of the whole Christian army would have got half way to Damietta alive, were it not for compassion in direct opposition to the Prince of Damascus, who voted for no

¹ Michaud: Hist., iii. 358.

² Sicardi: Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 549.

quarter;¹ but Moslem charity allowed the residue to retire in peace, on the sole condition of surrendering Damietta, though much injured; and hostages were given, Brienne and legate on the one side, and on the other the sultan's eldest son, a boy of about fifteen. So the sultan had the dykes closed, and the land was quickly as before. Yet this did not suffice, for the unfortunate Christians were fast dying of hunger; whereupon Brienne walked into the sultan's tent, and sat down and began to weep; then the sultan looked at the king, who dolefully was weeping, and said to him: "Sire, why do you weep?"—"Sire, good right I have to weep," replied the King; "for do I not see the people, whom God has given me in charge, die of hunger?" The sultan took pity of the king, that he had seen him dolefully weeping, and began to weep himself also, and gave thirty thousand loaves of bread for poor and rich without distinction; and so for the four following days.² And further still did the compassionate Malek-Kammel go; for he forbade the Mussulmen to direct a word of obloquy to the retreaters. Far from taking an ignoble advantage of their distress, the Christian deputies were always received by him with great honour;

¹ Arab. Chron., 416.

² Michaud: Hist., iii. 367.

and the sultan's own brothers and all his *grandeess* used to stand upon their entering, and remain standing, in token of respect for them.¹ And he sent commissaries from his own Court to protect them, and defray all their expenses on the road, even unto their own ships; nor will gratitude permit us to inquire whether something is not to be subtracted from his generosity, and to be ascribed to his wisdom; inasmuch as it is good policy to assist the departure of a defeated foe.² Of the few Hospitallers who came back to Acre, all were more or less badly wounded; and most severely so, the grand master. Not only Montacute was at Damietta in June, 1221, quietly receiving a donation to the order by a German officer then there³ (which proves how accurate the Arabs are in their dates, by which late in spring was the advance of the Christians, and the 28th of August that of their retreat from the Delta⁴), but likewise in October Montacute was back at Acre.⁵ The other Hospitallers had been slain, and most of the Templars and Teutronics also. She who had rejoiced at their first successes, and flattered herself with the Holy Land's being free for ever, Acre, had now to mourn in con-

¹ Arab. Chron., 417.

² Michaud: Hist., iii. 362.

³ Appendix, lxi.

⁴ Arab. Chron., 416.

⁵ Appendix, lxxxviii.

sternation at the plight in which they returned. But to console them, there was a grand procession; the Patriarch holding the true cross! How could he have it in 1222, whereas it had been taken by Saladin, who (and his descendants) always refused to restore it to the Christians? Very simply (replies the chronicler), because its thickness had been sawed in two previous to the battle of Tiberias, so that one half was preserved!¹

But scarcely two years² of sweet pacific giving and receiving had elapsed, when Cairenes and 1225
Damascenes fell out; the former accusing the latter of partiality to the Franks, in consequence of which there were skirmishes near Ascalon, in one of which the Templars took a Turkish grandee prisoner, whom rumour called Prince of Damascus; and if they did not kill him instantly, it could have been for no common purpose they conceded him a respite, since they seldom either were given or gave quarter. So there took place a meeting of deputies from all the military orders of Acre in their cloaks and hoods, presided over by the Grand Master of the Templars, when the president thus addressed the prisoner: "Sir Turk, it having been too long the custom to except us and our associates of the other two

¹ Oliveri : Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 139.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 254.—Num. cexiii.—Appendix, lxxxix.

military orders, from quarter, we propose a change and wish to send you with that intent to the sultan on this condition, that you promise to return with an answer, when if it be (which God forbid) in the negative, it afflicts me to have to state, that you must submit to fair reprisals; except only that we shall use no torture, which so many Hospitallers and Templars have undergone from you.”—“Superfluous totally is your pity,” replied the captive, “for I am as ready to go joyous to death as any of you; I can speak as pure English as any of you, or purer. So need none of your foreign gibberish. *What, Sir Turk? What Damascus? My name is St. Alban.¹ Was not my cousin, Sir Thomas Montacute, your Grand Master? My other cousin of the same noble house your Hospitaller?*² My father was a Knight Templar as you are, and wore the white mantle like you, but had the grace to be enlightened, and abjuring his false creed fled to the magnificent Saladin, who received him kindly, and gave him wealth, and a high command, and his own niece in marriage;³ so (Allah be praised) I was brought up in the true religion. Look on me sharp, and you will recollect me. Is not my skin as milky as that of

¹ Hoveden.—Bib. Crois., ii. 775.

² Seb. Paoli : Osservazioni, i. 515.—Appendix, xc.

³ Hoveden : 1187.—Bib. Crois., ii. 775.

any of you?" And he threw back his collar, and his lofty forehead was also of as dazzling a white; and his large blue eyes beneath his flaxen eyebrows shone terribly, and his expanded nostrils were transparent and immensely wide, as was perhaps necessary to feed the lungs of his capacious chest. Like almost all the Normans, he was of gigantic stature—nearly as tall as their lances.¹ "Think me a Bohemond!" and he stretched his muscular arm, and might seem an Apollo glorious from the Python, "I think I know that wolfish face, but it was then downcast, and you kept your tail between your legs. Look on me again! and remember Egypt! I am he who, when my gentle brother and master asked my counsel, answered, *Drive his owl a soul out of the Christian*. Malek-Kammel gave you, too tenderly, your life and liberty. And now I see you here. But I repeat what I then advised, though in vain. Would you and I were with the faithful! my words would not again meet deaf ears. But I am far prouder of my maternal blood! Ought I not to be proud that I can call the King of kings father?" Yes, Malek-Adel, you were truly the sword of religion. The Christians feared you, and all your subjects loved and revered you, but

¹ Alexiad Anna Comnena.—Bib. Crois., iii. 400.

² Appendix, xc.

most your own kindred, of whom you were the defence and glory! Rejoice then, O my son, that two of the most illustrious of Islam, at the present day, were your near relatives! See then, Giaour, if you could have chosen a worse ambassador for your most infamous project? Not softness towards the infidel is what we want, but pitiless hate. Ay, by the verdant angels, and the Valley of Mecca,¹ hate! Like my fathers both Norman and Mahometan, my first shall be my last, my only love. The warm heart and true; not cold law! Plurality of wives proves the freedom of our doctrine; but many are the Moslems who have but one wife. This heart beats for only one, who responds as faithfully. What cares she for fidelity by statute? She has it more effectually by choice. Far better does the Norman war-cry, *God's aid*, suit us than you; for you believe in three Gods, we in one alone. You are the Paynims and idolators, not we. Was not my Mahometan brother, Malek-Kammel, knighted by Cœur de Lion? Did King Richard not come on purpose hither, and perform the proper ceremonies? Were I to accept your errand, I hope it would be useless; but at all events, I'll not submit to the opprobrium of having given such bad advice. Christians may.

¹ Arab. Chron., 425.

But who ever heard of a Moslem's being bribed? Thanking Him from whom all strength comes, I fling you back your offers, and reject and scorn them. What are your princes? Roaring lions in peace, or at board, or a-bed, but timid as deer in war. Shame to Latins! greater shame to Palestine! Are not its spotted hybrid Christians full of what is most base, and worse than brutal, prodigious, secret, disgusting vices and meanness? Bright eyes will be wet for my death; but she will have taught our son, the lotus-eyed David, to avenge it. Harken to her all your days, O my dearest boy, and recollect I send my last blessing and kiss to you both. If there be any spark of feeling in any one of you, you will let them know these my dying words. I surely die while it is sweet living. Blasphemers, I defy, despise, spit on you. For I wish to die, being tired of enduring the same air with you; your smell corrupts it; the foul breath of your hypocrisy poisons me; it disgusts and sickens me! To me you are the filthiest of mangy curs, the most swinish of the grovelling swine. Yes, yes, yes, a blessed martyr am I! The honest, happy St. Alban's curse be on you all." And as he left the saloon, the grand master said in a placid and solemn tone, "At least, we have done our duty; so, Sir Hugh de Burin, see that the

master-at-arms does his.¹ If ever Acre is lost, it will be lost by a renegade!" And hardly had the Mahometan passed the threshold, when in the corridor was heard the noise of a heavy fall, as of a corpse, and the rolling of, as it were, a head, which sank on the silence of that meeting; and silently, as if in mourning, they broke up.

Though old and severely wounded, the grand master assisted when the Pope (Honorius III.) met the Emperor, Frederick II., at Ferentino, in Italy, in 1223,² and thence hastening back, was
1227 certainly alive and at Acre in May of 1227, as

we find by a Frenchman, who came thither to implore his protection for his father, who had fallen into Saracen hands, where the poor man died in slavery, just as the Grand Master Montacute was on the point of obtaining his liberation; so the son, seeing that as much as depended on the Hospitallers had been done, testified his gratitude by presenting them with this deed, obliging himself and his heirs to pay a certain annual rent into the hand of the prior of the order in France. But the document shall tell its own story, for the substance shall be in the Appendix.³

¹ See Note 48, page 15.

² Platina, iii. 66. Note F.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i.—Num. clxxvii.—Appendix, lxii.

A quarrel having arisen between (I will not say the brothers) but the ministries of Cairo and Damascus, in which the latter, threatening to call in the Karismians, the former were so terrified, that application was made to Frederick II., who had long promised, and at Ferentino had newly sworn, to go on that crusade; and he might well think that he could not act in a more friendly manner than engaging the parties to a reasonable peace, for there had existed an old friendship betwixt the sultan and that emperor, who, as having been brought up in Sicily, where there were many Mahometans, and one of them his master in logic and astronomy, was almost ranked by them as one of themselves, and they vaunted his learning as something their own. Moreover, to hasten his coming, was sent the famous Emir Fakr-eddin, as celebrated in diplomacy as war, who quickly won a high place in Frederick's esteem, as finding him, on many points, of his own opinion in philosophy, which rendered him the Egyptian sovereign's warm ally. As long as the Prince of Damascus lived, the Cairo government was accused of partiality to the Franks, and this was the true foundation of his anger; and it was then the emperor had been invited. But when the Prince of Damascus died, the sultan thought his nephew's minority was a fortunate opportunity to

consolidate all Palestine, and even Syria, in his own hands, by uniting those countries to Egypt. Therefore came to Palestine, and changed so completely, that when young David entreated another of his uncles, Arscaff of Mesopotamia, to protect him (as indeed he marched with an army to do), the sultan wrote to him that he had come to curb the Christians, who were getting too audacious for a minor. "The land is without defence. The Franks have rebuilt the walls of Sidon and other fortresses that had been razed. You know that our uncle Saladin transmitted to us a name illustrious by taking Jerusalem. If the Christians had seized the Holy City, it would have been an eternal dishonour to us, and our memory would have been handed down blasted to our descendants. Become unworthy of the reputation gained by our uncle, how should we be estimated by God and men? Nor would the Franks have been contented with what they have already won, but would want to win more. However, since you are come, my presence is no longer necessary here. I'll return then to Egypt, and leave you to defend Syria. It shall never be said of me that I waged war against my brother. It is the idea furthest from me."¹ This

¹ Arab. Chron., 428.

letter had the desired effect; and the fear that the Franks might get so strong as to pay him a visit in his own dominions, made Arschaff turn against his nephew. And when Frederick II. arrived at Acre, the sultan, who was out of his embarrassment, would have been better contented he had never called him. But here he was, and must be satisfied. Nor did he arrive at Acre without presents, and forwarded them by a deputation in great pomp, which was received by the whole Mussulman army under arms; and the most intimate relations were immediately established between sultan and emperor.¹ And when the latter suspected some hesitation, he wrote thus, dissembling perhaps a tinge of resentment: "I am your cordial friend. You cannot but know I am the chief of all the sovereigns of Christendom. It was you yourself engaged me to come hither. The Pope and all the Western princes are informed of my voyage; and should I return without attaining anything, I should lose all consideration in their eyes. After all, was it not Jerusalem that gave birth to Christianity? Was it not you that destroyed it? It is now in a most miserable condition. I entreat of you then to restore it to me, in even the state it is; that when I go back to Europe, I may be able to hold

¹ Arab. Chron., 429.

up my head among our kings. I renounce every other advantage." For he had begun by asking not only for Jerusalem, but all the towns anciently possessed by the Franks, and favourable terms for commerce. "It is not," said he to Fakr-eddin, "that my motive in coming here was to deliver the Holy City! No such thing; but to preserve the esteem of the Franks. If I insist with such fervour on what I ask, it is simply that I am afraid of losing all credit in the West."

The sultan also felt great pain at sacrificing Jerusalem;¹ but he had a powerful foe, and besides argued he, we give the Franks but dismantled churches and ruined houses. And, indeed, Jerusalem, at that time, was without walls or fortifications, and the sultan gave only one road and its villages, that from Jerusalem to Acre, so that the Mahometans remained masters of the country. In the Holy City, too, they retained the mosque of Omar, and the free exercise of their religion. And, likewise, there was a clause that the Christians should not re-build its ramparts, but that it should remain an open town. So, on this basis, was sworn a peace that was to last ten years and five months and days, from the twenty-fourth of February, 1229.² Most Christians, says the chronicle, ap-

¹ Arab. Chron., 430.

² Id., 430.

proved of Frederick's peace; though Templars and Hospitallers could not, from their attachment to Rome.¹ Before embarking for home, Frederick chose to visit Jerusalem, and there is a narrative of it by a Moslem, who officially accompanied him.

“The emperor was bald and red haired, and with weak eyes. Had he been a slave, he might sell for ten drachms. His conversation showed little belief in the Christian religion; since, when speaking of it, he always turned it into jest. When noon struck, we of course said our prayers, and the Mahometans in the suite of the prince, without his ever attempting to prevent them. Amongst them was his ancient teacher, of Sicilian origin. The *cadi* had orders from the sultan to see that nothing ever happened that could displease Frederick, and, particularly, that there should be no sermon in Omar's mosque, nor prayers proclaimed from any of the minarets. On the first day this was forgotten, so the *muez-zins* did as usual; even more, for one of them affected to recite at a most elevated pitch of voice various passages from the Alcoran against Christianity. The emperor lodged at that *cadi's*, whose house was quite close to Omar's minaret, and con-

¹ Gozlar Chron.—Alberic Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii., 126.—Bib. Crois., iii. 76.

sequently heard the muezzin in question, whom the cadi, much afflicted, called, and reproached, and to take care and let no one cry the next night. But the day after, the emperor asked for the cadi, and said: 'But the man I heard from the minaret say so and so, what has become of him?' The cadi, craving his excuse, said it was from fear of offending his Imperial Majesty. 'You were wrong,' replied Frederick. 'Why, on my account, renounce your duty, your law, your religion?' And he desired to see, with his own eyes, the chair in which the Imams sit, when they preach. And, while he was in the mosque, he saw a Christian priest entering it with a Bible in his hand, though it had been precisely stipulated that in the mosques the Mussulmen should be secured from all insult, and no trouble given in any case to them, or their religious ceremonies. This boldness irritated the emperor, and he forbade the priest to advance a step; swearing to punish any Christian severely who entered a mosque without a special permission; 'for,' he added, 'we are all the sultan's servants and slaves; it is he restored to us our churches, we ought not to misuse his favour.'"¹

After this stay of two days in Jerusalem, Frederick went back to Acre, and sailed. He was

¹ Arab. Chron., 432.

remarkable above all the princes of his time for fine mental qualifications, and knew all the branches of sciences well, particularly logic, astronomy, and medicine. Such was the impression he left in the East.¹ But these are Mahometan accounts, which must be cooled down by those of our own chroniclers. It is not a wonder the Hospitallers and Templars should be against him, if the Popes were so; since even if the Pope erred, yet at that time they owed the Holy See too much gratitude for continued favours, not to obey it almost blindly. As for the Teutonic, they as Germans and the emperor's subjects, of course did him honour. But the Popes, even Gregory IX., was he not against him? It were in most direct contradiction to a bull by that same Gregory IX. (which shall be in the Appendix), in which he strictly commands the Hospitallers to assist the Emperor Frederick II. as much as ever they can in his Palestine expedition.² But on reading it over with more attention, it entirely alters my mind, and convinces me that no exaggerations, as I thought, but direct falsities, are what are told on the faith of the chroniclers. But these were in truth the newspapers of that day; and, when they are not in contradiction with solemn

¹ Arab. Chron., 433.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., Bolla v., vol. i. 271.—Appendix, lxiii.

documentary evidence, may be received as the opinions reigning; but where completely contradictory to it, they merit no kind of consideration whatever. Now here the Arab historians agree with this Papal record so far, that they are all perfectly silent as to that scene in the Holy Sepulchre, or that the Pope had ordered the Hospitallers and Templars not to fight under his command. Then no such things ever took place, but are only the inventions of malignancy or ignorance. And I observe on it the more, that historians of the highest estimation have copied those errors, even the most devout Roman Catholic Michaud. But they had never seen these decisive documents, or not examined them. The Mahometans and Papacy are two antipodes, and what they recount alike, cannot but be true; and what neither of them mentions cannot have subsisted at all. Is it not a fair conclusion? and even a necessary one for an honest writer, however eminent his predecessors, who have only fallen into a mistake? Truth is indeed what must prevail in the end, notwithstanding his weakness who wields it. This bull is so worthy of the head of a Church, and those fables so unworthy, and suppose such arrant dishonesty, that to drive them out of notice, is but mere justice, unless they be clearly proved. And the proofs are the other

way. Frederick II. was a very remarkable personage. That he spoke jestingly of his religion, rather in reference to their disbelief, than to himself, may be in bad taste, and exaggerated, but was no crime, nor argues scepticism.¹

My introduction of this piece a little before its date is knowingly, because written in 1236; it refers to all that had preceded, and shows that after his conduct in Palestine, the Hospitallers are commanded to obey him, which is a complete refutation. His Holiness would have then been in manifest contradiction with himself. If he had complained even, we should find it in these secret archives. Behold, they are turned inside out. We thought to discover great things, and what do we discover? Nothing. Without a command in clear writing, who would have dared to insult Frederick? It would be to suppose something extravagantly bold; as foolish, as enormous, quite incredible. Married to the daughter of John de Brienne, who had abdicated in his favour, it was *jure uxoris* that Frederick inherited the title of King of Jerusalem, and his appearing there, converted the titular into a kind of reality; and that, and the peace, form a not dishonourable close to the fifth crusade. Of which if I have spoken at some

¹ Appendix, xci.

length, it is that Sir Gawen Montacute had taken a great part in the whole Egyptian war, and if he only sent his Hospitallers with the emperor to Jerusalem, and did not go himself, he had a most valid excuse in his age and wounds. But he expired towards the close of 1231; for we have two deeds in each of which he is named reigning in October of that year.¹ And he was succeeded by Sir Bernard de Taxis of whom there is no document extant, which agrees with his reign being only of a few months; but not with ten years and various other borrowed plumes given him by Vertot; since Sir Bernard was succeeded by Sir Girino, early in 1232, at least; to whom are to be ascribed all the fine things that regard the order and its grand masters from 1231 to May, 1236.² For a deed of the Queen of Cyprus in October of 1232 shows Girino was then Grand Master.³ Nor were there hostile parties enough in that miserable land; but the Mogul Tartars were approaching, having left the bleak northern deserts to the spirits of their ancestors, and from some unlettered instinct or wild tradition, that

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. cxiii, cxiv.—Appendix, lxiv.

² Seb. Paoli: i. 341.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i.—Num., ccxv.—Appendix, xcii.

remains a secret, began advancing south; and selecting five hundred thousand of their bravest, sent them in five divisions against Poland, Russia, Persia, and driving all before them, forced the fiercest of the preceding Tartaric hordes, the Karismians, to pass the Tigris and Euphrates, with the horrid ferocity of savages in despair. Not religious enthusiasm, but plunder and destruction were their furious passion. And Mussulman ambassadors went through Europe, imploring its nations to withstand the irruption of those who massacred alike circumcised and uncircumcised, and were just as inimical to Mahomet as to Christ. That the treaty made by Frederick had pleased neither party of fanatics, was natural, neither Moslems nor crusaders. The hot and thoughtless will be always against any wise measures. It certainly was not wrong in Frederick to decline breaking a truce; yet was it the age of paying little regard to treaties; and those who signed and swore, were at that very moment meditating a breach of them. It is a poor excuse, if any; but let it stand, that it was too general to be much of a deception. Not only in the East, but everywhere, it was, in the troubadour's words, "an age of felony, envy, and treason."¹

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 70.

Another branch of the Ayoubites had now seized on Damascus, and the boy David had been obliged to content himself with Petra, and those fortresses about the Dead Sea, whence as he grew up, he made continual sanguinary inroads on the Christians; for he was incited not only by creed and booty, but also that it was avenging his father. Peace or otherwise, what cared he? It was never peace for him; so a bloody war in that direction. The peace which bound the Hospitallers and all regulated people, did not a bit the reckless, who wishing for war created it. Yet a far more pleasing intercourse than war was that which made the Sultan of Cairo in this very 1232 send what a wondrous tent, as a present to Frederick II. The sun, stars, whole firmament, were represented in its ceiling, moving about regularly in their orbits by a most marvellous mechanism; and the moon, and the hours of night and day with infallible exactness. Beautiful clockwork; what a miracle of art at that time, if but as described! Yet since the description was made *then*, that it were in the head of the describer is an almost equal wonder! Arabia then, and Egypt, were they not in arts and sciences what France and England are to-day? But the price was royal, more than thirty thousand pounds, and

well worthy was that splendid gift of a place in the imperial treasury, where it was long preserved.¹

To Girino was directed a bull² in 1232, by which Gregory IX. exhorts him and his knights to assist his dearest son in Christ Jesus, Frederick the Roman Emperor, and King of Jerusalem and Cyprus; precisely of the same tenor as that four years later, and which has already been
1236
given as a talisman to meet whatever accusations, and reduce them to their just value.³ It would not have been long now to wait for the treaty made by Frederick to have ended, but a great deal too long for perturbed spirits.

Many of these documents are *dentati*. Readers of ancient parchments will know very well what is meant; but others will not object to learning that it consists in writing counterparts in two different columns, divided by an alphabet, or some adage, generally pious, as *Gratia Dei*. This is cut all along through the middle of its letters; so the two parties take each a column, which contains one of the duplicates and halves of the letters of the adage, and by joining the two halves, if they fit and produce the adage whole, then each of the duplicates

¹ Cologne Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 22.—Arab. Chron., 435.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., Bolla, iv., i. 271.—Appendix, lxxv.

³ Appendix, lxxiii.

is true and valid. The duplicates are in substance the same, but not always in the same language or dialect. Something of the sort is still used on the Barbary coast, as to passports of ships, not unlike our indentures.

Only come in the Papal name, and you may with a safe conscience break any truce with the Paynim; indeed many thought that not even the Pope could sanction such truces, and so some crusaders openly against his will, sailed off. The war had indeed quite changed from what it had been in the first crusade, and even the third, and scarcely had any more the least pretence to be called religious, but one of chivalrous delight, and by a most blasphemous union, "for the love of God and the ladies." In this state of things¹ emanated that bull of 1236. How Girino ended is unknown; but it was to him that those two bulls of Gregory IX. were directed; and it was he who, in manifest unison with those bulls, upheld with such vigour the right of Frederick's son to be King of Jerusalem against the pretensions of Adelaide, widow of Hugh of Lusignan, King of Cyprus. Nor could be what Vertot writes, that he fell in the battle against the Karismians;² for this took place in 1243,³ long after Girino was dead, who, though he reigned in May

¹ Seb. Paoli: i. 342.

² Vertot: iii. 480.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. clxxviii.—Appendix, xciii.

1236,¹ yet his successor was reigning on the 20th of September of the same year,² Sir Bertrand de Comps, a gentleman of Dauphiny, Prior of St. Gilles, of the same illustrious family that had produced a former grand master. The lot of this Comps fell on most difficult times. All was in confusion. To make up for having lost a mistress, the crusading troubadour invokes the Virgin Mary as coming next,³ and exhorts all ladies and misses to listen to no objection from husbands, parents, or any one, but set out East; for that all brave men flock thither, and none remain in Europe but cowards. No wonder therefore that such worthies scorned the advice of the Pope; and since he refused his consent, sailed without it, after insulting his nuncio. There was no longer even the name of religion, nor of soldiership either; but only of such extravagance as suits pipers, and drunkards, and lewd coxcombs, or who is, or fancies himself in love. It denotes an utter barbarism, 1237 that the same troubadour runs to see the burning of one hundred and eighty-four innocent men as heretics, just before he embarks.⁴ At that

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i.—Num. cxvii.—Appendix, xciv.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 126.—Num. cxvi., dated Marseilles, 1234, among whose witnesses is another, Montacute, Knight Hospitaller, and Draperius, a very ancient charge in the order.

³ Michaud: Hist., iv. 41.

⁴ Id.: Id., 48.

time Cyprus ratifies a not inconsiderable cession to the Hospitallers.¹ Among the gallant enthusiasts were the Counts de Montfort and De Bar, flowers of chivalry, who, upon hearing from the people of Acre that it was peace, treated that as of no consequence, since they had pontifical authority to break it; and on the Templars and the Hospitallers refusing to join them, for that they would strictly maintain the truce to which they had sworn, determined to go alone, which Sir Comps did all in his power to dissuade them from; it being dangerous to march with so small a number, for that the Saracens might surround them; the advice was spurned. Still some Hospitallers followed them at a distance, but were soon recalled by their grand master. Valiantly the French advanced over the frontier, and were not far from robbing the Saracens, who however soon got them entangled in the sands near Gaza, where most of them were killed, and the rest led away into captivity. Which of these misfortunes the generous-minded De Bar underwent is untold, for never more was he seen; but long did he exist, if not in the hearts, in the songs of France.² It is said that about this time³ Richard Plantagenet,

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 117.—Num. cx.

² Rothelin MS.—Bib. Crois., i. 382.

³ Wikes: Salisbury Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 651.

Earl of Cornwall, with a large sum of money, not with an army, but sufficient body-guard, came to Acre, and was dear as a nephew of his famous namesake; and went to Jerusalem, rebuilt its walls in some degree, got Frederick's recent truce prolonged for a couple of years, procured the sultan's permission to bury the corpses of the recently slain at Gaza, and by his strictly pacific conduct did all in his power that was really useful to Palestine, more than can be averred of many who made more noise; and he bought the freedom of a vast number of Christian captives.¹ And this reasonable conduct perhaps ought to have spared him the gibe of representing his election to the empire (some years later), as barely a stratagem to degrade the imperial dignity; though he was very proud to display that vain title for the last fourteen years of his life.²

The citation to the knights of his order, which Mathew Paris speaks of in 1237, calling on them to come and replace those killed in the battles of Aleppo, was from Comps, and not Taxis.³ It was 1240 in the time of Comps that *the Pope asked the*

¹ Sir Harris Nicolas: Synopsis, i. 153.—Vertot: iii. 474.—Michaud: Hist., iv. 61.—Wike: Chron.—Rothelin MS.—Mathew Paris, anno 1240.—Chron. Waverley.—Bib. Crois., i. 383; ii. 654, 651, 814.

² Sismondi: Rep. Ital., iii. 346.

³ Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 342.

*Teutonics why they did not continue to obey the Hospitallers?*¹ Where Comps died, seems unknown, but probably at Acre, from the consequences of former martial duties; yet not in 1243, as said, but in 1241 truth in 1241,² for we have a deed, proving that his successor was reigning in November of that year. It was Sir Peter de Villebride then, that was fated to meet the full shock of the Karismians; against whom Moslems and Christians joined in Acre. The former came first under the Prince of Emessa, who was received there as a liberator, and called by the people, "*One of the best Barons of Paganism.*"³ The Grand Masters of the Temple, and of the Hospitallers, and the other Latin grandees, and if not the Grand Master of the Teutonics, it was because he was in Germany with most of his knights—so that only a few of those called in the various records, German Hospitallers, could have been in Palestine, but all who were there, went; nor is it easy to conceive with what ardour the combined forces of the two religions marched, and encountering the terrible horde near Gaza, a most destructive conflict ensued, indeed of the longest and most sanguinary of that age.⁴ Both Christians and the Syrian Mussul-

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., Bulla vi., i. 272.

² Id., i., 129. Num. cxviii.,—Appendix, lxvi.

³ Michaud: Hist., iv. 97. ⁴ Michaud: Hist., iv. 100.

men were under one banner, so were the Karismians and Egyptians. It was on the same spot where De Bar and Montfort had been worsted a few years before; but that did not terrify the Christians. The Prince of Emessa counselled a retreat; but here, as elsewhere, the fault is imputed to a priest, that the Franks refused Emessa's soldierly advice, and following one who knew nothing about what he dabbled in, decided for battle. It lasted from the rising to the setting sun, and the most part of the second day, but, at last the Syrian Moslems were broken, and though the left wing, where the Hospitallers fought, resisted most perseveringly for several hours, yet the end was most disastrous; a total overthrow on our side, with the loss of thirty thousand, and of the military orders, only thirty-three Templars, twenty-six Hospitallers, and three Teutonics, ever got back to any Christian town. Among the slain was Villebride.¹ None of the Hospitallers—nor, perhaps, of the Templars and Teutonics, only they are not named—seem to have been taken prisoners, but got into the citadel of Ascalon, and were rigorously besieged there by the

¹ Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 342. It seems to have been hoped at first that he had been only senseless, and so made prisoner. But true to his rule, he had ceased to be.

Egyptians, as the bishop declared, before the Council of Lyons, and in that sense, prisoners.¹

Of what country Villebride was, is not specified, but, probably, a Spaniard. He was instantly succeeded by the marshal of the order,² a French gentleman, named Sir William of Chateaufort, in 1243, and not 1251.³

The letter of the Patriarch, giving a full account of the disastrous battle of Gaza, is one of these documents, dated November 25th, 1244,⁴ and, in that same year, the Bishop of Beyrout was sent with the doleful news to Europe, and led by the Pope, afterwards, to the council.⁵ Great were the rejoicings at Cairo; and the Karismians, who had visited Jerusalem the year before,⁶ and slaughtered seven thousand of its Christian population, kept closer to the sea-coast on their return. But other Christians must have replaced the sufferers, for David, from Karac, made an inroad into the Holy City, with an enormous havock of its Christian inhabitants, immediately after the great Gaza defeat; and the tower of David was quite demolished, which, until then, existed in at least

¹ Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 490.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 138 Num. cxviii.

³ Seb. Paoli: i. 342.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 321. Num. xliii. 1.

⁵ Michaud: Hist., iv. 105, 107. ⁶ Michaud: Hist., iv. 94.

some remnants.¹ In consequence of a sickness, Louis IX. took, and tricked some of his nobles into taking the Cross;² but, for some years, the French flattered themselves they should persuade him not to effectuate his threat, for though they were ready to attend their monarch on a crusade, or anywhere else, the spirit of religion, or fanaticism, was extinct, and few ever thought of Jerusalem.

There is a letter of the emperor and of the Grand Master of the Hospitallers relative to the Karismians and the invasion of those destructive savages, who in 1246 (and even further back) appear to have penetrated into Palestine.³ The Pope himself (Innocent IV.) seems to have been far too much occupied with politics and Guelphs and Ghibellines to think seriously of the holy war, except as it might be converted into an instrument against the emperor;⁴ and it was more with this intent than any beyond-sea projects (though he pretended to them certainly, and wrote to excite who needed no excitation),⁵ that he convened the Council of Lyons that was sitting in 1248.⁶ A letter 1247

¹ Arab. Chron., 442, 446. ² Michaud: Hist., iv. 126.

³ Mathew Paris: 2.—Bib. Crois., ii. 817.

Michaud: Hist., iv. 135.

⁵ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. xlv.—Appendix, xcv.

⁶ Michaud: Hist., iv. 141.

from the sultan to the Pope in 1246 is given; the letter was very respectful, did words suffice. "To the highly great, highly venerable, thirteenth of the Apostles, mouth and guide of the adorers of Christ. God loves who desire peace and seek it. We venerate the Holy Scriptures, and love them. We have heard your messenger, who has spoken to us of the Christ whom we praise, and of whom we know more than you do, and honour him more. You say that you wish for tranquillity and repose, and that you have motives for calling the nations to peace. We are as desirous of it as you; we have always desired and wished it; but being bound by a treaty of amity to the emperor, we send to have his opinion. The same ambassador will afterwards visit you; and when we know what both think, we mean to answer and decide. We will do nothing which is not beneficial to all parties, and agreeable to Almighty Allah!"¹

The reason the sultan wrote in that tenor, and that no Mussulmen dared to defile the Holy Sepulchre, when they mercilessly sacked the rest of Jerusalem is (according to some chroniclers), that "the Mahometans believe firmly that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary; that he lived without ever

¹ Zanzleit Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 337.

committing sin; that he was a prophet, and more than a prophet; that he cured lepers, gave sight to the blind, restored life to the dead, and ascended into Heaven. Also the wisest of the Turks asked us to lend them our books of the Gospel, and then kissed them, and showed signs of the deepest veneration for the law that Jesus Christ had preached; particularly at the words of the Evangelist St. Luke, 'Missus est Gabriel Angelus.'"¹ But the rumours of Louis' preparations were noised abroad; nor is it necessary to suppose any imperial espial, for communications with Egypt and Syria were then continual—even Venetians alone sufficed, who cared little for anything but commerce and earthly interests and the grandeur of their republic. From which resulted the vain menaces of the Old Man of the Mountain: and that all the pepper and other drugs from the Levant were poisoned, in hopes of murdering the King of France, respecting whom, if the diabolical conspiracy failed, yet a great many innocent individuals died of it. Perhaps, however, they were inventions to increase hatred for the people they were going to war with. Such fables suited the ignorant vulgar.² As to the Old Man, he was soon settled and disposed of; for a single word from

¹ Tours Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 392.

² Michaud: Hist., iv. 140.

the Templars and Hospitallers sufficed, not only to make him forthwith renounce all menaces or pretension to tribute from the king, but to impel him to solicit to become his tributary, sending him presents and his own privy seal, cut in a golden ring, and shirt, which last might denote their close alliance, the shirt being next the skin and heart.¹ Truth is, that some chroniclers aver it could not be, for that those infernal sectaries (neither Mahometans nor Christians, but rather a sort of fire-worshippers, or other Pagans) had been extinguished, as far back as Saladin's time.² Yet descendants of that abominable race are said to exist still, near the same spot in Mount Libanus. Why on earth do they pretend to be English?³

In the Council of Lyons the Bishop of Beyrout repeated what has been related of the Karismians, and that they were of so fearful a cruelty, that even the Paynim refused harbouring them, and none but the Egyptians could have invited them. "Those direst of savages have ravaged the whole of Syria, from Thoron of the Knights, to Gaza, breaking into Jerusalem, and disembowelling the priests in their vestments at the altars of the Holy Se-

¹ Michaud : *Hist.*, iv. 140.—Bosio.—Vertot : iii. 514.

² Pipini : *Henri de Champagne*, &c. &c. &c.,

³ Michaud : *Orient*.

pulchre, with the most horrid scoffs, and committing enormities in the Cathedral of Bethlehem that I durst not mention; but impieties far more atrocious than any ever perpetrated by the Saracens. All our military orders, and nobility, and proprietors, as well as our Moslem allies, met the savages and those of Egypt, on the vigil of St. Luke, in a great battle, which was lost, by fault of the Moslems, who ran away, and most of our chiefs and soldiers were slain or taken. The remainder of the Hospitallers, having got into the citadel of Ascalon, are besieged there by the Saracens, so we do not know what to do, unless you succour us. We have implored the King of Cyprus and the Prince of Antioch, but what avail they to protect us? Yours, or Palestine has no human aid. Come to us in March next, or the Holy Land is desolate, and the Hospitallers to a man, and Templars, and all of us, are cut to pieces; or what is much worse, led off into slavery.”¹

¹ Bosio.—Vertot, iii. 486.

CHAPTER II.

“WHERE are you, my son Louis?” To whom the king approaching: “What do you want, mother?”¹ And Queen Blanche, with deep sighs, and melting into tears; “Oh, my dear son, what is to be done in the terrible emergency, predicted by the news that has reached us? This invasion of Tartars threatens us with one universal ruin; us and Holy Church!” To which the king, in a plaintive tone, but not without something of divine inspiration, “Then, dearest mother, may the consolations of Heaven sustain us! If those barbarians assail us, either we shall drive them back to the Tartarus, whence they came, or better still, they send us to Paradise!” So leaving his mother as

¹ Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 815.

regent, St. Louis, accompanied by his wife (who could not be prevented), set out, having taken the cross nearly three years earlier, and embarking on the Mediterranean, the twenty-fifth August, 1248, reached Cyprus on the twenty-first September. A document, evidently composed with great care, being a contract, intended to stand for 1248 ages, and to anticipate a remedy in every possible case, is a fresh proof of how brittle are the designs of men; since, within the lifetime of some of its witnesses, a catastrophe was to occur rendering that and every other document of the sort perfectly null and invalid.¹ Its contents would imply the grand master's absence, probably in Cyprus with Louis IX.² There he passed the winter, and exerted his peace-making qualities in various ways, and with more or less success between the Greek and Latin clergy concerning missions to Tartars, who at first were about becoming Christians, but when they saw Syria yield to Mahometanism, became Mahometans;³ mediating with Cyprus, who, by accepting the Pope's offer of the title of King of Jerusalem, fomented discord with Frederick II., rightful owner of that vain distinction, and negotiating with the

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. Num. ccxix.—Appendix, xcvi.

² Michaud: Hist., iv. 155.

³ Villani.—Bib. Crois., ii. 624.

Empress of Constantinople, who came to implore him to succour her husband.¹ But Louis was relaxing the discipline of his army in that beautiful but immoral island, and lessening his provisions and finances. Yet in vain Templars and Hospitallers tried to engage him to an armistice with the sultan, who was no longer Frederick's old friend, Malek-Kammel, but his son. In which rejection the French nobility joined their monarch. Still, it required no very wary eye to see Louis, notwithstanding all his personal courage, and his sanctity, was a weak-minded man. This was most observable in his own family, where he allowed the queen mother to exert too great an ascendant over him, to the not unreasonable jealousy of her royal daughter-in-law, his true and faithful wife. The consequence was, that the gentle Margaret could not love the domineering, though virtuous and intelligent Blanche. The monarch's brothers, also, were turbulent spirits, nor obedient as they ought, to their sovereign; to say nothing of his rank of commander-in-chief. Which turbulence and which debility argued ill for the opening campaign, and rendered it still harder to quiet the haughty French grandees. Some want of provisions already brought

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 162.

distress upon the army, in consequence of their own carelessness, which was remedied by the emperor's sending a most timely supply. "But for this prince, Frederick II.," wrote Queen Blanche, in a letter to the Pope, "the king, my son, and all the Christian army, had undergone much jeopardy of life and honour."¹ The Moslems, themselves, in two or three most sanguinary battles, had entirely defeated the Karismians, who, like most savages, had an inordinate self-love, and despised all nations but their own—and their race extinguished totally, as an English bishop relates;² though others say the name, indeed, became extinct, but their blood is the obscure origin of the present potent dynasty of the Ottomans.³

But this was no stop to the Franks, more employed in thinking of the riches of their foe, than of his strength. That dissolute boastfulness was their ruin. It was contagious, too, and Louis was led into spending not only the whole winter, but spring, too, in Cyprus. The Grand 1249 Masters of the Templars and Hospitallers, who sent to advise him of the possibility of coming to accommodations with the sultan, were shrewder than to share the blind confidence of the crusaders, and,

¹ Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 826.

² Bib. Crois., ii. 826.

³ Michaud: Hist., iv. 104.

besides, might have wished to free those of their orders who pined in captivity, or were besieged in Ascalon, since the day of Gaza. Besides they knew, by experience, that the Franks were subject to be feared at first, and begin war with brilliant success, but fall soon into discord and debility, and end with some huge disaster, and then thought only of getting back to Europe, and left Palestine Christians to suffer the full fury of an enemy, irritated by the loss he had to endure at the commencement. But Louis, with all his wisdom, still participating in his army's foible, not without superadding a little fanaticism of his own, scouted the proposal, and with violent indignation, forbade the grand masters ever again to address him in such a tone, for that it was as bitter an outrage to all Christian warriors, as injurious to himself.¹ So the crusade sailed, and beautiful was their departure from Limisso, in eight hundred or eighteen hundred ships;² at the mouth of the harbour falling in with the Duke of Burgundy's fleet, which had wintered in the Morea, and bore the then Earl of Salisbury, grandson of the beautiful Rosamond,³ and son of one who, after his father's death, became an Hospitalleress,⁴ Long-

¹ Michaud : Hist., iv. 166.

² Joinville.—Michaud : Hist., iv. 169.

³ Michaud : Hist., iv. 143.

⁴ Mathew Paris : 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 826.

sword and his two hundred English; and of surpassing beauty likewise was their landing in Egypt, not unopposed—but what could withstand the gallantry of that body of Franks? Many of their vessels had been driven by the storm into various places along the coast, and chiefly Acre, where the two Grand Masters accused of being desirous of peace, and their Templars and Hospitallers, embarked. In their first impetuous outset, Louis' van of invaders, without waiting for their countrymen, or any one, had not only landed in the presence of an enemy, but also put to flight the entire Egyptian army, commanded by a renowned general, and taken Damietta. Nearly incredible, but so it was, and a joyful day it must have been for the Christian slaves there; fifty-three of whom had been in chains for twenty-two years.¹ And when the grand masters and “the nerve of the Christian armies” joined them, it was within Damietta; so that St. Louis in giving several of its best palaces to the military orders, it was not a recompense for any late succours, but in anticipation of their future utility, or as a tribute to the glorious reputation they had long earned. But for the contrary winds it is likely St. Louis would have landed at Alexandria, on the very spot where Bonaparte landed

¹ Rothelin Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 384.

five centuries after him. But, even from Damietta he could have reached Cairo, if he had manœuvred like Napoleon; but to this Michaud has a full right to reply that it would have been quite impossible for St Louis' unwieldy army to have executed the manœuvres of the French, in 1798.¹

The bravest of the Moslems despaired of Egypt when Damietta fell; but not so the sultan, though labouring under a mortal sickness, and totally unable to mount a horse. What could he do? A reproach to Fakr-eddin, who hardly forbore from murdering him, and a capital sentence on many of the deserters, were ineffectual; but what more could be done by a pale and dying man, who saw the emir's looks interrogating Fakr-eddin's, ready at the slightest assent to hasten his sovereign's departure, nor allow his life to spin out for a few hours longer? He had got himself carried to Mansourah, the precise field of Brienne's overthrow thirty years before. Could nothing open the eyes of the French? Yet not one appears to have felt a presentiment! Dissoluteness, disobedience, high living, continued in their camp outside Damietta, produced epidemics and famine. The Count D'Artois particularly, a young and effervescent prince, proud of his birth, and prouder of his reputation for military bravery,

¹ Michaud : *Hist.*, iv. 173 and 189.

would obey no one. The king himself was but a cipher. So the Earl of Salisbury (whose mother, when widow, became an Hospitalleress and Abbess of Lacock) surnamed Longsword, having received some indignity from that hot-headed youth, and having complained in vain to St. Louis, said, "You are no king then, since unable to render justice," and went away to Acre, nor returned till after repeated invitations from the monarch. Why ever return?

They were waiting the king's youngest brother, the Count of Poitiers, with the heavy baggage, and a heel of the French van and some residue from England; but at length he arrived—the money in vast tuns, that took eleven waggons, with many horses each, to draw them. The queen was left to lie in at Damietta, and the ladies with a strong garrison; whilst the king and army, amounting to twenty thousand cavalry and sixty thousand foot, with every sort of stores, marched, whether for Alexandria or Cairo was debated, till Artois deciding for the capital, "to kill a snake, crush its head," he cried; so for Cairo was their march. On the 7th of December, they encamped at about twenty miles south-west of Damietta. It was the very road Brienne had taken; but what did they mind that? Instead of instantly dying, the sultan

got a little better. It was only a gleam before death. But it sufficed to increase the pride and courage of the Moslems, who besides were getting large reinforcements every day. Still the beginnings of the march of the crusaders were triumphant. But then they encountered a small body of cavalry, only about five hundred at first, but it next day increased, and killed a Templar; and from that day forward they had to fight for every step. A storm was gathering all round them; they could not but see it, except that homeward was a meagre line of sombre light; but soon a retreat became as impossible as an advance. But the word impossible was to be erased from their dictionary.

About this time the sultan expired, and his son was far off in Mesopotamia. Yet the death was concealed by the heroic widow, "whom no woman ever exceeded in beauty, nor man in intellect;" and naming Fakr-eddin as Atabec or regent, she disclosed the secret to him alone. For weeks the guards were posted as usual at the sultan's door, and despatches brought in as usual; and his council received his counterfeited clame, or signature, daily, to various ordinances, by which Fakr-eddin commanded the troops, and continued to face the invaders,¹ who now on the 19th of December got to the extreme

¹ Arab. Chron., 455.

south angle of the Delta, and there was only a canal between them and the Moslems at Mansotirah. No mistake. It was the identical scene of Brienne's great disaster. The Turkish opinion being that, if the crusaders passed the canal, they would infallibly take Cairo or entire Egypt, there was to be a decisive battle; and they might expect the full resistance of the Moslems. Many days were lost in endeavours to make a mound across; tremendous exertions on both sides. The Greek fire from tubes of brass was horrible; and St. Louis, so fearless for himself, used to walk about praying and weeping at every explosion, in agonies, not knowing where it would fall: "Merciful Lord, protect this my poor host!"¹ Though often Turkish skirmishers came over to assail them, and returned before their faces, the misguided crusaders appear never to have thought it possible for their own army to have done the same. Were there not thoughts (if men of such inflamed and swollen eyes had then time to think) which went back to what once seemed
1250
unquiet Palestine? But it at that very day
was quiet enough, since here is a document in 1250
concerning a church then building at Mount
Thabor.² At last a Mahometan deserter told them

¹ Michaud: *Hist.*, iv. 204.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. cxxii., i. 140.

of a ford (there were many fords) about a league off; and instead of waiting till next day, when the bridge they were making would be finished, and their entire army might pass, and all Islam irrevocably be lost (persuasion of even the best Christian authority), they separated the infantry from the cavalry, and St. Louis allowed himself to be persuaded to this instance of monstrous impatience, and lead this entire body of twenty thousand horse to the ford, in the presence of the enemy at broad day, three miles' distance; for though it was night when they set out, it was sunrise when they reached the water. After this example of his own, he could not well blame any one else; nor does he in his letter to the queen, but only bewails Artois' death, without accusing him (nor even himself) of any error. It was the 5th of April.¹ The cavalry having come to the ford, the Count D'Artois, with the vanguard, insisted on his right to pass first, and Louis, knowing his disobedient spirit, made him swear on the Evangelists to wait for orders, drawn up on the opposite bank, till all the cavalry had got over; but the moment Artois was there, he ordered his troops to advance. And on the grand master's interposing, it was in vain; for all

¹ St. Louis : Official Letter to all France, apud Michaud : Hist., iv. 415.

the Templars, and Hospitallers, and English, were in that vanguard. Artois' outrageous reply to the grand masters, was to accuse them of being in league with the Saracen, and that they wished to prolong the war from ambition, to which they replied: "So we and our knights would relinquish our home and country and all domestic comforts, to spend our lives in danger and fatigue in a foreign land, and all from treason to our faith?" The Grand Master of the Temple turning his head, commanded his knights instantly to unfurl the banner of his order for the charge. The Earl of Salisbury pleaded the unskilfulness of separating its vanguard from the main body. "Timid counsels," cried Artois, "are not made for us." "Then let us go forward," retorted Salisbury; "and, prince, I'll lead you such a race that you shall not reach even the tail of my horse."¹ Then a French knight said: "Sire, see the Turks, how they are running away! Would it not be *grant mauvaisete et grant couardise si nous ne chaçons nos ennemis?*"² "If you are afraid," said Artois to the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, "stay where you are!" "No," replied he of the Hospital, "neither I nor

¹ Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 834.

² French knight then present. MS. apud. Michaud: Hist., iv. 421.

my brethren are afraid. We will not stay, but will go with you. Yet you must know, that we doubt much if ever we return." But worse and worse, for during the colloquy, the king had perceived Artois' preparations, and sent ten knights to give him a distinct specific command in his royal name not to stir, but to stay on that very spot until the King of France in person should come up; to which he had the amazing insolence to answer, "that the Saracens were in full flight and that he would not stay, but on the contrary pursue them, *et que il demerorait mie, ains les chaceroit.*" And at the word, off he flew, and indeed took the Saracens by surprise, and slaughtered a great number, sparing none, but rushing into their tents and putting them to the sword, even their women and children; and which being told to the atabec himself, then in the bath, and getting his beard dressed (as was the Moslem fashion at that time), he jumping up half naked and throwing himself on a horse, had no sooner mounted than he falls down dead, pierced with a hundred wounds. And a worthy warrior and statesman he was; and much esteemed by the Turks for his courage also (notwithstanding his conduct at Damietta), and had been knighted by Frederick II., and wore the imperial coat of arms along with those of the Sultans of Egypt and

Damascus. And so, after leaving the Moslem camp in blood and confusion, Artois galloped into Mansourah; but a few minutes sufficed for the Mahometans to observe his slender number, who immediately chose Bibars Boudochdar to take Fakr-eddin's place in commanding them; and the first act of Bibars was to have the gates of Mansourah shut, and leaving injunctions to slay or take all those mad Giaours, he straight led his army to meet the masses of Christian cavalry that were appearing then on the rising ground. The sounding of the trumpets, the waving of the oriflamme, and such a large body of cavalry with the French monarch at their head, all radiant as he was from his golden helmet and the dazzling of his armour in the sun, his sword of German steel drawn, and his martial air, was a grand and magnificent sight; "I promise you," says Joinville, "there never was a handsomer soldier seen by me." And the whole plain beneath was covered with broken bucklers and cuirasses and the dying and the dead; and there was a confusion of banners. Drums, kettle-drums, trumpets, Saracen nackers, playing the charge everywhere—here the Christians were conquerors, here beaten or in flight—here the Saracens the same, hundreds of small conflicts, single combats, no telling which the infidels, which the

Franks, and cries of "Montjoie St. Denis!"¹—and of "Islam! Islam!" Who ever beheld more beautiful feats of arms? No bows or crossbows or other artillery; but only right good knocks of sweet battle axes, iron maces, swords and steel of lances all pell-mell!²

But overwhelmed were the Franks in Mansourah, and fell; yet after a fearful struggle. The Earl of Salisbury was killed, true to his noble exclamation, "God forbid my father's son should ever fly before the Saracens!" so perhaps when he might have escaped, he disdained to turn his horse, and preferred a glorious death to a life of self-reproach.³ It is said his ghost visited his mother in England that same night.⁴ And every one of the English who had been increased to three hundred, were slain, including De Vere, who tearing England's colours from the staff wound them closely round his body, and as he carried them, died in them. And what more glorious winding-sheet? Nor did the unfortunate Artois fail to display signal bravery. He had now fought ten hours, from daybreak to three in the

¹ "Crierent tous à haute voix. 'Montjoie S. Denis!'"—Chron. Fiand. Montjoie is Mons Gaudium, the Mons Mars at Rome, but became the French war-cry. Vital: lib. xii.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, i. 546.

² Michaud: Hist., iv. 211.

³ Mathew Paris.

⁴ Bib. Crois., ii. 835.

afternoon; horses and men were worn out. Covered with wounds, he dismounting retired from the streets heaped with corpses, into a house with a small remnant of the brave and devoted, and there entrenching himself made a further defence; but fell at last on a mound of dead, that seemed even in death to cast frowns that intimidated their enemies; yet Artois appears not to have been then quite dead, since Chateauneuf, who says he saw Salisbury killed, only says he saw Artois made prisoner. But mortally wounded, he must have died shortly after; for we find Louis mourning for his death that very evening late, when the Preceptor of the Hospital came to kiss his hand before bed time and inquired of his Majesty if he had news of Artois. "All I know," replied the King, weeping bitterly, "is that he is in Paradise."¹ Yet his body was never found, though sought for several days by his faithful servants amid the myriads of putrifying pestilential corpses; and indeed by the king too, for he paid a hundred of those bandits who gain their livelihood by that miserable trade, but they never found the prince.² Of many that had flown to save Artois, almost all of them perished. As to the two grand masters (who appear to have been the couple who remained by his royal highness to his end), he of the

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 215.² Id.: Id., iv. 227

Hospitallers saw all his die as became them, and then in a swoon from loss of blood was made prisoner; he was the only Hospitaller in that fight, who survived it.¹ He of the Temple, after the death of two hundred and eighty of his knights, escaped as if by miracle, and joined the French army late that evening, after loss of an eye, with his face all bloody, his garments quite torn, and his cuirass pierced through in several places, which notwithstanding availed him little, for the poor gentleman was killed in a skirmish a few days later.²

Louis' cavalry had for awhile stood, but ended by retreating, and some entire regiments were drowned in a most disorderly attempt to get back over the canal, not at the ford, but lower down, exactly opposite the infantry, who were also seized by a panic, and exclaimed, little and great, weeping loud, beating their feet and heads, and straining their fists, and pulling their hair up by the roots, and tearing their cheeks most wofully: "See! See! Jesus and Mary! The king, his brothers, and their whole company, all lost!"³ Having got over the luckless bridge, which ought to have seen their horses turned the other way, Louis gave orders for

¹ MS. Rothelin, apud Michaud : Hist., iv. 424.

² Michaud : Hist., iv. 222.

³ Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 835.

pulling it down, but they were not executed, and it enabled the Moslem to persecute them close; yet there were many most gallant actions, of which France has good reason to be proud. To so brave a nation, the heroism of Artois is almost a counter-balance for his faults, and it was certainly most magnificent in Louis not to have escaped when he might, but preferred sharing the lot of his soldiers; and valiant was his attempt to raise their spirits, notwithstanding all his own griefs, by appearing without either helmet or cuirass, but a sword in his hand, and on a fine Arabian.¹ Still all was vain; retreat to Damietta was cut off, and nothing remained but for king and army to surrender at discretion. So entire was the overthrow, that the Moslems say only two escaped; nor even two, since they threw themselves into the Nile and perished.² And in chains hand and foot, and his two brothers as well,³ he was dragged back to Mansourah, and his soldiers tied with ropes, like so many cattle.⁴ The new sultan had arrived; nor until then was his father's death published—not even on Fakr-eddin's; so steady and wise was the illustrious sultana. But her half son having been soon murdered by his

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 236.

² Arab. Chron., 463.

³ Michaud: Hist., iv. 241.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., iv. 245.—Arab. Chron., 464.

wicked emirs, headed by that upstart Bibars, as daring in assassination as in battle, she was for a short time proclaimed sovereign in right of her dead son, and her elevation astonished all Islam. The Caliph of Bagdad, in horror at the innovation, wrote to the Egyptian emirs, to ask them if there was not a single man of ability in entire Egypt, that they had recourse to a woman to govern them?¹ Yet the revolted emirs were not quite unmerciful to the Franks, but allowed St. Louis and army to embark, only taking back Damietta, and leaving hostages and property, which according to the treaty the Moslem promised to restore; but afterwards refused. And with Louis embarked all that remained of the military orders; three Templars, and four Hospitallers—of whom one was that preceptor for France, whose duty was to stay by the king's person, and another one dying of his wounds, and who in effect died previous to the ship's getting to Acre. Just before expiring it has been said, without citing authority, that he told the preceptor that Chateaufort, just previous to their captivity, had visited him in a disguise, which he had received from the charity of a Saracen woman, whose medicaments had recalled him to life and staunched his wounds; and then she gave him his liberty. And, indeed, he was the only Hos-

¹ Arab. Chron., 472.

pitaller that got alive from Mansourah that day; and even the human beings were but four, he and two Templars, and one common man, who swam the river, naked, to carry the mournful news to the King of France.¹ "Indeed," said the dying man to the preceptor, "he forbade me to mention it then, for that it was his intention to profit by the confusion, and, disguised as he was, to traverse the Moslem parties, and make the sea-side. Yet I feel it to have been impossible, considering his weakness and many dangerous wounds, and that I shall find him in that other world, to which God calls me, within three or four minutes."

That the preceptor may have informed the king of all that afterwards, is more than probable, seeing how desirous his majesty was to learn whatever had any relation to his lamented brother's death; but this much, only, is recounted as certain, that Chateauneuf, however disabled, or in what way, got back to Acre, before August, in 1250; for that is the date of St. Louis' letter to his barons, spiritual and temporal, and the whole kingdom of France.² And, though Chateauneuf was naturally in too wretched a state of health to attend much to affairs (and, therefore, I see that several other authorities, who carefully mark

¹ Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 835.

² Michaud: Hist., iv. 420.

that they are in place of the grand master, continued to act, just as while he was in Egypt), the tradition is that by a great struggle he rose from his bed, and received St. Louis, on the beach, at Acre, who said, seeing him so thin and tottering, "Now, my good Grand Master, return to your bed, where I will presently visit you." Which when the monarch did, a few hours later, the grand master on his couch, in his bedroom, and the king standing, they remained some instants looking at each other in silence, and finally St. Louis spoke: "So you saw him?"—And the monarch turned very pale, and burst into a great flood of tears.

A few months after his return, he received an embassy from the Old Man of the Mountain, not of menace, like that in Cyprus, but friendship and tribute, as to a superior, and his ring and a shirt as symbols of close alliance, as the finger to the hand, and the other as worn next the skin.¹ To which the king replied, through a knight who spoke Arabic well, whom he sent to compliment the sheick. What expedition could St. Louis undertake, who found but a corps of seven hundred at Acre, and had not of his own one hundred? That disastrous retreat in Egypt produced many renegades, who were despised by the Mahometans.

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 303.

And strange it is, that not only then, but during all the crusades, more Christians became Mahometans than Mahometans Christians.¹ During his stay in Palestine, he fortified some of the Christian towns,² and did his best to allay the spirit of discord; but his holy discourse and virtuous example were forgotten too soon.³

Perhaps it is hard to call wasting his time what contributed to his chief object—bettering the lot of those Eastern Christians. A long time prevented by the sickness among that small Court, he brought with him from the Nile a hundred knights only—⁴ the epidemic was so destructive, that Joinville tells us twenty funerals a-day used to pass under the window of his own lodgings—he might have been much occupied about the twelve thousand prisoners he had left in Egypt—while the three military orders and the Franks of Acre were never without conjuring him not to abandon them; and that he should not, was not merely the opinion of the monarch, but also of many of his best barons, including Joinville. Latterly the king was preparing for visiting Jerusalem, at that time (for him particularly) very difficult; and before any oppor-

¹ Michaud : Hist., iv. 305.

² Beaulieu : Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 298.

³ Michaud : Hist., v. 2. ⁴ Michaud : Hist., iv. 382.

tunity presented itself, tidings of the worst nature made it imperative on him to return to France immediately. Not at Acre, but the not distant Jaffa, seeing his confessor and the Papal legate enter, he mistrusted of some afflicting news; so retreated into what he called his arsenal against all the misfortunes of the world, and when he heard Queen Blanche was dead, calming his torrent of tears, he knelt down before the altar in that chapel, and with joined hands, prayed fervently: "O my God, who didst vouchsafe me such a mother, I thank thee for thy mercy. Thou knowest I loved her above every other creature; but it must be after all that thy decrees be accomplished: therefore, O Lord, be thy name blessed throughout the eternity of ages!"¹ When the excellent Joinville was called to Queen Margaret in the next room, he who had followed Louis to Egypt and Damietta, and thence to Palestine, could not but express his surprise, and that he never imagined her crying for the "woman whom she had reason to hate most in the world." "Very true," replied Margaret; "nor is it for her death I weep, but for the deep grief it will give the king." The jealous antipathy between the queen-mother and the queen was of old origin; and the former had acquired such an undue influ-

¹ Beaulieu: Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 299.

ence over her son, that his wife could only see him in secret. Most curious anecdotes go of the haughtiness of Blanche, the weakness of St. Louis, and timidity of Margaret.¹ In the spring of 1254, he removed to Acre, and on the 25th of April sailed for Europe.

It was not till the August next after his departure, that Chateauneuf was able to resume 1254 the reins of government, and begins again 1255 to appear in the documents,² of which a few 1257 extracts shall be in the Appendix.³ The last we have of his is in April of 1257.⁴ Necessarily he had been at Mansourah, and seen the Earl of Salisbury killed with the three hundred English, and Robert, brother to the King of France, and this king himself, and the rest of his princes, 1258 barons, and army, made prisoners.⁵ And in about fifteen months (during which he however had the comfort of the bull of Alexander IV., in favour of the order to the King of Hungary⁶), went

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 317.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. cxxiii.—Appendix, lxvii.

³ Id. Id., cxxiv.— Id., lxviii., and Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. cxxvi. and ccxx.—Appendix, lxix. and lxx.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. clxxxiii.—Appendix, lxxi.

⁵ Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 342.

⁶ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Bolla, xi. 276.

1259 the way of all flesh; since we find his successor, Sir Hugh de Revel, reigning in the Autumn of 1259.¹ So an authority most estimable² thinks (as he has full right) that it was in the spring of that year Chateauneuf died. Revel was of an illustrious family in that province which gave so many signal members to the order—Dauphiny; and if he had already acquired a high character, his reign as grand master was to be worthy of it. And in the last month of that same year, by that same Pope, is another bull on the same Hungarian affair—a sort of duplicate to the former, in consideration probably of the change of grand masters.³ Yet it cannot be allowed that, as the other histories have it, he should be considered as the inventor of commanderies, since he was himself grand commander at the very time of his election to be grand master;⁴ and had been grand preceptor for years before made grand commander.⁵ Truth is, commander is a dignity that dates as far back as 1194, or much earlier.⁶

Already had Bibars (the same who destroyed the

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. cxxxiii.—Appendix, lxxii.

² Seb. Paoli: i. 342.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Bolla xii. 277.

⁴ Id. Num. cxxvi.—Appendix, lxix.

⁵ Id. Id. cxxiv.— Id., lxviii.

⁶ Id. Id. lxxxi.— Id., lxxiii.

Christians at Mansourah and as emir murdered one sultan the sultana too being killed), ravaged many parts of the Holy Land and menaced Acre; but after remaining three days before it, riding up to its very gates with his scimitar drawn, at the head of a body of most terrible-looking Mamelukes, even mining one of its towers, and raising the takbir,¹ attempted its ditches, renewed the truce, and returned to Egypt;² where he murdered a second sultan and hurried to the Mameluke camp. "Who slew the sultan?"—"I," replied Bibars. "Reign then in place of him," said the Atabec.³ And so Bibars assumed the sovereignty—doleful news for Christianity. Bibars had been originally a slave from the shores of the Black Sea, and, carried to Damascus, he was sold there for eight hundred pieces of silver. The emir, who bought him, sold him as unsound, for a white speck on one of his eyes. He took the name of Boudochdar from its being that of his former master.⁴

Alexander IV. by his bull however⁵ honourable, calling the Hospitallers "*Terræ Sanctæ athletæ*—

¹ Mahometans have two war-cries, *Takbir* and *Tahil*, in substance the same; "God is great."—Arab. Chron., 489.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 9.

³ Michaud: Hist., v. 10.—Arab. Chron., 480.

⁴ Arab. Chron., 534.

⁵ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Bolla xiii. 278.

incliti robusti electi," and his dear children, bidding them leave off their black whenever they were on military duty (which was always, except when precisely at home) and wear a scarlet mantle with the white cross wrought on it (which they had done of themselves long ago)—was no adequate compensation for the evil he had done, by publishing to the world in his reply to the ambassadors from Palestine, that his Holiness was more desirous of a crusade against others than the Mahometans; so that the Saracens must have discovered how impossible it was for any Christian prince to remain long in the East, and that it could never expect any real succour from such a distance; for that cruel truth came from his lips with dreadful weight—as disheartening to the disconsolate Christians as encouraging to their ruthless foe. Clement IV. in 1265 wrote a letter to the Grand Master of the Hospital, and to the Grand Master of the Temple as well, praising their past conduct and exhorting them to persevere in it; but what did such consoling words lead to?¹

Bibars declared war against them at once. It was perhaps his first act of sultanship.² And he marched into Palestine with such an immense

¹ Tresor Matene.—Bib. Crois., i. 426.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 11.

army that he compares their numbers to all the animals that people the face of the earth and the multitudes of fish in the ocean, and well it might be said, compared to the small number of the Christians; and we may form some opinion from the document come down to us of the vassals which according to the feudal agreements one of the Syrian towns had to give,¹ from which it appears that the whole of Assur had only 1261 five knights' fiefs, or fifty horse and various provisions, of not much amount, in kind.

The Franks sent to him overtures of peace, and his only answer was to set fire to the Church of Nazareth.²

In 1266 a corps of five hundred English cross-bowmen were shipped for the 1266 Holy Land.³

Stern was the discipline in Bibars' soldiery, and (to a Moslem) there was the severest morality, for there was no scandalous wine, and elderly well-conducted matrons gave the troops water to drink and even aided the men in transporting the machinery for war. The standard of the Prophet was planted by the sultan himself and prayers regularly said in the churches converted into

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., cxl.—Appendix, lxxiv.

² Michaud : Hist., v. 15.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. xlv., 325.

mosques.¹ The Mamelukes massacred the greater part of the inhabitants of that quarter of Palestine, and the rest of them were made slaves, and often forced to destroy their own houses. The conquered lands were divided among the emirs, maximum of generosity in Bibars, that deserves to be written in the book of Heaven.² So say the Moslems, but the Christians call him very ungenerous when he wrote in 1271 to Sir Hugh de Revel—"Brother Hugh, whom it is to be hoped the Lord will not put among the number of those who harden themselves against their destiny and are foolhardy enough to resist the master of victory, we let you know what the Creator has just done for us. You have fortified this castle, and manned it with a select body of the bravest of your order; well, it is all labour in vain, you have only hastened their death, and by theirs secured your own."³ Which intimidated the old warrior, so he made proposals of peace, and it was generously granted; but the Christians affirm that Bibars acted from no such noble sentiment, but that it was simply because he had not the courage to besiege Margat, but turned, and it was to attack New Sephet of the Templars (for Old Sephet had been destroyed by Saladin), whose garrison capitu-

¹ Arab. Chron., 493.

² Michaud : Hist., v. 17.

³ Id., 525.

lated for their lives, but notwithstanding were all slaughtered, with the exception of two alone; an Hospitaller, that he might go to Acre to announce the terrible tidings; and a Templar, who became a renegade it is said, but is it true? Why assert it without proof? only the unfortunate Templars have to become callous to flippant accusations. It is a novelty to require proof in their case! Soon shall their whole innocent body be accused of all enormities without proof, and confess them too, but under torture, and to avoid the infamous stake, to which, however, they shall be condemned, and burn there to death, as guilty on their own avowal. Here by Bibars the rest, men, women, children—every human creature fell by the sword, whence the consternation and grief of the Acre Christians may be supposed. Nor is it an exaggeration, but much under the truth, by the Moslem accounts themselves.¹ Yet even the Christians allow Bibars a few of the redeeming qualities, so as not to be quite a monster.² Monfort in 1270 confirms the splendid donation 1270 made by his great-grandmother.³ Yet Bibars was reluctant to attack Acre, for fear of Europe, to which the Patriarch and the two grand

¹ Arab Chron., 526.

² Bib. Crois., i. 308.—W. of Tripoli.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. cl.—Appendix, xcvi.

masters were again sent; but if they had a doubt, it soon vanished, and they were taught how fruitless all such errands were. Mahomet uses all his power, and adds to Bibars' ferocity.¹ He is reported not to have rested a single day during his reign of seventeen years, in Syria, Egypt, on the banks of the Euphrates; often was he walking in the streets of Aleppo, while his officers were waiting in his ante-rooms at Cairo, thinking he was not yet risen. "To-day in Egypt, to-morrow in Arabia, the day after in Syria, and in four days at Aleppo!" said his Mihmandor. Bibars was a great conqueror, but the most suspicious, vindictive, sanguinary of men. By a mistake he poisoned himself,² intending to poison another, and in various ways, and under many pretexts, murdered two hundred and ninety of his own emirs. So these, added to the sultans and the princes, make a formidable list, and well merit him his terrible character.³ One sole prince in Europe spent a thought on the Holy Land; St. Louis could not forget it was there he passed many of his younger days; the hope to avenge the French disasters in Egypt, and far above all, the thought it was where our Saviour had shed his Divine blood, and redeemed us from our fallen state

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 30.

² Arab. Chron., 538.

³ Michaud: Hist., v. 107.

—another crusade in favour of that sacred country was what occupied his mind and heart. Yet he fancied it was more effectual to take people by surprise, and feared that otherwise some strong impediment might spring up in his own family. So it was with mystery he summoned his parliament, nobody knew decidedly for what. But soon did his crusade become the talk through Europe. The eldest son of Henry III. of England took the cross against his father's will. Whether it was reverence for St. Louis, Prince Edward's example was quickly followed by several of the most illustrious English. So acted the Kings of Castile and Portugal; and Donna Sancha, Queen of Arragon, having become an Hospitalleress, and died in the Hospital of St. John, in Syria, contributed to make the ladies of Spain highly favourable to the recovery of the Holy Land.¹ On the 4th of July, 1270, Louis embarked, as before, at the small port not far from Marseilles. But nothing did this seventh crusade effect in favor of the Christians in the Holy Land, except that it caused a diversion to distant Tunis; nor were there any Hospitallers that we read of there. They had enough to do at Acre. Twice had St. Louis led expeditions against the sultan, and was successful in neither. In Egypt he had been defeated, mal-

¹ Michaud : Hist., v. 44.

treated, and made prisoner; in Western Africa was to die of the plague. The spirit of the holy wars had become quite defunct. Whether good or bad, this was the fact. The French barons seem to have been ready to go with St. Louis anywhere. Jerusalem was only an accessory; nor did they care for Palestine. So it was not till off Sardinia that they determined on Tunis—St. Louis alone being led away by the hope of converting that dey, which Anjou fomented from policy, to root out the pirates who annoyed Sicily; if he was not the first to put Tunis into St. Louis's head, and so was the bad adviser Joinville alludes to. The crusades, chiefly the last, led to forgetfulness of Jerusalem. They discouraged the Christians upon the whole.¹ As to Carthage, neither St. Louis nor his grandees ever heard or read anything about it.²

While the reverses were going on near Tunis, and St. Louis' death, and the return of that crusade, matters in Acre continued towards its calamitous destiny. There is an air of preparation in even these documents, as of people getting ready for removal, and unwilling to leave their affairs in disorder. So here is a solemn documentary restitution of forty-four papers which had been kept

¹ Michaud : *Hist.*, v. 95.

² Id. : Id., 57.—Sismondi : *Rep. Ital.* iii. 332-5.

in the archives of the order in friendly deposit for safety, and were now restored to the lawful owner, in the presence of many great personages, among whom was the Grand Master of the Temple.¹ 1271

Prince Edward, whose declaration may have been a little exaggerated, though no doubt he was well aware that obedience in a crusade could never be considered an act of homage from England, arriving at Carthage a few days after the King of France's death, did not indeed raise the French, or any other army, to two hundred thousand men, as a chronicler pretends, with prodigious exaggeration ;² yet not without satisfaction can an Englishman relate that ours was the only prince in Europe who, on that occasion, kept his promise, and refusing to sign the Tunis treaty, went to Acre with his corps of one thousand picked men ; though so small a force could not do much. Yet is his name sacred as the last prince that ever went on a crusade.³ After staying at Acre about a month, he went with his own, together with the Christian army of seven thousand, on an expedition up the country, and took Nazareth, and returning to Acre, was assailed

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i., Num. clii.—Appendix, xcvi.

² Zamfleit.—Bib. Crois., i. 338.

³ Michaud : Hist., v. 95.

by an assassin, as is generally told;¹ except, first, that it was no emissary sent by the Emir of Jaffa, then a Christian town, but by the Moslem governor of Ramleh,² who following Bibars' orders, feigned a wish to turn Christian³ (as Ibn-feral expressly avows, and justifies the homicide on the score of the English prince having put some Mahometans to the sword during his recent campaign), whence the murderer had an opportunity. Secondly, that by either word or sign the assassin must have triumphantly avowed the blade was poisoned; for how, otherwise, should it be known instantly on the felon's drawing it, as the chroniclers say? And Edward, after the wound, caught one of his hands, and wrenched the dagger, and ran it quite through the villain's body with such amazing strength, that he hurt his own forehead; so that when the courtiers intervened, and shattered the slain's head, the first words of the prince, who had swooned, were to blame them for ill-treating a corpse—noble sentiment,⁴ even supposing it to be blended with a spice of anger at their attempt to arrogate to themselves what he was conscious belonged to his royal self alone, the

¹ Hemingford.—Bib. Crois., ii. 660.—Not of the Old Man of the Mountain's people.

² Arab. Chron., 530.

³ Ex. lib. Saracen.—Bib. Crois., i. 307.

⁴ Knighton of Leicester : Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 758.

honour of saving his own life. Thirdly, that if the sucking of the poison from Edward's wound by his wife be a romantic invention of some Spanish poet, and that there be greater truth in attributing his cure to a Knight Templar's antidote from beyond Jordan, or, as is more likely, to the skill of an English surgeon—though it may be replied that our medical men then were of far less celebrity than the Arabians, Neapolitans, or even Jews—yet the whole of these stories cede in extravagance to what is affirmed by another authority, of whose credibility the reader himself may judge; my own responsibility being no more than as regards the substantial fidelity of my translation, merely adding that Grandison is an ancient English name, being that of a baron, in 1299 and 1300¹—also in these documents as witness to some ordinary transaction: “I, Abbot Joannes d’Ypre, have heard from certain Savoyards worthy of belief, that there lived in their country, a person called Grandison, who had borne to him a male child, of whom the astronomers called to his birth declared that if he lived, he would become great and victorious, and one of them drew by inspiration (perhaps) a little billet of lighted wood from the fire, saying that as long as the spark in that brand lasted, the child should live, and

¹ Sir Harris Nicolas : *Synopsis*, i. 274 ; ii. 777.

thrust the brand into the wall, and had it built up therein, that the spark might last the longer. And it came to pass that the boy lived and grew to extreme old age. At length, tired of living, he had the brand drawn from the wall, and thrown into the fire. As soon as the spark went out by the brand being consumed, Grandison died. This same Grandison had formed part of Prince Edward's suite. It was he who, learning that the English prince was poisoned, dared suck the wound, relying on his destiny attached to the spark in the walled-up brand. It was by his means the prince was cured. Ever since which time, the name of Grandison is celebrated in England, and his race greatly honoured by the English kings; and even to this day the Grandisons enjoy a distinguished rank in that realm."¹ The good abbot assures us he only recounts what was the common opinion of his time, and his MS. is of the earlier half of 1300. The attempt on Prince Edward is said to have been
1271 precisely on the 15th of the Kalends of
July, in 1271.² Yet not the wound may have caused his instant return home, but the news of his father's death and himself proclaimed king.³

¹ Chron. St. Bertin.—Bib. Crois., i. 420.

² Salisbury Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 652.

³ Seb. Paoli : Osservazioni, ii. 523.—Michaud : Hist., v. 94.

Edward's chaplain at Acre, who had come with him thither (but others say he came with some Friezlanders, yet both may agree, if these had joined Edward's fleet), and though not even a bishop, but only an Archdeacon of Liege, was elected Pope while at Acre, and went back to Europe as Gregory X., enthusiastically attached to the Holy Land, and with the 1274 warmest promises conducting with him to Rome the two Grand Masters of the Temple and Hospital;¹ but little did they gain there, but returned with sorrowful countenances; nor did it avail Revel that, true to what his rule prescribed, he declined interfering in the disputes of Sicily and Cyprus. Anjou nevertheless seized all the property of the Hospitallers in his dominions, for not siding with him; grievous loss to them, since Messina was the chief priory for communication with Acre.²

Both his bulls to the Hospitallers and Templars are honourable to them, and if that of 1274 1275 speaks of discords between them, that could only refer to some of their subalterns; for as to the grand masters, they were under Gregory's own eyes, and had shared his ship in their long voyage, and he saw clearly they were like loving brothers; and in the bull particularly directed to the Hospitallers in

¹ Vertot : iii. 534.

² Michaud : Hist., v. 95.

1275 it contains but praise. And in addition to this, when the grand masters followed him to the Council of Lyons, they were given seats above the Peers of France and cardinals or ambassadors, and next to those intended for crowned kings.¹ Yet wherever Bibars went, whether to Egypt or against Cyprus, he had one reigning idea to which all his others were subservient, the conquest of Acre; though to execute this, he was resolved to employ every means and not to be in a hurry, but insure success.² His fleet shipwrecking off Cyprus, he indignantly swore to exterminate every Christian state; but death prevented the execution of his threats, nor did his sons stably succeed him, but were soon dethroned in turns; and the Emir Kelaoun became Sultan. It was in 1278, 1278 in which year Sir Hugh de Revel died, and was succeeded by Sir Nicholas de Lorgne—which Vertot spells wrong. It is Lorgne and not Lorgue.³ Of what country, uncertain. But that he was reigning in September, 1278, we have a document that proves it, and from the context he appears to have been grand master several weeks previously.⁴

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. xiv. 279; Num. xv. 280.

² Michaud : Hist., v. 105.

³ Vertot : iii. 534.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. clv.—Appendix, lxxv.

And that in the same year the brave and noble Beaujeu had already become Grand Master of the Templars, is clear from an inscription found in an excavation at Acre.¹ The Codex Diplomaticus has nothing of Lorgne's earlier, nor of Revel within the last years; so it is close upon certainty that he expired in the August immediately preceding, at latest.

Of whatever land De Lorgne was native, his election at such a time proves him highly esteemed.

To Acre's catastrophe every event hurries, the good as well as the bad. Christians might have been thankful for the destruction of the Karismians and similar hordes.² Yet it accelerated or clinched the loss of Jerusalem and various inland places, and the ruin of the whole Christian cause; for Syrian Mahometans, often in alliance with Franks, and in a certain manner their friends, were then destroyed, and the Mahometans of Egypt and all other Mahometans were their foes. Kelaoun's bare name made the Christians shudder. And good right they had. Nor did he delay, but girded himself up at once to put an end to them, as natural allies of the Franks. His Cimerian origin much more than his attachment

¹ Appendix, c.

² Michaud: *Hist.*, iv. 104; vi. 127.

to Mahometanism might be his spur; yet something of what had the air of stern fanaticism mingled with his ferocity—as a new convert. Nevertheless the Hospitallers engaged him to a truce for three years; and he let it stand, only as a tiger goes back to spring the better. The storm was gathering all round them, blacker and blacker; Bibars had taken much, and Kelaoun will more—all to prepare for the crowning glory of Acre. It shall be a growing calamity. As Sephet, shall be Margat. Yet both are but outworks of Acre. Not the dismal doings themselves, but only the sure preparations for them, was the Grand Master Revel to see, kind Heaven so far sparing him; and better it was for him to die of grief (universal voice) at the coming tempest over those Providence had confided to his care. To him the order is indebted for many chapters holden opportunely, and wise statutes and custumals in the primitive spirit, but all in vain; at least as regarding its present establishment. Nothing can save it. So he expired of distress at what he foretold. Nor did that require any miraculous gift, but only not to be perfectly blind.¹ Bibars had finished his work with regard to all but the towns on the coast. So Kelaoun flew to level them to the dust. The truce he minded just as far as it answered him;

¹ Vertot: iii. 535.

and circumscribed to Acre itself. Not its closest allies, nor even its own property, but only to that individual city did he concede a respite, for the express purpose of separating it little by little from every one of its resources in the country and isolating it, leaving it nothing to depend on, except fickle Europe—and even this but partly; for had he a better fleet, he would have blocked it completely, by sea as well as land, and preserved it from all contact as his own peculiar prey. That it remained vilely neutral, while every one of its friends were disappearing, may be blamed; but what on earth could it do? The Hospitallers reduced to a mere handful—a group of officers without troops, or very few. The Templars no better. Indeed, one chronicler makes them already all killed, but this is an exaggeration. The Teutronics necessarily of trivial account, since their grand master and head-quarters were in Germany, so that in the treaty with Acre not the Grand Master of the Teutronics, but his Maggiordomo signs it, with the Grand Masters of the Hospital and Temple.¹

Acre submitted to the condition of informing the sultan at least two months beforehand, whenever any Franks were coming. Ample proof of

¹ Arab. Chron., 545.

how terribly he abused the weakness of the Christians; it was the price of truce.¹

And Kelaoun thought it expedient to remove the interference of even distant Armenia, so crossed the Euphrates; and to escape a war, that Christian king underwent the insult of swearing an oath of Kelaoun's own concoction: "I swear by God, by God, by God; in the name of God, of God, of God; by the verity of the Messiah, of the Messiah, of the Messiah; by the verity of the four Evangelists, and of the twelve Apostles, and of the three hundred and eighteen Fathers of the first Council of Nice; by the verity of the most Holy Virgin and St. John the Baptist; by the verity of the Lent, and every Christian dogma; and by the verity of the Cross, by the verity of the Gospel, by the verity of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and if I leave any of my promises unperformed, I vow to make thirty times the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, naked feet and head."² Yet not satisfied with such oaths from any party in that land, he also kept ambassadors in the Courts of Europe, and paid spies there to instruct him of any movement of Franks, and into every commercial, or other treaty, with them was foisted an article as into that of Arragon, by which that king and his brothers obliged them-

¹ Arab. Chron., 546.

² Id., 556, 557.

selves to refuse co-operating with any crusade proposed by "the Pope of Rome or Kings of the Franks, or Greeks, or Tartars."¹ These treaties, not only insulting, but calculated to deprive the unfortunate inhabitants of Acre of all hope,² and dictated by fear, or ambition, or avarice, contributed, every one of them, to raise an insuperable barrier between the Christians of the Levant and those of Europe. There was not a maritime town in Italy, or along the Mediterranean, that did not show a disposition to prefer advantages to its own particular commerce with the East, to deliverance of the Holy Land.

A small garrison at Marcab had resisted pirates, though Saracens; and not only beat them back, but nobly discomfited them in a battle not far from Acre. It was in defence of the best, nearly the only home left to the order, after Acre; yet let it not swell you, poor Lorgne; it is like the north-east wind, for even success shall produce your ruin. Kelaoun returning into Syria, attacks that stronghold of the Hospitallers which Saladin had respected; and it had been gaining ever since in strength, strongest and best-provisioned of fortresses, *castrum munitissimum*.³ There was a truce; it was dated

¹ Arab. Chron., 565.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 114.

³ Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 423.

for ten years ten months ten days and ten hours,¹ and we are now only in the third year.² But what of that? Kelaoun accused the Hospitallers of having broken it, and of having thence made inroads on Mahometan lands. "It was like a city acting sentinel upon a mountain. The tops of the towers, surpassing those of Palmyra in height, were accessible but to few of the most soaring fowls of Lebanon. From the sea-side, one might take it for the sun perceived in the depths of blue, or through a mist. The constellations smile upon it with smiles of complacency, dogs bark up at it, but can do no more; only vultures can fly to its ramparts, and the eagles of heaven."³

However, in spite of every difficulty, the machines were placed, and the attack began towards the early days of April. The miners undermined the ramparts and towers; and a breach in the wall allowed of storming it. Yet, after many assaults, nothing would have been effected, but for the Moccarabins, or archangels and celestial troops,⁴ who on proper invocation, like at Kaucab, as in Saladin's time, came again to aid Islam. The Christians finding there was no possibility of defending it any longer, undermined in every direction as it was,

¹ Arab. Chron., 549.

² Id., 548.

³ Id., 551.

⁴ Id., 549.

capitulated; and the Prophet's standard was planted on the bastions, and the inhabitants were treated as usual; while the garrison cut its way out into Tripoli,¹ where any surviving Hospitallers had soon to leave their bones.

Some fourteen months later, Kelaoun attacked another place of strength, called Marakia, whose ruins are still observable near Tortosa.² It belonged to a noted Frank warrior, and was a tower separated from the land, and so surrounded by the sea, that without a fleet, it was utterly impregnable. Here there is a confusion in some writers, as if there was a change of sultans;³ but Michaud proceeds regularly according to the real facts.⁴ It was the same Kelaoun who thereupon wrote this letter to the Count of Tripoli: "It was you that built, or permitted this castle to be built; woe to you, and capital, and people, if it be not instantly demolished." The count was terrified; and when the letter was written, the Mamelukes were already within his territory. So he offered the owner of the castle considerable lands in exchange; but no offers, however flattering, or prayers, would do. The old Frank slew his own son⁵ when he showed

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 115.

² Id.: Id., 116.

³ Vertot: iii. 539.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., v. 110.

⁵ Arab. Chron., 552.

symptoms of disaffection; on which the garrison mutinied, the castle was demolished, and the irritated warrior becoming the bitterest enemy of the Christians, joined the Mahometans, and remained their most devoted friend and servant, and fanatical persecutor of Christianity as long as he lived. Next comes Laodicea. Kelaoun's pitiless hatred lost no opportunity. Everything seemed favourable. But Laodicea's citadel stood too far out in the sea to get at it; but there ensued an earthquake, and the famous Tower of Pigeons is thrown down, and the lighthouse to direct ships in the hours of darkness. "So Kelaoun had his terrible machines advanced, whose tongues sing triumph, and whose signals are the hands of victory."¹

Now for Tripoli; since its avenues are all opened, neither fidelity to treaties, nor the fourth Bohemond's recent submissions, nor anything shall retard the fall of opulent Tripoli. As to pretended conspiracies of Templars, why believe them? The residue of Templars had enough to occupy them without plottings. The papers are certainly a forgery; not of recent, but remote times.² Treason were quite a superfluity. The accusation against the Grand Master of the Templars falls of itself, he having been then in

¹ Michaud: *Hist.*, v. 117.

² Confessio Guidonis, apud Michaud: *Hist.*, v. 416.

Europe. Why should the Templars have interceded for a culprit? Their refusal testifies their ignorance of the plot, and that they had no participation in it whatever.

But such are trifles! What cares Kelaoun, whether Bohemond be guiltless or culpable, alive or dead, or as to his sister or mother? Seventeen huge machines battered the walls for thirty-five days, while fifteen hundred miners wrought underground, and showers of Greek fire flew in all directions. On the thirty-sixth day the Mahometans penetrated into the city, steel and flames brandishing and rolling with them. Butchered were first of all what remained of the Hospitallers, who, between siege and shambles, were lost, every one to a man; not only forty tried knights profest, but one hundred other individuals of the order, and arms and horses to a great amount.¹ And, after them, seven thousand other male Christians underwent butchery; their wives and children being carried off into slavery. A crowd of unfortunates sought an asylum in an islet: but he who visited it a few days after, found nothing but corpses. Some escaped on board ships that were afterwards driven on the coast, and all were murdered by the Saracens. Not only almost the entire population of Tripoli perished, but the

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. Num. ccxxv., 268.—Appendix, lxxvi.

sultan had the town itself burned down, and utterly razed. Yet, until then, it had flourished, with an excellent port of considerable traffic, and four thousand silk manufactories,¹ many rich palaces, walls so thick that three knights could ride on them abreast,² and towers, and various strong fortifications. Even as late as 1278, a document shows Bohemond's tranquillity, choosing arbiters in a small disagreement.³ Such sources of prosperity in peaceful times, and security in time of war, all were broken, destroyed, consumed by fire, the hatchet, the sledge, every sort of violence. A new town was afterwards built near the spot, and took the name of Tripoli.⁴ Rapine, and murder, and destruction, even entered into Saracen policy, to exterminate the Christians totally, and leave no trace of them or their power and riches all along the Syrian coast; so as nothing should remain to induce the princes and warriors of the West to send it succours, or be tempted to unfurl their banners in that land evermore. Thus, on the fourth of April, in 1289,⁵ fell Tripoli, 1289 that had belonged to the Christians for one hundred and eighty years.⁶ Yet one effect, quite

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 119.

² Arab. Chron., 562.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. Num. clv.—Appendix, lxxv.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., v. 188.

⁵ Arab. Chron., 561.—Appendix, lxxvi.

⁶ Id., 563.

opposite to the sultan's desire, ensued. These, his atrocities, and others still worse, that may pass nameless, not to disgust readers so near the outset, and frighten them away from these pages, which must lead you to sup with horrors before I have done with you, but it shall not last long—his inhuman enormities depriving those of Acre of every hope, mere castles in the air, mountains in the moon, were trainings for a desperate defence, which stands as a memorial to far future generations. More than any languid ruin, the fiery overwhelming at hand, was to warn, terrify, petrify, myriads of nations all alike interested to arrest the march of such ruthless, lawless, diabolical invaders.

On the fall of Tripoli, the sultan had menaced Acre with the same, if not instantly, yet in the next month of March.¹ But finally, since the other longer truce had been broken by the Christians themselves, he, out of his inexhaustible generosity and compassion, accorded them instead a new truce for two years two months two weeks two days and two hours, at the expiration of which time they might surely expect his avenging sword for any ill conduct; and at the same time, with most horrible sincerity, handed them a copy of Bibars' letter to the refugee when within Tripoli after

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 123.

having lost his metropolis, Antioch. "Glorious Count, magnificent, elevated in honour, magnanimous with the courage of a lion, Bohemond, glory of the nations of Messiah, champion of the cross, leader of the people of Jesus, but to whom no higher title than count can now be given, since fallen from that of prince by surrender of the principality of Antioch; may the Lord aid this count to remember and understand fully what we are going to write to him. Let this count recollect our late expedition well; our ravage of his fields into their very hearts, the desolation we have spread over his provinces, our devastation of his tillage and sown lands, our ruin to the inhabitants; how we swept the churches clean from the face of the ground; how our wheels have passed over where mansions smiled until that inauspicious day; how we have raised out into the sea a peninsula of crowds of corpses massacred by us—all the men, but the children were carried off into captivity; how the free have been made slaves—the timber cut down, except what we left for our own machines of war when we return, please God, to besiege your present asylum; how we plundered your riches, and those of your subjects, including your womankind and their cubs, and the beasts of burden; how those of our soldiers who were unmarried,

found themselves all of a sudden with wives and family; how our poorest, basest beggars became opulent, our menial servants rigid masters; our foot, horsemen. As to you, you see all that with the eye of a person struck with death-like palsy; or when you are able to speak or hear our voice, you cry, *How terrible it is!* You know also how we leave Tripoli, like such as intend to return; willing to allow you a respite, but hours numbered and determined! You know that when we left your country, there did not remain a single flock behind us, nor one young girl but had been subjected to our will and pleasure; nor a column but had fallen under our pickaxes; how we destroyed all your pleasant places; not a harvest but we reaped, not a thing in existence worth having, but we deprived you of it. No obstacle could stop us; nor wizard caverns nor precipitous mountains, nor visionary valley; but we took Antioch before any rumour of our advance had reached it; we got the city while you thought us still far away from you. If we at present depart, be assured of it we will return. We now are going to tell you of a matter that is quite and naturally over; to instruct you of a disaster that has swallowed up your whole happiness beyond all remedy. We set out from before Tripoli on the

24th of Shaban, and arrived under the walls of Antioch at the commencement of the great Ramadan. At our approach, the civic troops came out to fight us, but were completely routed, and the constable who commanded them made prisoner. He offered to treat with us in the name of his Giaours; so we permitted him his entering the city, and he brought us a squad of clergy and principal citizens. Conferences were opened; but as we soon observed they had a culpable object in view (exactly following your example), which could not but turn to their own ruin, and that differing as to the good, they agreed only as to proposing what was bad, we perceived nothing could be done with them, and that their destruction was decreed by God; and therefore sent off the deputies with these words: 'We are going to attack you; this is the last and only warning you are to expect from us.' So they retired, imitating your actions and conduct, expecting you to come and succour them with your horse and infantry. As to the marshal, who commanded in place of the constable, his affair was wholly done up in less than an hour; and we hammered terror into the inmost soul of the monks. Misfortune environed the castellan; death came to the besieged on all sides; we took Antioch by the sword on the fourth hour of the

morning of Saturday, the 4th of the grand Ramadan. Of all to whom you confided the guard and defence of that city, not one of them but we slew, not one of them but possessed something worth taking. At present there is not one of ours but shows something taken from them. Ah, had you seen how cruelly your knights were trampled under our horses' feet—how your beautiful Antioch was given up to pillage, victim to the violence of a rude licentious soldiery, unhappy prey of every description of ruffians, felons, outlaws, who tossed about and divided your treasures by the hundredweight—and each bought any four of your chief ladies for a single gold piece, or at whatever viler price he liked—if you had seen the churches and crosses overturned, the leaves of the sacred Gospel dispersed, or most irreverently torn and thrown away, the sepulchres of your saints and their holy bones profanely trod upon—if you had seen your enemy, the Mussulman, marching up the altar, and breaking open the tabernacle, and monk, deacon, priest, patriarch in his pontifical robes, all butchered on its consecrated steps—ah! the patriarchate itself abolished for ever and ever—and those who had been men in power, in the power of others—had you seen your palaces given to the flames, and those devoured by fire in this world before their being so in the next—your castles and

their dependencies annihilated, the Cathedral of St. Paul destroyed from the very foundations — had you seen such monstrous defilements! ah! had not this been your exclamation, *Would to God I had been dust? Would to God I had never received this paper, which brings me such sad tidings!* Your soul would be exhausted with sighing; your tears would be abundant enough to seem to extinguish what burns and devours you; but it would be only in seeming, for in reality it would be quite impossible. Had you but seen the place once so rich, and now fallen into such an extreme of misery, poverty the most squalid having there its lasting residence—if you had seen the port Seleucia and its shipping—how your vessels were at war with each other—alas! then you would have known that beyond question, the same God who had given you Antioch had now taken it from you; that the Master had wholly withdrawn his gift, and effaced it from the surface of the earth. You then certainly could not but have felt that the Divine grace was now assisting Islam to regain the edifices of which your ancestors had robbed them. We have chased all of you from these countries. We have dragged the Giaours by the hair of the head, and thrown them here and there; and many to a great distance. There is no other rebel but the Orontes, whose

name is rebel;¹ and no doubt it would wish to change it, if it could; and flows through Antioch, not with limpid and pure tears, as in your time, but turbid and of a dirty red to-day, from the blood with which we stained its banks.

“This letter is to rejoice with you on the favour Heaven showers on you, and to wish you a prolongation of life. The life you now have, is due to your absence from the siege; for had you not absconded from your home, you assuredly were a corpse at present, or a prisoner riddled with wounds. Your delight ought to be very great indeed; for the sensation of existence is never so dear, as when we have escaped a grievous disaster. Who knows, but the Creator indulges you with this respite, to give you time to repair your past disobedience? As not a human being has been left to acquaint you with the dreadful fact, and congratulate with you on your deliverance, we take that duty on ourselves. So you now are acquainted with the whole, and can draw up your own account, and cannot accuse us of hiding the truth from you; besides we save you the trouble of applying to another. Farewell!”

Such was the letter of Bibars, of which Kelaoun now handed a copy to those of Acre. What an

¹ That is in the Arabic.

excellent and charming epistle, cries the Mahometan! How courteous! What delicate irony! Severe blame and cutting to be sure, but in the most agreeable, placid, elegant words!¹

Their immense expenses increasing in immensity every day, while all their feudal rent-roll in various parts of Syria had been for some time diminishing, and lately extinguished altogether, so that they were absolutely reduced to what they got from their estates in Europe, or European generosity, which at the best rendered them subject to the uncertainties of a long voyage; how were the Hospitallers to get on? It was a severe weight on poor De Lorgne's shoulders. They must have been strong, not to have broken down sooner. The vineyards on the hills, fine gardens, villas and verdure, and fruit in the vicinity of Acre, had been severely injured long before by Bibars; and the gates continually kept shut, all intercourse with land was over, and the population had to live wholly on what was imported. Their port closed, and they must have died of famine. By degrees all the succours this side of the sea had been removed, and of all the towns won by Godfrey de Bouillon or his successors, Acre alone remained

¹ Arab. Chron., 507, 511. And truly the original is held remarkable for its *elegance*.

in real independence. The weather made, from late in spring to early in autumn, the season of what were called *passages*; and navigation at any other season was considered very perilous and almost always ended badly. So Acre could only count on a provision of food twice a-year, which made large warehouses necessary; and a commensurate command of ready money. Lorgne considering all these matters, and highly alarmed at the sultan's threats, and that from the different nations mixed up at Acre, this, which should be its strength, was its weakness, and that without Messina and its ports in Puglia it must cease to exist, and Palestine be totally lost, set off on a mission to Europe; but could obtain nothing but good words, and from the Papacy a few soldiers of the worst description. He who then wore the tiara was Nicholas IV. "poor both in money and soldiers," says his biographer; "and the two thousand five hundred he sent, were at his own private expense, and did more harm to the Christians than to the Saracens." ¹—"I have been assured by some Florentine merchants then at Acre, that the breach of truce was the real cause of its ruin," says Villani.² So without either cash or army De Lorgne

¹ Platina : iii. 156.—According to others, 1500

² Villani : Hist. Fior.—Bib. Crois., ii. 621 and 637.

returned to Acre, where within a short time those unpaid Papal ruffians¹ first insulted and finally murdered some Mahometan merchants, and in a most disorderly sally infringed the truce. According to Ebendoffer the legate had Papal orders from Rome to break it; and the Leoben Chronicle says, that when he in his pontificals ascended the pulpit, as the people thought, to bless them, it was to pour anathema on them and all those who kept truce with the Paynim, and upon that, quitted the city.² And if that be in contrast with the character of the then Pope, that is no sufficient answer; for how much have Roman ministers, and all ministers done, and will do without their master's knowledge or even directly contrary to his well-known intentions! Which, it was easy to see, could not but bring down sure and speedy ruin upon the Christian cause. At which new displeasures, this afflicted grand master, too, died of that most honourable of deaths, a broken heart, like his predecessor; and also like him, we have no other certain date of Lorgne's death than that it must have ensued before his successor's election. And he was reigning on the 22nd of August in 1289;³

¹ Muratori: *Annal.*, 1289.

² Coll. Pez.—*Bib. Crois.*, iii. 196, 290.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. cccxv.—Appendix, lxxvi.

namely, Sir John de Villiers of France. And Tripoli having been taken at the end of April, as the Arabians in that year affirm,¹ Lorgne must have gone to Europe and back, and have died between April and August, which leaves scanty room for error—at most a month.

The indication of disorder, the death of Lorgne, the installation of his successor, the murderous breach of the truce, and the sultan's indignant departure for Egypt with the threat to be back as he had first said in March and effectually punish them, being all parts of one whole, it is fair to conclude that they took up a short time; and it is distinctly noted that the three last (*viz.*, breach, sultan and threat) occurred under Villiers.² But if it broke two stout hearts to have even a dim foresight of the calamities in the next chapter, should I not shudder at approaching it?

¹ Arab. Chron., 561.

² Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 542.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT had been a fine town, and strong, in Saladin's day, had now, in a century, become finer and stronger; far stronger than when it had resisted all the forces of Europe for three years. Its villas and gardens already had been somewhat wasted, but not completely. Its fortifications added to by nearly all the Franks of eminence who visited it; amongst whom, St. Louis. The commerce of the East and Europe, during a hundred years, gradually increasing its riches, the treasures of Asia and Europe for or from the shipping that thronged its harbour, everywhere life and industry, buyers and sellers, shops, artisans, warehouses; if seaward, its walls were so thick that two chariots could go abreast, its walls and ditches were all double or treble towards the land, and every one of its gates

was flanked with towers; the towers along the ramparts being never at above a stone's throw distance from each other. Within it, its squares were all spacious and airy; coloured glass in nearly all its houses was what most distinguished it from the whole globe.¹ If no people in all Syria were so effeminate as of Acre, luxurious habits and laxity of morals are they not the almost inevitable evil consequences of great wealth? Streets and houses almost all rebuilt, with a wideness and magnificence till then unrivalled in other countries—otherwise its original features kept to in this, that all the buildings were of white marble or cut stone, all equal in height, with flat roofs and terraces, by which you could walk, or even ride, from one end of the city to the other, without descending, but bridging the streets; the principal of which had silk awnings, transparent enough for light, but of soft tints, and keeping off the sun. If glass was no longer singular in Europe,² yet here it was in far greater abundance, and in almost every window, great or small, poor or rich. Even the ancients had glass, says a very respectable authority; for though it be true that they kept the doors open much more than we do, yet in Pompeia and Hercu-

¹ Corneri Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 135.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 120.

laneum, we find that patricians had as fine panes in their windows as the best Bohemian crystal. What M. Taylor affirms in his letter to Chateaubriand, this latter doubles its weight by making it his own. To prevent surprise at Acre's having glass windows fully equal to our own, we must only be contented to consider that city as the great mart for all the commerce of the world in the thirteenth century, and the aggregation of everything that was then splendid in existence, and not as the miserable Arab village before us. It is on the same fifty times sacked and devastated spot, that is all. But the grand commercial Acre in question was razed (and the very ground scraped clean, for having been profaned by the feet of Giaours) six centuries and a half ago; and if Venice became remarkable for large plate-glass, it is likely enough she learned the art from Acre.¹ But stained, or painted glass, with us still somewhat of a singularity and reserved once to a few European cathedrals, was then much used in Acre, and also *pointed* arches, to credit antiquarian tradition, and some recent artists. Not only merchants, and habitual residents of high, or royal rank, there was a continual influx of strangers of all classes, but chiefly the most elevated, from every

¹ Chateaubriand : Itin. de Paris à Jerusalem, ii. 418.

country under heaven, and shows of some sort or other every day in the twelvemonth.—Not to speak of processions more or less religious, there were jousts, tourneys, tournaments, balls, masquerades, assemblies, concerts, parades, and other military displays, horse and foot, from all the services in Christendom, and several of the Pagan or Mahometan too—a perpetual fair and merry-making. Crowds of municipalities; if disorder, they also indicated liberty, independence, patriotism; and that with laudable pride, those of Acre never forgot their distant homes; nor be the same not said, as to the rivalry between Genoese and Venetians, and what was general to all Italians, the separation into Guelphs and Ghibellines; and it was the period of the Republics of the middle ages in Italy.¹ Resort of diplomatists from every nation in the world—if some of these soon disappeared on the darkening of events, as the Papal Legate, yet the greater part of them remained at their post to the last; and amongst these are especially noted the ambassadors of France and England, one of whom certainly, and probably both, were afterwards killed on the ramparts, gallantly heading their compatriots at the bloodiest moment of the siege. And each one had his own law and tribunal, and national flags were

¹ Michaud : Hist., v. 122.

always hoisted, which must have made a very gay sight—commensurate with the variety of splendid dresses and uniforms, and modest, or even wanton females (many of them, no doubt, very beautiful), adorned in the pink of innumerable fashions, mutable or immutable.—Acre was assuredly during no short period the most agreeable hubbub in the whole world.¹ Must all that vanish, and be as if it never had been? Worse! Woe! woe! woe!

Villiers' first act is said to have been a circular to all the knights of the order in Europe, to hurry to join him at Acre, of which this given in the Appendix may have been a kind of specimen, though of the circular itself no copy remains; this we have only presupposing it, and being rather a particular letter to some confidential lieutenant or other high dignitary.² It is to be supposed the delivering him from any contention about dues to the Church, would have given a sort of satisfaction to the grand master at any other time; but he was too occupied then; particularly that bull of Nicholas IV., given in the Appendix, chiefly for the date: but also because the *quiet and prosperous state* spoken of in it was in 1290 curious contradiction to the sad fact.³ A few

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 121.

² Appendix, lxxvi.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i., Bolla xvi., 280.:—Appendix, lxxvii.

weeks after the breach of truce, and the murder of some Mahometans, as has been related, a meeting of citizens was held at Acre, where, after some fierce and vain debates, the majority resolved to send an embassy to Egypt with presents to excuse the city, and impute the blame to the real criminals, the strange recruits.¹ And on the deputation's design being known, yet previous to regular audience, a privy counsel at Cairo took lamentable cognisance of the business; "it having been decided already that we should take advantage of the least pretext to arm, and finish the ruin of the Christian colonies, (though our emirs began to desire repose, and to wish enjoying the riches acquired in their numerous victories), the treaty was extended on a table before us, to look out for anything to authorize what we desired;² and, after ripe reflection, Fakr-eddin divided with those who found no just reason for recommencing hostilities. "As for me," said Moha-eddin, "I had not spoken one word up to that moment, when turning round towards me, he asked my opinion. I replied, 'Mine? I am always of the sultan's. If he wish to annul the treaty, I declare it null; if to maintain it, valid!'—"It is not of that I speak," retorted Fakr-eddin; "we know the sultan is for war." I

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 125.

² Arab. Chron., 568.

repeated, 'I am of the sultan's opinion,' and I cited an article of the treaty, which said, 'If Christians from the West come with evil designs against the Mahometans, the magistrates of Acre are to repress them.' I added that 'in the present case the magistrates ought to have prevented the murder, or at least have punished it; which, if they were without the power of doing, they ought to have denounced it themselves to us, that we might try to remedy it.' At these words the sultan rubbed his hands, unable to contain his joy, and forthwith he began his preparations."¹

Yet it was no fault of the government of Acre; but most of the scum sent by his Holiness as soldiers, were adventurers, ready for every crime, as our own chroniclers avow; yet if the Saracen had the appearance, he had not the substance of right, and the city was an innocent victim. The ruffianly injurers took to their galleys and absconded, and left the injured inhabitants to be cut to pieces. So it was then; and so shall often be.

Nor had Kelaoun's spies not informed him of the great war breaking out between France and our King Edward, nor of the Pontiff's pusillanimity; and that, though it was reported the French mo-

¹ Makrisi: Vie de Kelaoun.

narch was sending a hundred and fifty thousand crusaders under his son, it had no foundation; and was but a bomb—open the casement, and let it fly out. At all events, they would arrive a great deal too late to save Acre; so that the security, as to any intervention from Christendom, combined with the resolution of his privy council to harden his severity, when summoning the Christian deputies, though his paleness indicated a dying man (and he was indeed to die of that decay within a few weeks), yet those exhilarating news, and the heat of the recent debate in council, gave a feverish colour to his cheeks, and more force to his voice than could be expected from so emaciated a frame. Nevertheless, he heard the deputation out, and their protestations, excuses, and desire of a renewal of truce. “No such thing,” replied he, “most treacherous Christians. Your words are as oily sweet as your alliance with us is false. What poisonous bitterness you hide under such honey! You mean venom, and not having the courage to say it, disguise it beneath a coat of the varnish of whining adulation. Your wicked humours begin to inflame, and you require a copious bleeding, and by the blessing of Allah, you shall have it; our good swords shall be your leeches. There are poisons that taste delicious; but he who allows himself to be deceived into drink-

ing of them, his heart is infected, and he is killed. Alas! your fawning caresses, like those of a wheedling courtesan, have too often taken us unawares, and seduced us into letting our vigilance wax drowsy, and neglect the care of our own security; but, invoking our holy law, our conduct shall be otherwise for the future! What a rage of lying has come upon you, O Giaours! What canine madness deprives you of reason, that you shamefully renounce the good faith of your ancestors? When, with an outside of simplicity, and in the gentlest terms, you gave us your solemn promise, by your trust in that Christ who you say is omnipotent, we believed you; and to the same constant peace which you swore, we also engaged ourselves by the trust we have in our invincible Mahomet; but when we see our people cheated by your falsity, and that, abandoning the truth which you affirm is in Christ, and is the foundation of your religion, you endanger our own dignity and the safety of our empire, what is to be done except not dispense ourselves from duties assumed of our own accord, but promptly take vengeance, and punish your enormous crime? Fully are we persuaded, that if Christ has the power of aiding you, through the faith you have in him, you have not any longer to count on his assistance when you refuse him your

faith, and prove that you have none; but profound is our conviction that by a just judgment of God we shall be permitted to overthrow you. Stand then must our determination, that while you retain and protect traitors who compromise your safety and ours, we must not endure your seductions and lies; so at the appointed hour we shall visit your perverse city, take it by storm, and with the strong hand crumble every resistance, and you shall all perish by the edge of the scimitar. Farewell; only in regard of your ambassadorial functions, we permit and command your being allowed to return safe and sound to those who sent you.”¹

Full of sorrow, the deputies re-entered Acre, and the dolorous recital of their mission took place before a meeting, which included the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the French ambassador, Count de Gresli, and the English Sir Otho de Grandison, and the principal citizens. Nor can it be seen why Michaud adds the grand masters (the Teutonic was in Germany), whereas his authority mentions none of them;² and it is not discordant with sovereign right to give audience in their own house alone; as we shall see the Hospitallers do the very last day of their reign in Acre. Wherefore it is pro-

¹ Arab. Chron., 569.—Michaud. Hist., v. 125.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 424.

bable the city had authority from the grand master, and sent its deputation without referring to any military orders, and received the answer and reported it to their common sovereign ; for, however loose the reins of government, he had them from Cœur de Lion.

On hearing the sultan's reply (though astonished at the novelty, and possibly terrified at his late cruelties at Tripoli) they all agreed it was their express duty as Christians and men to stand by each other, and not easily yield this city to the infidel, this only remaining road from Europe to dear revered Jerusalem; but that besides love of the Christian faith, they, who had been always accustomed to fight for their liberty, ought never, never submit to even the least idea of perpetual slavery; that so it was necessary to prepare for an honourable defence, even should they have to die by the barbarian sword; that any other conduct would be an eternal blot on their name; still that they ought to inform the princes of Christendom, and most of all the chief of it—the Pope; and no doubt valid succours would be sent them. And that they should exhort their immediate leaders to solicit universal piety and pity by an instant embassy to the West, since there was full time of which they had only wisely to profit; it being more than six months from this to

next spring; and certainly the Mahometans would, in *this*, keep strictly to their word.

The excellent old Patriarch, at passing the resolution, rose, and casting his eyes towards heaven, his long gray hair flowed back, and crossing his hands on his breast, he rendered thanks to God with sighs: "Blessed be the Holy Trinity that the inhabitants of Acre are of one mind, and on a subject of such importance, have had their spirit enlightened, and their heart. Persevere in this noble determination, O men of Acre! Faith and liberty! This be your banner; and with them you will obtain the Lord's aid!"¹

Villiers let not the opportunity slip of testifying his alacrity by sailing that day itself on the desired embassy. Why must I say all his efforts were ineffectual? Though he may have set out on his mission in August, he could scarcely have reached Rome until the middle of October, so, after Nicholas had written.² But even Rome, like the rest of Europe, was too much taken up with its own intestine squabbles, to have men or money for Palestine. And when he re-entered Acre on the first days of January 1291 he knew full well, (and, though he did not reveal it to every one, lest it might have dispirited them, yet several of the leaders knew) that theirs

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 126.

² Appendix, lxxvii.

must be the very nearly hopeless struggle of a small minority against illimitable numbers. No! The moon is not entirely made of green cheese! Nor lay stress on idle will-o-the-wisps, that cannot but mislead. Hopes in Europe are no better. Calculate but on your own resources. And what are they? Alas!

There were the Templars, but of them little remaineth but glory, though their grand master and his twelve score of knights are worthy of their splendid name. The Teutonics, if you go look for them in the fine German battles; but here are only fifteen under a lieutenant. Other orders, too, there were, but altogether of slender amount. The Hospitallers—and every one of them is to be counted on—all heroes; each may be considered fifty according to the Mahometan superstition, that some Christians have many souls in them; and certainly the vulgar Saracens believed to have seen the same Christian killed several times, and beheld many living men proceed from within one Christian corpse.¹ If authority would do, there are a cloud of authorities, Christian too, to verify a fact that none can credit;² but even so, what of success can

¹ Frustra contra Christianos pugnamus, quia uno mortuo alius statim ex ore ejus nascitur, et ab hoc numerus nullatenus minuitur. Leoben Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 197.

² Appendix, ci.

be based on the Hospitallers? We have seen forty of them slain at Tripoli, and that it was held by the Grand Master to have almost extinguished his order in Asia. We do not know of any coming from Europe. But, supposing that some did come, with that self-devotion for which they are celebrated. Let them equal those they were to replace; and Acre, itself, gives sixty; yet, in all, we have only one hundred and forty, and that is the very most. Vertot tells us in one line,¹ that between Hospitallers and Templars, there were killed, at Acre, four hundred of them; and, in the next,² that the Templars lost three hundred there, and only ten of them escaped alive, which leaves the Hospitallers less than one hundred to be killed; and killed they were, almost all. But Vertot was not, perhaps, scrupulously exact, and did not mean to include their leaders, neither Villiers, who survived, nor Clermont or Beaujeu, who were slain. They had hired troops, but with little money they could have few, and their feudal, which used to be their chief forces, lay wholly extinguished. Knights may serve as officers, leaders, examples. But, after all, the main defence of Acre depends on its inhabitants, to whom are to be added five hundred Cypriots, brought by the king of that island, some few

¹ Vertot: iv. 72.

² Id.: iv. 72.

French under Count Gresli, and individuals from Picardy, with one hundred and fifty English under Grandison, as well as a sprinkling of warriors from various places, but not exceeding two score; in fine, the entire came to nine hundred horse, and eleven thousand foot,¹ or, in all, twelve thousand.² If a population, which, after the going away of many, amounted still to one hundred thousand, produced only twelve thousand soldiers, that was noted at the time, and shows Acre was far more mercantile than military.

Time advances rapidly.³ Hard to reconcile divers accounts; one says the assault lasted forty days and forty nights, without a moment's intermission.⁴ In this they agree, that it was one of the most fearful which history records.

Exact in his dealings, Kelaoun, at the beginning of March, finding his feebleness would not permit him to proceed, returned to Cairo himself, but sent on his seven or twelve emirs, with each of them four thousand horse and twenty thousand foot. So even now there were twenty-nine to one, in cavalry, against the Christians, and eight to one in infantry, or more.⁵ Yet these were only an

¹ Michaud: *Hist.*, v. 126. ² Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 546.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. i., pag. 1.

⁴ Ebendorfer: Col. Pez.—Bib. Crois., iii. 201.

⁵ Milan Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 638.

earnest of what was coming, and to make due preparations, in a vast horse-shoe line, from the sea, at the foot of Mount Carmel, to that on the shore, towards where Tyre lately stood, curving east along the crests of Thabor and Lebanon; that from one extremity to the other, round by the curve line, was a day's journey.¹

The real siege was to be on the arrival of the sultan in person.² Sappers and miners might have begun their burrowing, but little more, and engineers and hatchets begun to hew down the cedars of Lebanon, or in the mountains about Galilee, and the oaks of Naplouse,³ and erect their battering machines; while men and horses refreshed after their march from the Nile, and their cuirasses got burnished, and their arms, that they should glitter well when his Highness arrived, and their chargers be fat and sleek, and restored to all their fierceness and mettle by proper repose and good grooming, food and exercise. So that the multitude of noises and human cries, and the neighing of horses, resounded the whole day through that vast enclosure; and by night the tents in the moonlight, and the challenges of sentinels, inspired a beholder or

¹ Ebendorfer.—Bib. Crois., iii. 200.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 127.

³ Michaud: Hist., v. 128.

hearer, with, it is difficult to say, what deep melancholy.

In the interim, Kelaoun was expiring; yet before it, had an interview with his son Chalil, and in presence of many of his emirs, charged him to promise he would not celebrate his father's funeral rites until after he had taken Acre, and put its inhabitants to the sword; and Chalil swore solemnly to execute the paternal commands. He thereupon urged his emirs to serve his son as faithfully as they had him, and then breathed his last, with devout peace of mind, as they said.¹

As soon as he was a corpse, the ulemas and imams placed him in the middle of a lighted chapel, and kept reciting prayers over his remains, reading verses from the Koran the whole night, to invoke their Prophet against the Giaours; and it may be understood that the same mode was to continue until when the regular funeral should ensue after Chalil's return from Acre, for the which he instantly set out with his entire army according to his oath.² Tremendous were the battering engines now ready, the several pieces of one of which were hardly contained in a hundred waggons. And, had cannons been among them, it would not have astonished

¹ Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 545.—Arab. Chron., 569.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 127.

me; but I am a little so, that there were not, or at least they are not mentioned, for the Mahometans had them before that time—not indeed muskets or light artillery, but heavy guns for sieges—and used them at Algesiras and other places in Spain.¹ However, these exterior batteries, though so huge, and three hundred in number, were only secondary, and rather to cover the attacks of the soldiery than to breach the defences; for which they relied on what was more deadly sure, though somewhat slower and far less noisy. And by degrees their sappers and miners had driven the Christian from all his out-works and fairly demolished them. And now, murderous moles, they had passed under the ditch and undermined a great portion of the main wall itself, and that mine had only to be sprung by firing the wood that sustained it; operation awaiting the moment the sultan should arrive to order it.

It was on the 4th of April,² that the new sultan arrived at Acre, and that the siege really began; though several divisions had been already there above a month; so that those who during it had been accustomed to see masses of soldiery, when they looked

¹ In 1249, and even earlier. Hallam: *Middle Ages*, i. 254. —The Arabs had gunpowder, and fired it from cannons first of wood, next of metal, in 1230, *Mines de l'Orient*, Num. i. 248.

² Arab. Chron., 570.

from its ramparts a little after sunrise, saw no one; and, at the sudden disappearance, flattered themselves the Saracens had retreated. But not so, they had only gone to meet their sovereign, and returned with him in most magnificent triumph that same afternoon.¹

At a really fine sight even the humblest-minded becomes poetical, and the chronicler tells us: "Now it was, that splendour was to be seen, and the earth trembled to its centre at the aspect (*rewart*, old Fr.) of such mighty forces moving as far as the eye could reach in every direction. From Arabia had come, and the Nile, Euphrates, Tigris, the different divisions composing that brilliant army and that strange variety of music. And as they passed, the sun was reflected by their golden targets, and the hills glittered to within their cores. The polished steel of their lance-points resembled the shining of heaven's stars on a serene night. And on the host's advancing, it was like a forest for the multitude of lances all held upwards; and well might it be, for they were four hundred thousand fighting men that covered the entire plain and mountains."²

Why talk of the coursers of Khorassan or Tur-

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 128.

² MS. apud Michaud, Hist., v. 425.—It is said to be by a French knight there present.

comania? If surefooted and hardy, slippery is the flagging and intricate the stone work they'll have to scramble up, or down ; and on broken walls and the smoking fragments of fallen towers, is where they must charge. Ah, little the Frank battalions, gazing from the ramparts, are aware that sudden death is beneath their feet, where all seems sleeping in its strength ! Though discordant and sufficiently rude, yet the music when softened, as now by some distance, was martial ; and the sultan riding surrounded by so splendid a staff, and the sacred banner on his right, showed extremely grand.

And when two hours before sunset, he looked upon the innumerable force occupying nearly thirty miles, from the sea on one wing to the sea on the other, and then on the small town facing him, he almost regretted so much pains as superfluous. "A pity we have not our Alma girls here," said the sultan. "For our mercenary hussies to storm it would be laughable, I protest, and more applicable to the case than breaches and Mamelukes ! But some one of our black-eyed wenches might perhaps be killed, and inasmuch, as they are Mahometans, it would be a shame to risk the ugliest of them. Still, since the worthless Giaours refused their weasands to my father, I owe his shade satisfaction ; so let us stun them to death !"

Whereupon out came four hundred camels with two drummers upon each, and being led down into the plain, raised a monstrous peal. "I would order them to continue all night," cried the sultan, "but that it might prevent our sleeping, and dare say the uncircumcised have already enough; and, on reflection, will surrender at discretion, to sue for which we shall find a deputation of their curs waiting at our tent door by daybreak! Depend upon it!"¹

Yet not thus; but dawn beheld the Christian files as before. So to the miners: "By the sultan's orders, fire the mine!" And towards sunrise there was a hideous crash, and behold a large breach, practicable, if not for others, for Delhis. But when these rushed forward, they were suddenly stopped by a wide deep ditch, till then invisible for a curve in the ground. And they had to be recalled from its edge, where they left a ridge of about five thousand corpses, and many others scattered all over the plain. Then in anger the sultan ordered a general charge of the cavalry, and truly it was a gallant sight. But the same ditch arresting them at every point, they had to retire, after suffering severely from the shots of numerous zemboureks,

¹ Michaud says three hundred camels; but what difference? Hist., v. 130.

and other missiles, from behind the parapet, while they could not themselves return a single blow. And so it was during five successive days of a vast number of charges; the two first days of cavalry, and the three last of cavalry and infantry by turns, or united;¹ till the sultan lashed himself into a rage, and the whole plain a Golgotha. At last the senior emirs convinced him he must give up his idea of taking it by a *coup de main*, and have the ditch filled; for which it was necessary to drain it first, and collect the stones from the neighbouring acclivities. So the sappers and excellent engineers soon succeeded in discharging the water. It was now May.² And the stones had been brought in heaps near the ditch, and fascines, and carrions, and other materials, enormous quantity to the eye, yet not enough, according to the measurement of the engineers, who intended two days longer of such labour; but the impatient sultan forbade all further waiting, and the heaps were flung into the ditch, not without considerable loss from the zemboureks anew; yet, as foreseen, the ditch wanted a full yard of being full; at which the sultan, quite out of his senses, called—and here what is related so surpasses credibility, pure truth as it is, and

¹ MS.—Michaud : Hist., v. 131.

² Arab. Chron., 570.

must be, since from both Christians and Mahometans, that I should abstain from noticing it, were it not that it would be too dastardly in a writer to conceal what such authorities recount—Chalil, in the midst of his Mamelukes and Delhis, called upon the Chages (new sect of Moslem fanatics), and with most impetuous gesticulations thus: “You who entitle yourselves the devoted of Islam, I call upon you to testify it by at once flinging yourselves into the ditch, that my Mamelukes may ride over you!” Nor did the Chages hesitate, but instantly ran and flung themselves into the ditch, and the whole body of cavalry charged over that pontoon of living human flesh.¹ Furiously mad as the fanatics must have been, some similar madness seems to have been infused by them into the Mamelukes and their horses, since they rushed up the breach, though in doing so most of them were necessarily killed. But their riders were incited by the hope of sabring or lancing the Christians; and some few of them they may have butchered; yet it could be but a few, for they soon met again an insurmountable obstacle, even thicker

¹ Michaud: *Hist.*, v. 132.—Ebendorfer 3. *De Perditione Accharon Civitatis*.—Muratori.—Arsenius, who declared he was an eye-witness of what he relates.—*Bib. Crois.*, iii. 201.—*Hist.*, *Gen. Concilii Lyons*.

than the old wall, a new one built during those short days, with admirable dexterity and steadiness, faced with oak beams, all hung with bales of woollen or cotton, as continued to be much used by those of Acre during the whole siege at the several breaches;¹ when out burst—but an actor in the scene shall speak for himself, who survived his wounds to write, long years after, what he then saw and participated:² “I had been allowed to join the Hospitallers; and, all horse, we had their Marshal Claremont, at our head. At the onset, in such a desperate precipitous spot, and against most able swordsmen, many of us were slain; but that was over in a twinkling, and what I can scarce myself believe, now that I am an old monk writing alone by this feeble lamp, is, that headlong down that breach, and over the bodies in the ditch at full gallop, I followed Claremont, who, like a wolf after a flock of sheep, flew, pursuing what remained of the Mamelukes across the entire plain, and to the very foot of the hills, cutting to shivers every creature on his way.³ My hand trembles, and my heart bounds, and my pale, withered cheeks glow at thinking of the exaltation of that moment. But

¹ Villani.—Bib. Crois., ii. 621.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 133.—Relation MS.—MS. Accon.

³ Michaud: Hist. v. 134.

we had to return; and return we did and slowly, in by that same glorious aperture.

“From that day out, though I had not the honour to be of the Hospitallers, or even knight, I continued in their corps till I was utterly disabled.¹

“But the losses of the Saracens were quickly remedied; those of the Christians were irreparable. After a short respite, also that second wall (according to one authority there were double walls and profound ditches, and to another, three walls and ditches, and the walls so thick that two chariots could pass each other²) was undermined, and then we had to maintain our post by dint of hard fighting. We always killed many more of our foe than we lost of ours. Still we were at last reduced to a few. What was worse, King Hugh and his Cypriots abandoned us; it was nightfall, and he said some repose was requisite for his men, who had neither slept nor eaten for three days. I thought I might say more; and my companions, and the marshal, for I do not know how many, but a great many; but his majesty never came back, which did not surprise me, for my right-hand man in the file (a Frank like myself) and my mother were of the same vil-

¹ MS. Accon.

² Eccard: 2, Hermann.—Bib. Crois., iii. 135.—Ebendorfer, 3, Pez.—Bib. Crois., iii. 200.

lage in Normandy, he and I had become great, and I held his horse while he retired during some minutes, and on his return, pointing to a corpse that I had just seen fall, 'overheard (he said) his discourse with King Hugh, who bade him not go on, but join him, for that the Saracens were hastening in at the breach, irresistibly.' To which that black cassock replied, 'If you were going east, I'd accompany you to death; but since your face is turned west, I'll not,¹ but hasten to die with the defenders of our religion and liberties, and leave you the anathema of a martyred priest.' Nevertheless in our cruelly abandoned situation, by the exertion of the Teutonics, who came to our assistance, and Templars, we contrived to keep the post the whole night, and great part of the next day, under reiterated, or rather, never-ceasing charges, and after losing half of our small body, it was only in the afternoon that we were driven from it, but rallied in a street that began with two strong towers, and a massive chain from one to the other,² which we drew, and manning the towers, there was a most desperate struggle which,

¹ Which resembles what the French relate more diffusely of another, Mathew Villani.—Bib. Crois., ii. 625.

² Corneri Chron. Eccard.—Bib. Crois., iii. 135. The main thoroughfare in Acre, leading to St. Anthony's Gate.

with the aid of a parcel of stout citizens, was upheld for two entire days, until at length Heaven sent us victory, and we drove the infidels back through the breach; and on the right of it, lo! my poor friend, who was mighty vigorous sprang from his horse, and seizing three of the enemy, one by one in his arms, threw them clear over the rampart down into the ditch; but the third struggled so, that just as his heels disappeared in the fall, he undid Tom's helmet, whose throat was instantly pierced through and through by the shot from a zembourek; whereupon I also dismounted, but in vain, for the faithful Christian was quite dead. And I too had my share, for while in the act of rising from my knees over his corpse, I was struck on the breast-bone by something very small, so suppose it a zembourek's bullet, which must have killed me but for my cuirass, which however it broke to pieces, and glanced off. As it was, I was dreadfully wounded, nor to this day can I make the least exertion without a spitting of blood, not even ascend a horse; and Marshal Claremont, seeing me drop, got down, and with his own hands examined my wound, and pronounced it severe and dangerous, but not mortal, and added, "Were you not thus, I should tell you to become an Hospitalier, but never attempt it; for you are an invalid

for life, and will require to be always very careful. I am at present your superior, and command you, by holy obedience, to swear to use every precaution not to be killed in Acre; but (as I know you use the pen) to write the truth of what you have seen; and is not this defence for faith and liberty? Both as Norman and as Christian, I wish to be useful, not only during this brief interval, but hereafter by example. So believe it no blameable vanity to tell you to transmit to distant ages how Claremont fought and died, and likewise assure our grand master that we have all done our duty. I think I shall never see you again. That way no more. I have too much to do. You, remember your oath.' "

But he said all that far more succinctly. At such moments mind and lips are quicker, both of who hears, and who speaks. Their words are winged, and their full meaning absorbed with rapidity, and deeply graven. But such was the substance of our irrevocable contract; nor I intend, but to be able to say I kept it, meeting in futurity. That success changed affairs,¹ and something similar a few hours later at St. Anthony's Gate, where the Grand Master of the Templars (who truly had been elected commander-in-

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 134.

chief; for his celebrity as a warrior¹) spoke thus to the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, "Unless we make a diversion, the town is lost. Let us hazard a *sortie*." And as large a body as could be gathered was formed that evening, but not above five hundred, and bravely they attacked the infidel's flank, and would have taken his camp by surprise, had his sentinels been less alert;² but in spite of the discomfiture, the immense disproportion of numbers told, and many of the Hospitallers and most of the Templars were slain, and though re-entering Acre as victors, those were carrying their grand master, badly wounded, and these had too much reason to fear that theirs had been struck by a poisoned arrow;³ which somewhat uncertain as yet, he rode, but very pale. This was on a moonlight night, and the bravest began to be oppressed with a presentiment of destruction, quite imminent, yet not less determined to sell their lives dearly. And, before dawn,⁴ the Grand Master of the Hospitallers convoked not only his order, but a meeting of Templars and Teutonics, as well, and of the surviving leaders of the city, including the sick commander-in-chief himself, and the magnanimous

¹ Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 547. ² Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 550.

³ Michaud: Hist., v. 140.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, i. 536.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., v. 135.

Patriarch, as also the two ambassadors Gresli and Grandison. Nor is it wondrous that every one of them was pale in the first light of morning, since most were wounded, and all of them felt doomed; and that not only themselves, but every human creature in that city had but a few hours to live. Nor was there much to say; nor time for it. But the short debate was wound up worthily by the chief of their common creed, him of the long milky locks, and sweet, wan, unrugged face, their own dear, calm Patriarch: nor spoke of love of country, for he knew they were of all countries; nor reproved any creature, for all reproof should be extinct; nor praised, for fear of jealousies; nor flattered them with earthly hope, for he knew no one could reasonably have any; and this very moment a paper had been laid before them that their eighteen thousand, soon twelve thousand, dwindled into nine thousand two days ago, had now been reduced to seven thousand—too small a number even to man the rainparts, although none of those heroic bands could be accused of want of exertion certainly; since but yesterday they had left several thousands of Saracen corpses, and two thousand of their own between towers and breach, as counted by those who were charged with putting them into graves, lest a plague should ensue. And in the dead body of

a shadow of trust can be reposed in them; but that whatever they pretend, they will infallibly massacre you, either in open war or by treachery, or some horrid torture—they, who always accomplish their threats, never their promises. Since no possible escape from them is left, why then let despair (as to earth) be your weapons, as long as you have the power to make a single struggle; and then recommend your soul to God, in the firm conviction that His tender charity can never be extinguished. His immense love will make up for our defects; and do not doubt but that without further penitence, or suffering after death, your spirit will ascend at once to a blessed eternity. So now confess your sins each to each other; be your death glorious to yourself and useful to Christianity, and be sure of pardon.”¹

Then did every man kiss his neighbour; and many who had been long enemies, died warm friends. Mass was said, and they took the sacrament. Now to your posts!—The Grand Master of the Templars had determined upon his,² and with heavenly resignation and self-devotedness, went straight to the sultan’s tent, and had less difficulty than he expected in persuading him of the peril of reducing the Christians to despair; so the Saracen was

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 427.

² Id.: Id., 129.

willing to take a not intolerable ransom and depart. But when the generous veteran perceived a repugnance in those of Acre, he perhaps was not displeased, lest the sultan should not abide by his promises—the more that renegades were busy¹ blowing and blowing like a fierce desolating wind to heat their hatred to redness against those who were their own former co-religionists; which reminds us of his predecessor's prediction at St. Alban's sentence. Still, though the poison circulating through his veins must have killed him shortly, it is said the illustrious Beaujeu was slain in the ultimate battles; an end as becoming him as the Temple. By a stratagem of one of those renegades, the unhappy breach was left, and by that very gate of St. Anthony's the Mahometans broke into the city; and the rest is one scene of confusion. "I know versions are different, but prefer trusting my eyes corroborated by all I have heard from people likely to be well informed; nor may I shuffle from it. But the last I saw of them was on the rampart by St. Anthony's Gate, where remained at most a thousand men against the whole Mussulman army.² It was dark; but a gleam of Greek fire showed me them all on foot, with couched lances, and Grandison with his

¹ Chron. Estense.—Bib. Crois., ii. 638.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 142.—MS. Accon.

drawn sword; and Gresli stood a little further off, with his behind him in precisely the same way; and within two or three yards of them, was the head of the Moslem column, that rushed impetuously through the gate—and by the yellow they were the Mameluke horse. So I have no hesitation whatever to assert that all the English died in a corps as at Mansourah, and the French also, as well fits that valiant nation. The reverse seems to me idle stories, mere ridiculous inventions, as if English and French could have been cowards, where so many other nations were so brave. Not a true, but a pretended revelation; it would appear to me a trick of the devil! What if iron chains and rings had been thrown into the streets for the Moslem cavalry? They were now covered with corpses, a bitter, albeit rather unsteady footing; and after them, the savage infantry inundated the streets. Not a palace, or square, or house, but was a fort, and had to be stormed; not a lane but was the theatre of frightful carnage, battles, single combats. I cannot exactly tell what day, or if it was day or night; for the Greek fire never ceasing its infernal blaze, it made little difference whether the sun was up or not, for that lurid gleam and the noises continued the same.”

But here other authorities enable me to come to

the assistance of my MS. And to say it was the 18th of May,¹ a sable day in the Almanack of Christian Acre, when in burst the Mahometans, and what of soldiery of the cross survived joined the population in a wild and rapid current that ran in the direction of the House of the Templars in the very inmost heart of the town, down towards the sea; while one hideous crape of death seemed drawn over Acre, and all was fury, dismay, and massacre!

“None thought of sleep, nor can I tell how I existed. But kept steadily to my resolve to see and remember all I could, and do my best to survive. It was bitter cold, rain and hail—strange in that climate—and towards the end of May; but nature itself seemed to have changed, and the elements to sympathise, participate, and emulate the fury of men. And wild stories circulated. Every one ready to believe anything, and I think it would have been dark, but for the Greek fire, and my tread told me there had been hard fighting in that street. And then I saw Claremont come riding slowly (not rapidly as he had passed and re-passed often before), and his direction was that of returning from where the battle at that time was; a desperate defence of the Templars’ residence; but the Christians were so completely losers, that

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 140.

they must have been all killed or gone in some other direction; for except him, I did not observe any one else retreating, and I heard the Saracens approach. He seemingly as much done up as his horse, lay resting on its neck; yet holding his sword, and struck his charger with his heavy spurs and repeated hard checks of the bridle, but in vain, and I had myself known what it was to have a horse so fatigued as not to answer either aids. Claremont's refused, and stood still trembling, and in a moment fell, I thought, dead. But at that, while I was bawling to him now on foot, which either he could not hear from the screeches, or I had not the strength to raise my voice; the Saracens came rushing with a loud howl and charging furiously between him and me; and, not to be ridden over, I stepped under a vault—and they must have cloven him down instantly and galloped on; for when, the next moment, I reached his body, it was all covered with blood and quite dead. And think his spirit must have attended me and kept assiduously protecting me, the rest of that awful period; that ever I got alive out of the wilderness, blackest, direst, most murderous, most atrocious!¹

“Then I too made for the port, which I knew must be at hand, and walking on corpses and

¹ Michaud : Hist., v. 143.

turning from the middle of the street, to where they were in a great number of layers one over another, heaped high at the angles, like bridges, I crossed by them and beheld—would I were rather blinded than ever see the like again—long lines of something of a speckled white, piled up against the wall, and supported by others of the same dirty white, thrown transverse, as if somebody had been opening a passage, but left the sad work not half done; and on approach those spectral white things, lo! they were dead females in their gowns and coifs, dabbled thickly with blood and utterly hideous! ‘O most desolate old woman, whither are you hurrying, and who are these?’ And she hobbling past, ‘Are what you see, but were once a goodly company. I owed them my existence, but their charity ended thus pitifully. So I may now die. What matter where I go? The wildest would scorn to touch me. These were mostly young and beautiful virgins—a whole nunnery, nuns, novices, girls in education, who all following their mother abbess’ example, scarified and furrowed themselves and breasts and faces frightfully with those great scissors, that used to be kept with a long chain and padlock, fixed to the great working table for the whole community. The abbess unlocked it, and, after wounding herself, handed the steel round, and

each of them took it, and inflicted it on herself unsparingly, and being without succour, every one of them bled to death; and better, since they escaped what they most dreaded from some inhuman ugly brute.' Indeed they could not be objects of anything but horror.¹ I now understood what I just had heard, a Saracen cursing most blasphemously at their not having waited to satisfy his lust before they died. And he spoke of the martyrs, as if they had done him an injury, and round from behind the corner of the house came stretched out what seemed a hairy brawny arm, and a large foul hand; and in a twinkling there was no longer that ancient hag, but I heard plunderers in an infidel tongue. And her shrieks were soon drowned by louder shrieks in the quarter towards which I was going.

"But I must get on. I am in too great a hurry to answer many questions. Quickly! What are yours? The way is frightful, but not of length. On! On!

"How describe the harbour whose shipping stood a little out, else the rush of the crowd would have foundered them at once? The boiling oil of the Greek fire, which once it catches hold of the outside of a ship's bottom, all is lost; its stink, and livid

¹ Wadin : *Annales Franciscorum.*, vi. 96.—Michaud: *Hist.*, v. 141. Note.

flames extending to a great distance—stones, iron, brass, every metal devoured and eaten up by it; nor can it ever be extinguished, but by a mixture of sand and vinegar in certain proportions. How horrid its hiss!¹ And though the city was all in a glare from the Greek fire, and that it whizzed terribly, with long traces of greasy blue, along the waves, showing their watery mountains rolling with a terrific violence, yet the sea itself looked dark and gloomy, nor can I be sure whether it was from the tempest, or that it was night; and the ball of Greek fire expanding to the size of a cask, with its several yards of undulatory tail shining and hissing most viciously, died away at last, after piercing more or less into that abyss of obscurity, whose dreadful bellow would have been fearful at any other time. That lasted for I do not know how long; no difference then between day and—it seemed always, night. Days were years, minutes days. Who minded sun or moon? Heaven seemed in a fury, and that it was the end of all things.

“Such a multitude, but chiefly women and children—some of them young ladies of the highest rank, endeavouring to persuade the boatmen to take them—not only offering jewels and money, but even their own persons, and that they would

¹ Vinisauf.—Bib. Crois., ii. 676.—Oliveri.—Bib. Crois., iii. 143.

marry any man that would save them.¹ In the surf thousands and thousands perished.”²

It is said sixty thousand Christians fell then, and may be no exaggeration. Of the rich, who escaped, not at that time, but weeks sooner, it is much to calculate them at twenty-five thousand, mostly women, and children, and invalids. And it can be hardly supposed that the carried into captivity came to another twenty-five thousand. And this leaves one hundred thousand, of whom nearly all must have died either during the siege, or at the final hour, and fifteen thousand, at most, can have fallen in those fair battles; leaving eighty-five thousand for ultimate butchery. All which is on the supposition of the correctness of the usual opinion that Acre contained one hundred and fifty thousand souls when Tripoli fell.

“On! On! You as you like, but I must not stop. But we are close to the shore. Stout to push through such a crowd. Yet even women can do much when desperate, and children themselves, as you now see, for most of these are such. Ah, what their frenzy and wail! And not few of the infants are killed by the press and the carelessness of their own mothers. And now the infuriated Delhis, and the likes, are cutting at them with

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 143.

² MS. Accon.

their scimitars, and pushing their horses after them into the very sea. Driven, pursued, ah, what will become of them? Alas! My God have compassion on them.¹

“Unable in those floods of rain, and pelting hail and roaring wind, to get near the water for perhaps two hours (though no judging of time then, things seemed very long or very short accordingly), so beset was it by that deplorable multitude; not even at the charge of the pitiless Mamelukes, from my fear that my wounded breast would be crushed, did I stir; till there came so tremendous a crash, that one might think it an earthquake dividing the globe, and glancing towards the Templars' Tower, I saw their flag drop, and the tower itself tumble down, at which, believing all Acre was falling to pieces I, almost frantic, flew right through the crowd, and flung myself into the sea, and some paces out, was fished up into a boat. And who fished me was the pious Patriarch; but whose compassion had allowed such numbers to embark, that we shortly went down in the harbour; and better for me, for we certainly should have foundered, and been lost, every soul of us, when out in those boisterous waves; but here, though most of the unfortunates were drowned, and amongst them the

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 144.

venerable Patriarch himself, yet a few who swam well were saved, and I found myself on board a galley belonging to the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, with a large company of fugitives, and amongst them five of his own knights, all wounded like himself.¹ Fact is, all remaining of Templars had got into that tower, where many of the townsmen's women and children had also taken refuge; and a first capitulation made of what the underground Saracens had already mined, without perhaps the sultan's knowledge; three hundred of his had been admitted, and instantly began to maltreat the females. At which the few Templars, rising like one man, attacked the brutes, and flung them down from the roof dead, and would never hear of capitulating any more. So the sultan was forced to order the tower to be scaled; and when Saracenic multitudes, scimitar in one hand and ladder in the other, were in the very act of scaling, down it toppled, by fortuitous yielding of wooden props in the mine, and Templars, scalars, males, females, it buried them all together."²

How many days or nights after that is not known. Various accounts, each contradictory to the other. Like Saragossa, the streets were fields of battle for

¹ French MS.—Michaud: Hist., v. 421.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 145.

several days, and each house a fortress, and communications cut from one to the other through the walls, and the hole closed up again as soon as the house was taken; and pass on to the next.

“Imprecations were what I could distinguish, as hastily we weighed, and weathering Carmel Cape, the last sounds borne on the storm were hellish laughter, groans of dying men, and the long, long shriek of violated women.”¹

¹ MS. Accon.

ABEYANCE THE SECOND.

WITH grief Europe heard of the fall of Acre, and quickly was it followed by that of Tyre, and all the towns along the Syrian coast, from which the Latin inhabitants who could, fled by sea.

Beyrout was the last Christian town to fall, according to some,¹ but others say Nicopolis lasted two years after.² Glory to the Hospitallers, for of these was the little garrison, whose abandoned valour rendered it inexpugnable so long under reiterated assaults; nor did it ever yield to human arms, but was thrown down by an earthquake,³ which buried the whole—soldiers, citadel, city. Ill-printed, or inexact, Sanuti has Venetians, and truce, and Sycopolis. There were several places

¹ Chron. St. Bertin.—Bib. Crois., i. 423.

² Sanuti.—Bib. Crois., ii. 634.

³ Seb. Paoli; Not. Geo., i. 443.

called Nicopolis, as Prevesa,¹ and in Hungary;² but this Nicopolis was the ancient *Emmaus*.³ The present may be in the immediate vicinity of the same spot; but otherwise no vestige of its predecessor.⁴

Besides the Pilgrim Castle near Tripoli, the Templars built another of nearly that name between Caiphaz and Cesarea, of which the ruins still exist. This was a very strong fortress, an outwork of Mount Thabor, and the road to Jerusalem, and was once called Detroit. It fell after Acre.⁵ Its foundations were an old tower that had long belonged to the order of the Temple, and was on the sea-side;⁶ and in the new erection they were assisted by various pilgrims and the German Hospitallers. Many antiquities, and ancient coins, and treasures were found in digging the mountain. The Templars built also a Castle in Acre, the chief⁷ there.

Thus miserable outcasts filled Christendom with their doleful tales, and increased the poverty of

¹ Eusebii Chron.

² Bosio.—Vertot: vi. 322.—Michaud: Hist., v. 210. Bib. Crois., iii. 157.

³ Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 591.

⁴ Appendix, ciii.

⁵ Sanuti.—Bib. Crois., i. 195.

⁶ Pantaleone: Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 21, and i. 427

⁷ Vitri: Letters.—Cologne Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 136.

every country; and from the fall of Acre, Villani dates the beginning of the decline of the commercial towns in maritime Italy, since from that day out (he says), they lost half of the advantages that Eastern traffic brought. "For Acre was a universal resort, and in the middle of Syria, nay, in the middle of the civilised earth, as at equal distances between Levant and West, and almost on the European frontier, and transit for commerce from all those distant lands, and had interpreters of every language, and people of every class, and inhabitants of every climate; and therefore, in losing Acre, the world lost one of its elements."¹ And the Holy Land, with its thickly populous districts, and its innumerable clusters of villages, quantities of strong castles, and eighty cities inhabited by Franks for the most part, and owing their defence to the Latins,² were all reduced to a devastated wilderness; "state in which it shall remain, please God, until the day of judgment," is the devout aspiration of a Moslem.³

What other circular was necessary than what Villiers had written already? And it had sufficed to

¹ Hist. Fior.—Bib. Crois. ii. 621.—Appendix, cii.—Hallam: Middle Ages, ii. 250.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 147.

³ Arab. Chron., 575.—Michaud: Hist., v. 148.

call the knights of every age and rank, who instantly renouncing everything else, hurried down into the various ports of Christendom with most laudable ardour, young or old, in health or not, no delay, no excuse, but each one striving to be first, and embarking in any ship to be found, and all these put into Cyprus, so that not a day passed but some Hospitallers arrived from Europe. All of them might be bound for Acre, but Cyprus was on their road, and there, alas! learned they had to go no further. The nearly exterminated order reduced to half-a-dozen wounded men, without money, and in proportion, to perfect beggary; this European flow made it revive. The same of the Templars.

Nor in this island, within forty leagues from Palestine, had they not both some property already. Henry II., descended from Guy de Lusignan, was then its king, and so of Norman blood.¹ Nor did he not show it, by the cordiality with which he received the rest of the Templars and Hospitallers after their irreparable loss, and placed them in Limisso, one of his chief towns.² Perhaps it was from pure compassion, or that it was the advice of some evil-wisher, for Pope Nicholas IV. had the repute of loving those peerless knights; but he appears to have taken a most undue advantage of their miser-

¹ Bosio.—Vertot : iv. 4.

² Vertot : iv. 2.—Bosio.

able state, when he proposed uniting the Hospitallers and Templars into one order, whose common grand master, to prevent jealousy, should be elected by neither of them, but by himself, and likewise always for the future by the Holy See.¹ But that project was soon rejected.² The same Pope 1292 showed his liberality by applying to the schismatic Greek Church, to join him in renouncing for a time all religious differences for defence of universal Christianity against the Saracen, and also had recourse to the Pagan Tartars;³ but of the whole powers of Christendom, not one, except the Templars and Hospitallers alone, took any real part in the attempt.⁴ Yet before it there was a general chapter held at Limisso, of who so faithfully responded to the circular, that scarcely ever before, since the foundation of the order, such a number of Hospitallers of all nations as then appeared.⁵ There (it is tradition) the grand master, hardly recovered from his wounds, entered with a sorrowful countenance, yet that magnanimity which usually is seen in virtue, and in a calm and slow tone said, "Of the ancient rule of our order, my

¹ Vertot: iv. 6.—Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. i. and ii.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xv.

³ Michaud: Hist., v. 158.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., v. 159.

⁵ Vertot: iv. 9.—Bosio.

being present may possibly appear an infraction; and therefore, not to scandalise you, cherished brethren, I have some documents to prove I had sworn to the population that, useless as I had become from my wounds, I should endeavour to survive for the purpose of leading away as many as I could from the Acre slaughter, as was likewise my duty, as sovereign of that unfortunate city. And I plead it is an exception no way derogatory to what continues our standing statute, that none shall recede without command, and that a knight of ours made prisoner is a knight dead. With regard to the few of our knights who came with me, they have no excuse to make, since they had my orders, for which the entire responsibility is mine, in consideration of their wounded condition, and that it would be an idle sacrifice of lives. Read these affidavits then; and I am ready either to be deposed, or even suffer death, or obtain your entire approval of my conduct, according to what you may determine, for which I retire."

And after some minutes the whole chapter followed Villiers, and declared him completely vindicated, and humbly besought him not to abandon them.

"Then abandon you I will not, but persevere in being your grand master and loving father; and

allow me to begin by thanking you," as, re-entering the hall, he sat down, "for the promptitude with which you obeyed my orders; and far better than had Divine Providence allowed you to be in time for Acre, since there you could only have increased superfluous deaths, but here you show that Holy Land has not lost all its defenders. But, by the courage that animates you, I see we have still men worthy of the name of Hospitallers, and capable of remedying all our losses; St. John's Acre is indeed ours, as sepulchre of so many of our gallant brethren. It is for you to replace them, and liberate Jerusalem from the barbarian's iron despotism."¹

And observing Limisso to be an open town, with only a well-fortified citadel in the centre, too small for the order's residence, some proposed removing to one of the Italian ports, which was instantly quashed with indignation by the grand master and chief knights, as contrary to the spirit of their institution, which did not permit them to go far from Palestine, but be always at hand, and ready to profit by any opportunity. And this sentiment met universal applause, and was immediately drawn up as a sort of perpetual statute.² And the chapter

¹ Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 10.

² Id.—Id.: 12.

ended by determining to fortify Limisso, and erect it into a regular establishment of Hospitality.

Nor is there any earlier approximation to the naval, than when it was resolved that the ship which had conveyed them from Acre, should be used in learning to clear the coasts from the continual attacks of Saracen pirates. Nor did this prevent cavalry from being the order's principal care still; as we find (even five years later) certain lands set apart for forage for their horses, whereas there is little or nothing about galleys in these documents as yet.¹

Such was the commencement of the navy of the Order of Malta; no auspicious one certainly, to commence in a period of abeyance (which some called decline or extinction), after having lived the trifle of above two hundred years; far from promising future maritime glory.

Fortunately their young efforts were not crushed by the sultan, enraged that the two bodies (Templars and Hospitallers), whom he had thought to have put an end to, were reviving; for the fleet he sent against them was lost, and he himself died shortly after.²

A new Pope, who had been chosen and soon ab-

¹ Appendix, lxxviii.

² Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 14.

dicated, one perhaps too unworldly for this world, even during his short reign found time to praise the Hospitallers.¹ His learned and wily successor, letting himself go to the audacious temptation of what was partly offered to him by the not upright kings of Europe themselves, and the unhappy circumstances of the time, tried to erect a despotism both spiritual and temporal; but whatever he was to others, he imitated his predecessors in being kind to the order—"Claret devotione conspicua Ordo St. Johannis Hierosolimitani"—are the words in his brief to the King of Portugal;² and in another, to our Edward, not dissimilar, as also in Ryner.³ And now Villiers died; yet not in 1296, as Vertot has, for a document shows Sir John Villiers was reigning in September, 1297.⁴

That donations from private persons were still coming to the Hospitallers, and that, though the Teutonics had relinquished their name of German Hospitallers, they bore no ill-will to those they had left, is clear from the Hochsperg in the Appendix; where a father retired from the world, as dead to it from the moment he had joined the Teutonics,

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. iii.—Appendix, lxxix.

² Id. Id. iv.

³ Id. Id. vii.

⁴ Id. Id. x.

witnesses his son's confirmation of his own gift to the Hospital. Later it might be otherwise; but now they had known them too well and recently, not to esteem and love all three of the military orders.¹

Villiers' successor was Sir Otho de Pins in 1298, a Provengal born, but descended from an illustrious Spanish family; and his stem still to be seen at Rhodes.² Yet Sir Otho might have been too old. He avoided deposition from his own knights by very wisely dying on his voyage to seek protection from Rome; and so the election took place of Sir William Villaret, of the 1300 *langue* of Provence,³ and it is the first time I read of that term in the order, into which how, or when it obtained I cannot say; but regret it as implying not union but division, and which, if it bred emulation, did also discord; but what is certain is, that it does not come from the institution, and can at any time be without nicety expunged. Not having that patriarchal sanctity, it becomes a mere passing discipline, to be thrown aside as taken up.

In 1299, the head of the Tartars sent to Boniface VIII. to proclaim Jerusalem free, and all

¹ Appendix, lxxx.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 524.

² Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 461.

³ Seb. Paoli (Cod. Dipl. Geros.): Serie, ii. 461.

Europe; and that the Tartar had liberated it from the Mahometan yoke, and so that the Christians might come back to re-people their lands, and sent letters of the same tenor to the Grand Masters of the Hospitallers and Templars, inviting them to return, and enter into peaceful enjoyment of their former possessions.¹ Villaret was at the time Prior of St. Gilles, and there, nor did he come instantly to Cyprus on his election; but first visited various houses of the order in France, including that of the Hospitalleresses under his own sister. And if it be interesting, we may learn that the dress of these ladies consisted in a robe of scarlet cloth and a cross of white linen with eight points.²

Ever since the Polos had been at Acre, years before its destruction, even further back than St. Louis' crusade, Cyprus had heard of Tartary and of Christian propensities in the Tartars,³ or at least their finest horde; so now a body of Hospitallers, horse, was sent in 1301, in furtherance of the league that had been proposed by Nicholas IV., and these with the Tartars advanced all over Palestine, and had even the comfort to enter Jerusalem, but found it, like all the other towns in those

¹ Treves Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 331.

² Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 34.

³ S. Bertin. Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 419.—Appendix, ciii.

parts, lying quite open; the Saracens having razed everything like a fortification in them after taking Acre. And might then have visited *Emmaus*, alias *Nicopolis*, with an intention of taking up their poor abandoned garrison, but it was much too late; no Hospitallers to take—nothing but a ruin of some years, yet not by Saracens, but God, evidently by an earthquake or other natural subversion!

If the khan was, as is said, a person of extraordinary intelligence, and an assiduous reader of the *Cyropædiad*, and the life of Alexander, and that those princes were his models, no wonder he preferred Christianity to Mahometanism; for he could not but observe that what is against Nature must be false. All beneficent natural changes are slow and gradual, as the corn, the tree, the human creature. With what invisible slowness does the flower produce the fruit, and this enlarge and ripen! The line of separation you can never find. As the oak is in the acorn, so the grown-up male or female is in the infant. It is but a fair, slow development, without any change of essence, and requires years. But unnatural things are, for the most part, sudden and violent, and, nearly always, wicked or disastrous, like earthquakes or hurricanes. From the creation, the imperceptible progress which has now produced Christianity, has been going on,

and applies to your reason, which asks time for reflection; but the Koran or the sword admits none, but takes you by utter surprise.¹

He and his were soon forced to return to their own country, in consequence of a civil war, and so the Hospitallers had to retreat as well, from evident inability to withstand the Sultan of Cairo, who was coming.²

In the meantime, Sir Gaudin, who had been made Grand Master of the Templars, after him killed at Acre, went with the King of Cyprus to make a diversion on the Syrian coast, and took Tortosa; but in 1302 it was won back by the Saracens, with the loss of one hundred and twenty of the Templars,³ which being considered a great number, prepares us to disbelieve the exaggerations of times at hand.⁴

Not that the fusion of Hospitallers and Templars was in itself bad, but the design of depriving them of their independence for the benefit of a third, reminds you of the lawyer and two clients. And towards the end of 1304, when the two Grand Masters, of whom one was the glorious but un-

¹ Vertot: iv. 36.

² Id.: iv. 38.

³ Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 526.

⁴ Condussevi la maggior parte del suo convento. Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 526.

fortunate Molay, who had now succeeded to Gaudin, spoke to each other for the last time, the greatest difficulty was got over, it is said, by their mutual generosity. They were ready each, to abdicate, for the whole mixed body to elect their chief, who, as long as any of the existing Templars lived, was to be of their order, and, after them, that things were to be as before. But, though the two generous chiefs were agreed thus, not so their knights, whose ratification was quite necessary, and, therefore, the whole plan miscarried, and the substance of their argument was sent, in his own name, by Molay, afterwards, in his answer to the Pope, whether Molay dictated it, or availed himself of

1305 that prepared already by his immediate predecessor, Gaudin, who had been elected by the only ten Templars who got alive from Acre, and was succeeded by one of them, Molay.¹

“But my answer shall be simply that I cannot go till after I have settled respecting an island,” replied the Hospitaller, on their second interview that same day; “and many islands being in these seas, no one knows which I mean. None, even of my own knights, except my brother, perhaps in case I should die. But as to you, I will make no secret of it, but present you another offer, since it

¹ Seb. Paoli : Osservazioni, ii. 462.

is no fault of yours, if you do not accept my former one. It is now two hundred years and more that our orders have uniformly been together, or if ever at all separated not for long; and often have we shared the greatest dangers, and fought and bled side by side. Even our rivalry, as some choose to call it, cannot but bind us close; I would have rather said emulation, for we have always had the same cause.¹ If there be any difference in our rule, it is very little. For me I love to think we form but one, and derive from the same stem; and believe you are of similar sentiments, so regret to see you no more. Wishing well to the Teutonics in Germany, their branching off was long before my time. But you and I have always been together, and have both spilled a little of our blood at Acre, and known noble Beaujeu and Claremont. I will tell you, therefore, the island in my mind's eye, is Rhodes,² so famous in ancient ages, and that shall become famous and opulent, and in every way a desirable residence in ours also. Now, with your assistance, we shall take that beautiful spot and strong, and we shall both reside there, as at Acre.

¹ *Nunquam assavit fieri cavalcata contro Saracenos.* Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xv.

² The original has only *quedam insulam*, to which a commentator, after the event, wrote in the margin *Rhodum*; but Vertot has chosen to join both; iv. 64.

Besides, our rule is, as I have said, essentially the same, and it is your duty, as well as mine, to fix ourselves as near Jerusalem as we can. Whereas, if you decide for Europe, I have dark forebodings. Your order, as well as mine, has many enemies, but yours worse; and gives greater food for envy. In Rhodes we should be, as it were, our own masters and have our own good swords to protect us. But in Europe are malicious tongues, stronger than the brightest courage—there called pride and pretension. There your fawning courtier is the hero, and nocturnal falsehood invents what triumphs over the best and bravest. Better in our island of roses, than in Paris with whatever splendour. Think on it well before giving me a refusal. You will reap honour, wherever you go. If riches, these will bring you flattery and ruin. Remember I told you so.”—“We have both our duties,” answered Molay, with pensive sadness, “and you must cleave to your knights, and I to mine. The Morea and the glories of Greece and Constantinople are the dreams of mine. Yet all you observe afflicts me. No doubt of wealth and honours; but what are they to produce? Farewell!”

And the generous pair never met again. He and his Templars embarked for the Piræus that very evening; and shortly after, he of the Hospital

went reconnoitring several of the neighbouring islands.

During which came other letters from the new Pope; and that to the Grand Master of the Templars may have been a sort of duplicate of this. And if he of the Hospital was called only to hide the monstrous enormity, his disobedience was easily pardoned on Molay's being forwarded to Greece, and reaping full success; for the luckless nobleman obeyed, and went into the trap, Poitiers and Paris, —and was lost. Quickness and great secrecy were the Pope's injunctions; and writing in 1306 the earlier part of June, he says he would expect to hear their opinion on grave matters relative to the Holy Land, on the 15th of next November.¹

But on his return from the islands, Sir William, finding his knights in ill humour, as ill-treated by the Court of Cyprus, and wishing to be in a home of their own, where they might attend to their duties and have to render an account to none but to their own superior and grand master alone, he thought it best to avail himself of the Pontifical orders, and go to Europe to try to organise a body to aid him in his projected invasion. More especially, seeing he was not to have the Templars,²

¹ Appendix, lxxx.—Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num xvi.

² Sismondi: Repub. Ital., iv.—Appendix, cv.

and that Rhodes, which had once been Genoese, and was now Greek nominally, belonged in reality to Saracen pirates—a bold, fierce, and most lawless race, resembling the Malays of this day, their resistance was sure to be desperate; keeping his secret, and pretending it was a crusade, which, however small, would suffice for his views. But he died previous to his voyage, towards the end of 1306; and early in the next year the order chose another, Villaret,¹ who (his brother or not)² was at all events his near relation, and known to be acquainted with his secret. Sir Fulk de Villaret, the moment he was elected, sailed for France.³ One year is of little importance, yet it is inexact. That letter of Clement was directed to Sir William; though it was Sir Fulk who came to answer it in person, as required. Another brief to Sir Fulk himself, after his return from France, at Rhodes (against which he had advanced, but not as yet conquered, except in some little part), is dated August, 1307;⁴ and from expressions in it, we cannot but perceive the Pope had recently spoken with the unconscious Fulk; who, however, heard nothing

¹ Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 462.

² Seb. Paoli doubts—Vertot affirms it, iv.

³ Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 64.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xviii.—Seb. Paoli (Cod. Dipl. Geros.): Serie, ii. 463.

to make him suspect the frightful truth, though abundant ill-will certainly met his ears; but having never had a personal interview with the hapless Molay, he might exert his prudence in the elevated dignity he was now clothed with, to avoid one; and be desirous of removing from that dangerous position as fast as he could, well aware that his own order was exposed to envy, as well as that of the guiltless Templars. Things were already running high, not perhaps publicly, but in the minds of the Pontifical and French Courts; for they captured Molay a very few weeks afterwards, of a Friday on the 13th of October, 1307, although his Holiness did not declare it till the year after; but it was equal to the capture (*caperetur*) in 1307. So we have two clear documentary proofs that Sir Fulk was Grand Master of the Hospital early in 1307.¹ In France he soon got what he wanted. A great crusade was impossible; but to gather a body of resolute individuals was easy. He might be in the greater hurry to return, that the courts had a gloomy aspect—though he knew that while the Hospitallers kept at a distance, and clear of inordinate show, their merit to Christendom and the Holy Land would be avowed; but that to be near

¹ Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni. ii., 526.—Appendix, lxxxii, and lxxxiii.

was dangerous. Gratitude was a reed not to be much relied on, happy if not converted into crime. Nor had he even a personal acquaintance with Molay. So Fulk ought not to be suspected; but it was better heave off, and he did so. The financial means were chiefly by a subscription of ladies, particularly those of Genoa, who sold their jewels for that purpose.¹ Some of these Genoese Amazons took the cross themselves, whose cuirasses, made small and with bulges to receive their breasts, were shown in the arsenal long after.² He had only to select the number of warriors he desired from several. Many of the most illustrious houses in Germany³ took the white cross on that occasion. But he was so reserved, and perhaps severe a man, that not one of them dared to inquire where he was going to. So passing Rhodes, to lull any suspicion of the Saracens, he sailed to Cyprus, and there taking all his knights and their effects; sailed again to the astonishment of the King of Cyprus, and every one else. But when out of sight of Cyprus, Sir Fulk veered north-east, and keeping Syria on his right, instead of landing, went into a port on the coast of Asia Minor, and anchored. Immense

¹ Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 79.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 160.—Misson's Italy in 1702.

³ Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 80.

was the wonder of his whole fleet; and not even his own choice knights but wondered where he could be bound for. Thence, however, he appears to have sent to the Emperor of Constantinople, asking him for the investiture of Rhodes, which pride and anti-Latin hate refused, though leave would have been only titular, for the expulsion of the Saracen pirates would not have been a whit the easier. If that the Greek Emperor gave Rhodes to the Hospitallers, ever got into the head of any one, he must now get it out of it; for the fact is not so. Were it, we should have it (as we have that of Charles V.), or some record of it, in these documents. A capitulation gave full time to get away the archives. Not as at Acre. Pirates seem to have been indeed at that time the only real inhabitants of the island,¹ the Venetians having all decamped long before, and most of the Greeks still earlier; later they returned. Nor did this refusal produce much effect on Sir Fulk, whose spies had already made their reports concerning island and capital; so that he had determined where he would disembark. Only it made him declare his project to his followers, unanimous in their approbation. So he let his allies think and call themselves crusaders; and such he called them, to gratify their vanity, and give them the pomp and

¹ Sismondi : *Rep. Ital.*, i. 280.

circumstance of a crusade. His invasion succeeded at first, all the lesser islands and part of Rhodes itself yielding nearly without a struggle; but by little and little, the difficulties grew. The pirates who were at sea came back, and the war became long and bloody. In consequence, the crusaders went away one after another, and Sir Fulk had scarcely any one more than his own Hospitallers to support him, quite ineffectual, had they not paid troops. But to pay them? Yet so strenuous were his exertions, that he engaged the Florentine bankers to advance him a loan of money—a difficult matter in those times; and he had the ability to infuse his own spirit into his little army, resolution to conquer or die. Sanguinary in the highest degree were several attempts to take the city, into which the pirates had at last retreated, after a terrible resistance of four years. But take it he did in the end, what remained of the outlaws escaping by sea, being the first to proclaim their own defeat throughout the islands of the Archipelago, and along the coast of Lycia;¹ still at expense of a great number of his bravest Hospitallers, and one shout of admiration resounded through all Christendom² of *Knights of Rhodes*, a title that was to endure illustrious for above

¹ Bosio.—Vertot, iv. 89.

² Id. Id. iv. 90.

two centuries.¹ A letter from one of our kings in 1309 (I suppose Edward II.), shows what 1309 has been already observed, that the order was still considered rather equestrian than naval.² Thus that glorious body of the select of all Christians on the edge of its orbit, or not far from it, wheeled its second course of more than another hundred years under seventeen grand masters.³

¹ Werner : Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 352.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num xxi.—Rymer.—Bib. Crois., ii., 882.—Appendix, civ.

³ Appendix, cvii.

BOOK THE THIRD—RHODES.

CHAPTER I.

WHY a defence of the Templars, triumphantly defended and fully, long since? To go over the ground so nobly trod by Raynouard were at least superfluous. Whoever accuses them after that, it can only be to display his own erudition. Five centuries had not been able to prove their guilt, and now it is utterly disproved, however hard to prove a negative.¹ There is not a reasonable and well-informed man in Europe, who thinks them guilty of any one of the enormities imputed to them. They were perhaps somewhat haughty, and exaggerated their wealth,

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 428.

accumulated (yet for how short a time, a few months!) in Greece; which was folly, but no crime—crime were a wicked misnomer. I will not say, not challenging disgrace the most opprobrious, and imprisonment, and tortures, faggots, death—for these make one shudder with horror and indignation; but not even the lightest and most mitigated chastisement. Quite the contrary, they merited high praise for their virtuous and valiant actions. Their true and only crime was, their much-overrated riches. But the Templars had faults! Indeed! What a discovery! How profound! Societies of mortals should have none! Whatever their faults, they were not to be mentioned the same day, with their most barbarous murder, but entirely disappear. Their rent-roll was great, no doubt; and now that Palestine was lost, its resolute defenders become resident in Europe, had no longer necessity for expenditure that invariably devoured their income. Far from hoarding money, they had been frequently obliged to borrow by selling, or mortgaging some of their property, or on many urgent occasions during the holy war, accept charity; not for themselves, but for the benefit of the entire body of Franks. If their estates were to be curtailed, could that not be done without such base, hideous, merciless ingratitude? Their amazing

self-devotedness during the last dying struggle—Acre alone—death-rattle of Syria—might have spared them such palpable inventions; even had they fallen into material misdemeanors—which is not proved in law, but the very reverse, far more innocence than could have been expected from soldiers exposed to the numerous temptations of a martial life; nor may it be unfair to consider some indulgences a compensation nearly due to frequent distress and danger. Ascetic heroism is too rare a combination to require. But finally no discreet jury but would have acquitted the Templars. The question for any further trial could be only of what damages, for so slanderous an indictment. But open court, or fair defence, not an atom had they of either. How league with the very Saracens that slew them? Secret friends of who sawed them asunder? Of who hoped to annihilate their order at Acre, and were very near doing so? Had it depended on Philip le Bel, the Hospitallers had fared like the Templars. The Teutonic were safe in their native Germany. But the snare was evidently set for both the others. That ultimate conversion in Cyprus had been their crisis. So the Templars deciding for southern Europe, sealed their destiny, and Rhodes saved the Hospitallers. It is clear the Pope was far from inclined against

the warriors he eulogised as they deserved, at the very moment he was inviting them into his clutches. From which I am far from deducing any malignity of intention in him, but a weak and ineffectual dislike of what he had promised; and therefore he hesitated for a whole year, from when Le Bel had all the Templars through his dominions thrown into prison as malefactors in one day in 1307, which creates a confusion of dates; some historians counting from that kingly, and others from the Papal condemnation. The Pope had weighty displeasure,¹ at what the king had done, seized on the Templars to burn them, and confiscate their property, in 1307; and only in 1308 his Holiness consented to condemn their entire order. Bsovius, Gurtler, and all the annalists of that unhappy body, are of one accord on this point. The miserable Pontiff made several attempts to free himself from his horrible promises; but they had been the price of his tiara, and his abject nature was too eaten up by ambition to descry any way but executing it. It seemed to him necessary; as if crime and injustice can ever be necessary. Not that Clement wished worse to the Templars, or better to the Hospitallers, but, as he condemned one, he would have condemned both—abandoned

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, iv. 526.

both to the flames, if required. It might be partly age's feebleness; and piety leaveth to a dotard that not warrantable excuse, but unenviable palliation. At such fearful and extravagant iniquities imputed to his venerated order, well might unfortunate Molay, as full of wonder, make a great sign of the cross, and exclaim that such enormous inventors merited what is inflicted on liars and coiners among Saracens and Tartars. What punishment is that? To have their paunches ripped open, and their heads cut off.¹ They had read what purported to be his avowal, and was not. Even his had been constrained under tortures; sad tribute to the feebleness of human nature, and his imagination tried to relieve him from those horrible agonies of corporal pain; but still worse words had been forged afterwards, and feloniously inserted into that doleful cry; so he boldly denied the whole, retracting what he had pretended, and declaring those other fictions too grossly false ever to have occurred to his disordered brain, and utterly and extravagantly untrue, and invented by them-

¹ Prima e secunda Vita di Clemente V.—Vertot: iv. 132.—Muratori—Platina: iii. 179.—The Templars went by Sicily to Greece, says Bosio. Why that round-about? At all events, what time to get *ricchissimi* in Greece by their savings *d'ogni anno*; since they left Cyprus in 1306, and were in France in 1307? Bosio: par. ii., lib. 1.

selves. But they were the very men who owed him most gratitude in this world, and, far bitterer woe, unworthy chief ministers of that sacred creed for the defence of which he had devoted his whole life to exile and danger; he who wanted neither wealth nor rank, but had them both from birth, as of one of the richest and noblest families in Burgundy. And if he had now become Grand Master, was it a step higher? Had he not been born a prince? Or whither does the Grand Mastery direct him? And not Mahometans his execrable assailants, but Christians. And who will now deliver him to the flames, after all they could to force him to disgrace himself by a false confession, and, what is still worse, succeeded in a certain fashion! But turn from such abominations. Yet what historian whose lot bids his passing that way, but is in honour and conscience bound to fling his tribute of execration on the murdered creature's grisly cairn? How exaggerated had been their wealth and numbers, was soon shown; for though France was the head quarters, and almost home to the Templars, they were found not thousands, but about seventeen score. Nor could it well be otherwise, since only ten got alive from Acre, and when, after a reinforcement from Europe, they lost one hundred and twenty in the Tartar war, it was held to be little

less than extermination;¹ and the property all confiscated to the crown did not much enrich it. It was in almost that kingdom alone, that the truth was put to a proper test; for though a year later, the Templars over the whole world were condemned by the Pope, and their order abolished, yet their estates were variously disposed of, in each different country. Spain passed them over to the order of Calatrava. Many kings shared them between their nobility and clergy. Many confiscated them partly, and partly doled them out in gifts to crusaders. In Germany having who resolutely demanded a trial, they were tried and acquitted.²

Woe to the corrupted! Worse woes to the cowardly! That our wicked enemy triumphs is not from our want of strength, but from our arrant cowardice! As the Pope abolished the whole institution, what availed their being proved innocent, except saving those individuals from the flames? As to their estates there, they melted away. Those in Portugal were given to the order of Christ, created on purpose.³ But no example that the persons of the Templars were subject to any capital punishment, except in France; nor their entire

¹ Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 526.—Forsell: iii. 10.

² Vertot: iv. 163.

³ Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 533.

property confiscated to the crown, except in France. So much astute wickedness at the time renders it hard to affirm whether it was or not with Villaret's free consent; but certainly it has that appearance, and bears his name and signature in full, and those of divers of his chiefs, a power of attorney, with the vote of all the knights assembled in council by the sound of the bell at Rhodes, as is the custom, naming a commission to go to Europe and receive the goods of the Templars.¹ It was in the 1312 second sessions of the Council of Vienna, on the 3rd of April, 1312, that in the presence of the King of France and his brother Valois, and three royal sons, the order of the Templars was abolished, and their property decreed to the Hospitallers;² so that whatever occurred up to that moment, could have been but a temporary expedient and almost private transaction in comparison.³ In England the order indeed was abrogated with a sigh; for England was Catholic, and what the Pope suppressed, it suppressed. But our king decided that 1313 their property should go to their natural

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xxix.—Appendix, cix.

² Platina: iii. 190. Note M.—Bosio: par. ii., lib. i., anno 1312.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. iii. Giun. Vatic. Secret.—Appendix, cliv.

heirs, and that it was for the parliament¹ and judges to declare who were such.² And so they did, for on an appeal from a family, one of whose ancestors in Ireland had left a considerable tenement to the Templars, and that family wishing to take it back, the full courts at London sentenced otherwise, and that the lands devolved to the Hospitallers, as in the case of a father who survives his son.³ And in strict conformity with this is the English sovereign's command.⁴ And it is a sign he had some entrails of pity in his composition, that he thought of allowing a daily allowance to the Templars; though it fills us with commiseration to think how gentlemen could exist on so wretched a pittance, and to what severe straits they must have been reduced to accept it. But it consoles a little, and has something I know not what, of sweet mercy, that of all Englishmen he selects the Prior of the Hospitallers for that charity, and ends by entreating him to execute his commission well; for that otherwise he should be much embarrassed to find another capable of easing his royal mind of future trouble re-

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xxvi.—Rymer.—Appendix, cx.

² Id. Id. xxx. Id. Id. cxi.

³ Lodge.—Sir William Betham.—Rot. Bi.:—Rolls and Records.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xxxi.—Rymer.—Appendix, Num. cxii.

garding those afflicted knights.¹ Elsewhere economy might have been one reason for killing them; for if they lived, could it have been on air? And they who were once so opulent, had now nothing; so that Molay had not threepence to fee a lawyer to defend him. The scoundrels gave him leave to have one, because they knew they had rendered him unable to avail himself of it.² While such were the nefarious transactions in Europe, Sir Fulk Villaret had been accomplishing the conquest of Rhodes, rather I should say the liberation of its native Christian population from their lawless tyrants, those Mahometan pirates. What became of the Colossus of Rhodes? Nothing of it was left, the rocks telling where its feet had stood. An earthquake threw it down, and its pieces remained on the beach for about a century, until in an incursion of Arabs, a Jew bought the fragments of brass, and carried them away, nine hundred camel loads. Objections that it would have fallen into the sea, savour of the hypercritical; for strange things are brought about by earthquakes.³ The

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xxxiv.—Rymer.—App., cxiii.

² Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 532.—Bosio: par. ii., lib. i., anno 1307.—Vertot: iv. 126.

³ Anciently, to be a Rhodian was a distinction, and some called themselves such who had not been born there. Bosio: par. ii., lib. i., anno 1309.

ancient tapestry of D'Aubuson showed terribly fierce assaults. More would be certain about the taking of Rhodes, were it not for the great fire in the archives there.¹ Next was to reduce, or rather visit (for that was enough) its dependencies, the islets of which there are several, the principal being the ancient Coos, country of Hypocrates and Apelles, since Lango, at present Stanchio, erected into a fief in favour of persons who had distinguished themselves in the last Rhodian war, not without commensurate obligations and charges regarding galleys and troops. At its conquest in 1314, it was confided in administration to the Langue of Provence, though afterwards, by the general chapter held² at Avignon, in 1356, opened to the whole order.³ Nor is it not to be observed that this is the first time Langues are spoken of, and seem to have crept in clandestinely; for neither at Jerusalem, Acre, or even Cyprus, are they mentioned. Nor did they fail to produce bad crops from their very beginning, though only seven at first, while most dignities were common to the whole order, at least in 1318.

Calamo, renowned for its honey, had two ex-

¹ Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 492.—Bosio: par. ii., lib. i.

² Id.: Notizie, ii. 498.

³ Bosio: par. ii., lib. i., anno 1317.

cellent ports and abounded in fresh watersprings, and, to Villaret's surprise, showed a tolerable commercial town close to the ruins of a fine city. Calchi was fertile, with a strong castle to keep off corsairs. Lero gloried in its quarries of marble. The 1314 soil of several of those islets was rich. One was splendidly wooded. Another famous for wines. Another drove a good trade in sponges brought from the bottom of the sea by divers—nor could any youth be married, until he was able to remain a certain number of minutes deep under water. But chiefly one was prized for its shipcarpenters, who had the art of building light craft renowned for swiftness all over the Levant, sail, oar, or both ways. One of the smallest islets, though designated as magisterial, because considered more peculiarly assigned to the grand master, as forming part of his private domain, St. Nicholas del Cardo, is by Bosio called Palma, and in another place, Palmosa, and that is Patmos.¹ ("Patmos, now Palmosa, where St. John wrote his revelation.")² And if it be so, however sterile, it is interesting to a Christian. Or are there two islands of the name of Patmos—one near Stanchio, and one

¹ Bosio: par. ii., lib. i., anno 1314. His words are clear; "Lisola del Patmo, modernamente detta Palmosa."

² Comp. Geogr., ii. 12.

close to Samos?¹ The question then is, which was of the writer of the Apocalypse? for that is the one which belonged to the Hospitallers.

Nizara (Porphyry), famous through all the Levant for its mill and building stones, had been likewise noted for its hot baths, and for its delicious fruit of all sorts, soon became as it were a second Rhodes, having a beautiful town, oramented with marble columns and statues, in signal abundance; and afterwards a grand cross of the order resided there, and it rose to be a bishop's see, suffragan of the Rhodian Archbishopric.²

After which review, in the company of Anthony De Beck (who it is doubtful whether he was or was not a member of the order, but then Papal legate, and at one time Bishop of Durham),¹ Villaret returned to Rhodes eager to indulge in a life of luxury and repose from his devoirs. But that was not yet to be, and the pirates who had escaped, had roused their Mahometan brethren of Asia Minor—among whom a thriving Tartar horde, and it is possible with some Comnenian blood. Yet the celebrated Ottoman had to retreat; although the

As in Mr. Murray's recent Map to his "Handbook in the East."

¹ Seb. Paoli: Notiz. Geogr., ii. 502.

Cod. Dipl. Geros, ii., Num. xviii.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 527.

knights were not given time to erect walls. New proof that valiant hearts and hands are the best of fortifications, and need none. But though Ottoman was driven from Rhodes, he attacked the other adjoining islets and ravaged them; and an obstinate and fierce war ensued, during which the knights are said to have received much assistance from Amadeo V. of Savoy, and that, to perpetuate the memory, his descendants have ever since worn the white cross; and, as device, the word *Fert* meaning *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit*. And why may it not be quite true?¹ To write devices by initials, was the custom then. As to the cross, indeed they bore it long before; probably from the first crusade; but they may have continued to bear it more exclusively, not using much any other, whether eagle or lion—the rather that they had become sovereign and independent princes, and wished to show it; and, as Menestrier observes truly, at that time amongst the Italians the cross in an escutcheon was a sign of freedom and independence, and hoisted by any municipality as a proclamation of liberty. It was the cap of liberty of the period.² Thus Florence had a cross half

¹ With some difference of date; but in the main Bosio agrees with the usual opinion about F. E. R. T.; par. ii., lib. vi. anno 1444.

² Art. de Blason, cap. vi.

white and half red, with the word *libertas*.¹ And the small town of Macerata having declared itself independent, displayed a cross and rebelled against its former government.² Undoubtedly since Amedeo was in England in 1309, and at Rome in 1310, he could not be at Rhodes in 1310; but he could very well be there in 1315, true date of his succour in question.³ It is surely strange to find a vacancy in 1315. But so it is. In 1306 he is in Dauphiny, in 1307 at the royal marriage in London, in 1308 at Montmellan with his son and Beatrice of Savoy; in 1309, at the coronation of the King of England; in 1310 at Chambery, and with the emperor on his passage into Italy; in 1311 he is to be traced at Vercelli, Milan, Rome, until his return to Piedmont in 1313; in 1314 in Dauphiny; but there we would have a stop, if it were not that he was at Rhodes in 1315. These particulars, because other historians have decided that Amadeo's visits to London and Rome precluded the possibility of his Rhodian feats. But on the contrary, it is very near proof certain that this chronology is correct, since it coincides with the year he could be at

¹ Borghini : Dis., ii. 143.—Appendix, cxiv.

² Appendix, cxv.

³ Buffier : Hist.—Nice foro Gregorio, vii.—Laonico Calcondela, 1.—Villani.—Appendix, cxv.

Rhodes; whereas, if it followed the vulgar error of placing the attack on the islets in 1310 (as for many other reasons no extremely attentive reader can), then indeed the whole ancient Piedmontese tradition were indubitably a fable. As to Amadeo's ancestors having worn the cross before him, that is no impediment to his having gone to Rhodes. Even the coin alleged may have been by the Louis, Baron of Vaud, who died in 1350; just as well as by his uncle of the same name, who died in 1301. And the *Fert* and the dog's collar on the tomb of the father of Amadeo V. prove nothing; for though very ancient, who knows when it was erected? If in the latter years of Amadeo V. himself, it would be a flattery to assign his device to his father. Such things are not uncommon in the fine arts. Virgil has several anachronisms. And in Raphael's great painting, the School of Athens, are there not cardinals and friars as auditors of Socrates, and companions of Plato? Therefore, registered as historic be what the learned diplomatist has high Piedmontese authority for, if his own were not more than sufficient. The knights
were enabled by Amadeo V. in 1315, to expel 1315
the Ottoman invaders from the islets, so that Rhodes might leisurely rebuild itself and fortify. But a few months were enough for quiet and luxury to

well knew how, in despite of all his fine words, the different sovereigns and their greedy nobles would in some way or other contrive to get most of the rest of it; that no reason whatsoever to expect that the cardinals and Papal prelates would not do, as with their oily discourse they had always been in the habit of doing—namely, under various pretexts, wriggle themselves, they or their relatives, into the richest commanderies and other benefices of the order, and dispense graces to favourites at no allowance, and in substance pursue with ungrateful pertinacity their own best defenders; and even the worse ill-treat them, the more they are sure of their devotedness, and that they would submit to any injustice, rather than rise against their spiritual chief; that they ought not to close their eyes against what he had just received, this copy of the French king's letter to the Pope, by which it is evident he desired to extinguish the Hospital as well as the Temple, and he read to them his true expressions.¹

“ Now if by reform that same was purely meant, you know I should not object; but it is that I know he means reform such as he used with the Templars. Clement praised those unfortunate gentlemen to the last, until they were entrapped into destruction.

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xxvii.—Appendix, cxvii.

Under pretence of reforming us, or uniting us to a new military order, the intention is to destroy us, and deprive us of all we have, and merge our name even (which has become too glorious for safety) in another from some unknown vocabulary, to serve its turn, and shortly be abolished. Yes, had our ancestors and we all acted less nobly well, we should not now be in so dangerous a predicament. Yet, at the very moment when prudence the most consummate is so requisite, you draw down the reproaches of censorial hypocrites. It is to ruin you and us all."

Yet what could be done, when Villaret, with his own debauchery, publicly warranted that of his subjects? This, and his monstrous favouritism, and occasional haughtiness and undue severity, and still more undue indulgence, caused tumults, which ripened into revolts, and even attacks upon
1317 his life. So that he had to throw himself on the Pope's protection; and we have Papal documents to this day of those disgraceful scenes. First, comes a letter of recommendation brought by a person who may have been a spy, *to console and advise*,¹ and next the brief. "We are sorry to know you have been assaulted, and obliged to fly from Rhodes by your own knights into a

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xlii.

fortress in another part of that island; and although their demeanour appears to have been most improper, yet you are accused of having partly occasioned it; so that we cite both them and you into our presence, to investigate the affair, and decide on due information." This parchment, like so many others, has just escaped out of its hiding-place, and appears in history for the first time.¹ Rumours went of one of Villaret's confidential menials having been bribed to poison, or otherwise murder his master, upon whose flight the rioters elected as *locum-tenens* the old knight Sir Maurice de Pagnac, who hardened them in their resistance to despotism; and that, little by little, such as Villaret would end by erecting an absolute tyranny instead of the order's primitive free institutions. To answer which, the Pontiff at the same time wrote a brief to Pagnac, calling him likewise to Avignon,² and another, naming a vicar of the order.³ Assuredly a new Pope, whatever internal dissent he may have felt from his predecessor's policy, followed it in the main, not sorry at this opportunity for a reasonable intervention, under cover of which he could deprive the knights and their grand master

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xliii.—Appendix, cxviii.

² Id., Id., Id. xliii.—Appendix, cxix.

³ Id., Id., Id. xlv. and xlvi.—Appendix, cxx.

of all independence, and dispose of his dignity himself, which eminently agrees with the mysterious terms wherein he writes to the King of France,¹ as well as that appearance of pleading the Hospitallers' right to the property of the Templars in the bull to the King of Sicily; but finishes by approving of his Majesty's determination, though he could not but have known full well it was to confiscate the chief part of it to the Sicilian crown, as indeed he did.² Nor is not the same evil intention observable in the bull to the King of Spain, in which he assents to the formation of the Montese Concordat consigning the Moorish war to another to be chosen, and the Valencian property of the Templars to maintain that new knighthood, and the Arragonese property given to the Hospitallers, with the accompaniment of what was sure to eat it up, the united expenses of that entire operation.³ Up to this date, it is clear that the commanders were mere administrators, removable at will upon the smallest sign, who retaining the value of their own dress and food, paid all the rest into the common treasure; and likewise it is laid down formally

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., and Num. xli.

² Id., Id. Num. xl., xlvii.—Appendix, cxxi.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii. Num. xxxvii. and Num. xxxviii.

by Bosio, that the *supreme* tribunal of the order is the chapter-general, to which the grand master and his knights and clergy alike submit.¹

So Villaret, and Pagnac, and some knights, went to Avignon, and Villaret was sentenced to accept a priory, but totally independent of any future grand master, and only responsible to the Holy See, which, to the guiltless order, was a double sacrifice, losing the rent of a priory, and paying a prior in no way obedient to it, and having a grand master either directly named by the Pope, or indirectly chosen under his influence. Nor did his Holiness deny himself the satisfaction of hurrying to direct a brief to the fallen grand master, wounding him more severely from the novelty, and showing him that he was no longer an independent sovereign, but miserably dependent, both in temporals and spirituals; for, after writing to Villaret as a king, and companion of kings, even so far on his journey as Naples,² he, within a few weeks, changes tone altogether, and does not give the fallen even the title of knight, as if he were not such any longer, but quite a private person, to whom he doles out a

¹ Bosio: par. ii., lib. i, anno 1321.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. l. and li.—Arch. Vatic. Secr.—Appendix, cxxii.

priory, in charity, at another's expense.¹ How long Sir Fulk continued to vegetate, is scarce worth notice; yet he remained in that forgotten state for years, never stirring from a castle of his sister's, to which he had retired, near Montpellier, where he was buried.² But his station was instantly con-
 1319 ferred on Sir Helion de Villanova,³ by a few knights summoned to elect him in the Papal palace itself; which, if an honour, was such a one as induced the belief in many people, that he was not merely favoured by the Pontiff, as he was publicly, but that he altogether received the dignity from him, and not from the order. If so, he testified his gratitude in kind, by selling one of the order's estates to his Holiness, near his native Cahors, where, being sprung from a low family, he was proud to enrich it.⁴ The pecuniary embarrassments of the order were real in proportion to its flushed expectations, when promised the exaggerated property of the Templars; but, in point of fact, only just so great as a usurer might wish, or perhaps

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. liv. and lv.—Arch. Vatic. Secr. Appendix, cxxiii.

² Appendix, cxxiv.

³ Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1322.—Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii., 463.

⁴ Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1325.—Vertot: v. 185, affirms the said Pope was son of a cobbler.—Grandson of a private soldier, according to an annotator on Platina, iii. 196, Note A.

cause, in order to lend it ready money at an enormous interest, or purchase its lands cheap. The date having been objected to, Seb. Paoli thought it necessary to corroborate it by an unanswerable document—the letter of John XXII. himself, which the perspicacious Bosio had never seen (since coming from the Vatican), but had formed his opinion without it—letter in which Villannova is advised not to abdicate, but accept the place of grand master to which he had been called—letter containing the names of the knights at the election, and dated Avignon, 14th of the Calends of July, 1319.¹ Perhaps in Bosio's time, things were too fresh; but now what harm that we know the secrets of the drama at Avignon, and the name of all the actors, by a document detected in the most secret corner of the archives of the Vatican and labelled secret? Villannova's election was irregular, what of that? It serves only to steady an historian in his path to truth, and enables him to find his way through those remote labyrinthine antiquities. Earlier it might have served malignity, but at present only aids laborious and innocent investigation. What quantity of good or harm the French revolution did, may be matter of opinion,

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. vi.—Gi. Vatic.—Appendix, cxxx.

but that it opened the archives of the world cannot be doubted.

Nor did the vicar cease command at Rhodes; but continued there as the *locum-tenens* of Villanova, who delayed a long time in Europe, impeded by a severe malady, and visiting the establishments in France, where (at Montpellier) he held a general chapter.¹ There Sir John Builbrulx was turcopolier. Does Builbrulx sound like an English name? Yet English he certainly was, and could not but be, since turcopolier. If ever was an exception, it was not at such a period; for then, for the first time, the order was formally divided into languages. The three grand crosses which hitherto had by custom never failed to be conferred on Englishmen alone, Grand Prior of England, Bailly of the Eagle, Turcopolier, were in that chapter-general made the property of the English language. That Builbrulx was at the same time made one of the conventual baillies, is a proof he was esteemed singularly sagacious and upright; for such baillies were chiefs of their different languages, or nations, and obliged always to reside with the grand master.² The use had crept on by degrees, and been found convenient; yet did not become legal with unanimity. For

¹ Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 464.

² Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1330.

though it was in a distant country, respecting Rhodes, and on treacherous ground, where it was requisite to weigh well every word; with the recent example of the Templars before their eyes *in terrorem*, and supported by high authority on the reasonable plea of equalising the commanderies; still there was no small minority against it, but nevertheless the majority made it a standing law. We for the future shall have to speak of Languages, for the present only seven,¹ exact conformity with Hallam, but soon eight, and of Inns belonging each to a Language. Consider them like what our own Inns of Court once were, European, not Eastern invention. No peculiarity of the order, which in that respect only kept clearly in the wake of custom; not merely for meals, but also for debating, each exclusively in its own language. That at the grand master's and in the chapters being Latin, French, or Italian, or a mixture of all three—a sort of *Lingua Franca*, varying according to time and place. “Unwilling am I,” said a knight, “to find fault in this chapter general, with whatever is the practice. Yet are there many who like me prefer staying here at home in Europe, where there are many occasions of usefully exerting bravery and military skill—where our religious rites can be more

¹ Hallam : *Lit of Europe*, i.

solemnly performed, and whence there may chance to be a crusade—rather than drag a tepid existence in a small island so distant from Palestine, that it appears to several against both the letter and spirit of our profession—as it did to our choicest members at Cyprus—persisting to squander our time, wealth, and force in hostilities against pirates, on that unfaithful element to which we were unused (and worse if we become used to it), instead of backing our own good steeds on a wide continent, not shut up in a paltry ship, but established in some illustrious metropolis, where we can apply to our duty of exercising magnificent hospitality on an extended scale, and curing the infirm of every Christian nation, or advance to battle at the head of the armies of all Christendom. It is this vile Rhodian war that has reduced us to these present embarrassments of finance,¹ and the monstrous interest we have to pay to the Florentines. Thence a division in our order, as is proved by our holding this debate in land not our own, and our order shall dwindle away perhaps, until its very existence shall soon cease. A few may grumble; but here we have our grand master with us, and here let us remain.”

And when riches were spoken of, and the great

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros, ii., Num. liv., lvi. Vatic.—Consideratis oneribus dicti Hospitalis; magnum ejusdem prejudicium.

expenses to which Villaret had put the order by the conquest of Rhodes, it called up a rather aged knight: "Yet we should be rich (though probably for only moments) if the property of the Templars had been given us, as promised. It is not the Rhodian war (nobly employed money), nor was Villaret then other than a deserving hero, and as such his name will go down to posterity; but it was crafty politics that broke down his fine mind, and drove him on dissipation, which was artfully increased by the promises held out to him. I know I am trenching on perilous matters, but nevertheless I had rather say the truth, and be also burned alive, than remain silent before this august meeting of our own brethren, and seem by my silence to consent to throw a blot, through our late grand master, on our whole brave body and their exertions on so many days of glory, at the expense of so much blood, and the lives of so many of our renowned companions. Are not the papers in two mountains before us? And besides what we see, how much is unseen? It is easy to trick warriors. A million times rather tricked than trick. From this basest of wickedness, O Lord, deliver us! I despise their tricks far too deeply to envy them. Much better would it have been for us—a thousand times better—never to have been insulted with

offer of any of the Templars' spoils. A base offer! but worse, a plot to ruin us.¹ Bulls misled us into expenses that indeed are ruinous; effeminate vices (not the Rhodian war) generated the consequent destructive and shameful debts, and were beneficial to none but villanous usurers. Behold the rolls of those royal and imperial folk²—whom I cannot much blame, since they possibly act in favour of their own dominions. Rely on those despots, who will! Few of them but take the Templars' property to themselves, under a thousand excuses. So we incur all the odium, and they have all the profit; even so, it is better for us not to have ill-gotten goods. It were a profanation, a desecration, an infamy never to be washed out. Besides I tell you what has been often told you by revered lips, that it is the work of infernal conspirators. Instead of vainly descanting on that, let us bend to necessity, and allow that there is a relaxation of discipline which ought to be amended by obliging all the commanders to leave off loitering in Europe, and remove to head quarters, wherever it be, for at least some years, under pain of losing their com-

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii. Num. xxii., xxiii., xxiv., xxxviii., xxxix., xl., xli., liv., lviii.—Giunt. Vatic., iii., iv., v.—Appendix, cxxvi., cxxvii.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xxvii., xxx., xxxi., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxiv., xxxv., lvi.

manderies; and let such residence be a necessary qualification for any of the high employments. Rhodes will thus cease to be looked on as a place of exile; and idlers, by this removal from infection, may learn some probity and honour. Therefore, most venerated vicar, I beseech you not to think of me—though one of your most dutiful servants—but of what I have said; and allow me to propose a law of that nature to this assembly.”

And so it was proposed and passed, and stands on the statute-books still. But was it executed? It is to be hoped it was, sometimes at least—however feebly.¹ That vicar, or *locum-tenens*, was the De Pins who had been made such in 1317, and still retained the situation, the grand master being absent. Never had the vicar the least pretension to be more, nor is he ever named anything else, in the documents.² Vertot has no excuse!³ Vertot
 is full of errors. Thus he talks of a bull of 1325
 1323, and upon no such thing being found, he is supposed to have meant that of 1322. Which is however to the King of England, and not to the

¹ Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1331.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lix.—Appendix, cxxvi.

³ Seb. Paoli: Serie Chron., ii., 463.—Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xlv.—Appendix, cxxv.

Hospitallers.¹ Or who is willing to believe what he tells us of De Pins (who had been vicar now above twelve years, during which the order went on acquiring naval customs and that vicar himself an able seaman) having put, under whatever plea of expediency, all the able-bodied but unarmed men of a colony to the sword, and permitted the rest and the women and children, to be carried into slavery?² Vertot cites no authority for the enormity he relates, and proud am I of my inability to discover any. That John XXII. kept a sharp look out, on at least his noblest spies, is evident from his secret letter to the order's prior at Pisa.³ Sir Thomas Larchier, who was Prior of England in 1329 and had been for several years before, abdicated; and Sir Leonardus de Tybertis took his place. Why? Was it a single exception at the king's desire? But he might have been an Englishman, though then the order's ambassador at Venice.⁴ At all events, Tybertis lived little.⁵

Nor even when Villannova embarked at last in

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lviii.

² Vertot: v. 184.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lx.—Giunt. Vatic. Secret.—Appendix, cxxxi.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxi.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 537.

⁵ He was the twenty-second Prior of England. Appendix, xxx.

1332, was it without some difficulty on the score of his health, which was not yet strong enough to support so long a voyage, in the Pontifical opinion.¹ Nor did he find any difficulty to engage the vicar to deliver up the supreme power, nor had there not been transactions during that length of period, chiefly as to adding to the fortifications of the city of Rhodes itself, and the other chief towns of the island, as well as various strong towers and castles round all its coasts, not omitting several fortresses in the environing islets. The shipping too had considerably increased, and now merited the name of a fleet. Just previous to the arrival of Villanova, the King of Castile had attempted to create a new order, and endow it with the spoils of the Templars, but the Pope refused his consent; which did not make any essential change, since they went to Calatrava just the same, which could not but occasion discontent in the Spanish language at Rhodes.² 1332

One of the first things which Villanova and his senate had to decide, was whether to enter into a league with France and Venice against the Turk, which that the order assented to 1335

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxiii.—Vatic. Secret.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxii.—Vatic. Secret.—Appendix, cxxxii.

is not curious; nor that Venetians soon left them in the lurch.¹ But what of Sir Deodate and the dragon? St. George and the dragon for a wager! It is about this time! What of that?—What? That it is a fable to be sure. Yet its being totally a fable (as following good authorities, I am prepared to affirm) were no sufficient reason for not relating it. Beyond doubt Livy knew, just as thoroughly as his modern readers, that many of the things he tells could not possibly be true. Yet he tells them nevertheless! For they showed what those times believed. When savages bored a traveller with some wonder of their idol, that he recounts it is no proof in the least that he believes it. No truth surely, in itself; but it is true in this, and thus far, that it demonstrates how over easy they are in credence. Why should the historian be taxed with the fictions he quotes? His business is to inform us how such a nation thought, not how he thinks. Describing a crime, is he for that criminal? But the story I refer to would give a false opinion of those times; as if it could have been entertained then, and I am quite persuaded it could not; but that it was the invention of posterity, when become too prone to accuse their ancestors. Superhuman, perhaps! But this was nothing superhuman, nor even pretended to be.

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxx.—Vatic. Secret.

People had the contrary before their eyes, and it accorded with their every-day experience to resort to facile means of instantly annihilating a hideous wild beast, without any personal exposure of coming to close quarters with it, which would have only been ridiculous in those distant days, as well as in our own. Regulus and his army in Africa, do not apply here. The Romans having but swords, lances, and arrows, how could they manage with a boa whose dried skin measured one hundred feet and more? But not only gunpowder was used a little by the Turks, in 1330; but was so ordinary at that time, that they made use of it invariably and profusely, at every little battle or siege, showed every person what sufficed, at once, to consume any scales, however thick. And, although the generous spirit of the knights might reject it against fellow-creatures; yet naturally they could not be scrupulous concerning a noxious serpent, which had already been fatal to some of their own companions. The Greek fire could be thrown either from the hand in the shape of a grenade, or from tubes, like a rocket, at any mark a considerable distance off; and what could melt and consume iron and brass, could the toughest hide. Or a ball or steel point, if shot from the zembourek, could pass through a stout cuirass of the best steel; and

what greater resistance from a skin, however hard? So there would have been no necessity for a personal combat, on horseback—too pickering round and round as at a regular tourney. The warrior may have had his couple of bulldogs trained in Europe, to attack the belly, which is the weak point in most animals; and on that the whole story seems to have been raised, not by contemporaries, but in posterior ages. So it were doubly erroneous in me to enter into a prolix account of what is probably not only false, but tends to give a false opinion of the times in question.¹ Perhaps I have said too much about it as it is; but I thought it necessary to give substantial reasons for rejecting what cuts such a figure in Vertot, and is, indeed, in great part, an idle tale magnified into undue importance by himself.² As to the inscription on the tomb, “cy gist le vainqueur du dragon”—a more than dubious fact—that epitaph avails little, except

¹ Seb. Paoli: Serie Chron., ii. 464.

² Vertot: v. 194. Yet as I may have tickled curiosity, which was not my intention, here is the whole substance of the story, warning it dull enough. A dragon in the island of Rhodes, killed several people, and as many knights as went to attack him; so the grand master forbade any more. But Sir Deodate went to France, and returning with his dogs, slew the monster. Instead of praise, he was punished for disobedience; yet acquired the name of Champion, and it is said to have been written on his tomb.

you can tell who was the dragon. What is sure is, that the warrior was noted for his independent boldness of spirit, and that his order had much to exasperate their minds at that period; and even while a mere knight, he was looked upon by his brethren as their champion. They were too much occupied with a human dragon, to have leisure for an inferior class; threatened as the order were with that prodigious expense, the maintenance of the entire Christian fleet,¹ not voluntarily, but against their will, and clearly beyond their ability, in spite of their most oppressive self-taxation; *mortorio* and *vacante* being then first levied, as well as the plate and jewels of the dead, with whatever could be saved by a rigid limiting of the knights' table to one substantial dish, flesh or fish, and pursued by homilies severer than to the Templars, at the very moment those luckless gentlemen had been under sentence of dissolution and martyrdom, it might be expected a like destiny awaited themselves. While they were in a permanent state of war with the Turk, who never left them a moment's quiet—all their heroic efforts did not prevent European slanderers from converting the brightest trophy of their domestic politics, that not a poor man was in their dominions, into a cause of grave reproof; for

¹ Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1344.

at this very date is it recorded, how under their wise government mendicancy had entirely disappeared, there being plenty of labour for every individual in health, and for the sick and invalid a magnificent hospital to retire to, where they found abundant comforts of all kinds spiritual and temporal;¹ confronting which, and the contented mediocrity of commerce and of social luxuries at that time in Rhodes, with the exuberance of wealth, mendicity, discontent and worse, and of colonies and manufactures at present in the most advanced nation in Europe, suggest an intricate question for wiser heads than mine. Yet was this their excellent example of real charity and true statesmanship, turned into an accusation of not giving alms, or rarely and but little. No wonder then, if their most inoffensive recreations were made sins of the blackest hue. Exiles, ascetics, cut off from the enjoyment of society, a sluggard called it criminal in them to have fine dogs and horses—as if it were a holier thing to indulge in curs and bone-setters, forgetting they were not mendicant friars, but soldiers of the noblest houses of Christendom, young barons and heirs to large fortunes, if they pleased.²

¹ Vertot: v. 192.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxix.—Appendix, cxxxiii.

Sir Philip de Thame was twenty-third Prior of England in 1342, and long before—and a great favourite of the then King (Edward III.), who with difficulty allows of his going to Rhodes, and requires his return quickly, for that his government cannot well go on without him; and that he was an Englishman, so not to quit the kingdom without leave, under a great fine.¹ A violent Turkish campaign rendered the year 1346 more full of fierce conflicts and dissensions than usual,² in which the Hospitallers of course took a prominent part; when, in the midst of such scenes, poor Villanova died, to the great grief of the Pope, as was to be expected.³

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxviii.—Seb. Paoli writes Thames; others, Thane.—Appendix, xxx.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxi.

³ Seb. Paoli : Serie, ii. 464.

CHAPTER II.

SIR DEODATE DE GOZON the magnanimous, must have been elected before the latter days of June in 1346 ; since one of the documents found by Seb. Paoli in the secrets of the Vatican, is the Papal congratulation on his election to the grand mastery, dated the 4th of the Kalends of July, the fifth of his Pontificate.¹

The story of that courageous and princely Provengal's choice of himself, is quite as fabulous as about the serpent; for Clement VI. in that confidential paper affirms he who was grand preceptor² hesitated whether he would accept the dignity of grand master unanimously offered to him, and only

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. viii. Vatic. Secret.—Appendix, cxxxiv.

² Bosio has Great Commander, by a slight error of the press, I suppose, or pen; and Bosio had never seen this Vatican document: par. ii., lib. iv., anno 1346.

accepted at length after mature reflection ; which diffidence agrees with his two subsequent attempts at abdication, until dissuaded by the highest authority in those days. Yet during his short reign he did much, both as to the Turkish war, and domestic policy; and sent a circular to the Priors of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, lamenting that they had never paid any responsions since the loss of Acre; yet could not but have learned the order was seated at Rhodes, so he cited them formally to send them yearly to the Receiver in Flanders.¹ Responsions were only a very easy head or quitrent on commanderies, leaving abundant sufficiency to the holders—a priory being the aggregate of several commanderies.

Sir Deodate won a sea-fight against the Turks near Lemnos, taking a hundred and twenty of their small vessels, and put to flight the thirty-two largest,² and while he kept the order neutral between Genoese and Venetians, when these latter over the former won a victory, celebrated through all that century,³ he protesting he could not prevent individual knights from siding with either; and that individuals could not do much

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxii.—Appendix, cxxxv.

² Bosio : par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1347.—Vertot : v. 224.

³ Platina : iii. 226, Note H.

harm on either side, since they counterbalanced each other.¹ The order was in great esteem then both in Europe and the Levant, most of the chief captains in Spain and Italy being Knights of Rhodes; and as for the Pontifical States (at that time a principal Italian power) nearly all its governors of celebrity, including even the Duke of Spoleto, were of the same.² Sir Deodate finding many of his commanders so protected by the Pope and the Kings of France and Castile, Arragon, Portugal, England, and others, that he was unable to reduce them to obedience, he renewed his abdication in too urgent terms to be refused; and while consent (making itself precious) was coming, he employed his hours in the useful toil of adding to the fortifications of the city of Rhodes, when in

December of 1353, he had a stroke of apoplexy, that at his great age was instant death.³ His successor was Sir Peter de Cornillan, or Cormelian, a Provençal gentleman, Prior of St Gilles, and remarkable for the regularity of his life, and austere and ancient manners; as the new

Pontiff well observes in his brief to the knights, approving highly of their choice,

¹ Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1356.

² Id.: anno 1348.

³ Seb. Paoli: Serie Chron., ii. 464.—Bosio: par. ii. lib. ii., anno 1353.

sweet as the perfumes of myrrh!¹ In the very last days of 1354,² a ship with the Papal banner entered the harbour of Rhodes, and soon was it known that it bore an embassy, at the head of which was the Grand Prior of Castile, who, with the other two commanders, had a stately audience from the grand master almost immediately. "Not only with that letter, dated last August, and which orders me back to Avignon within February next, and if the first part of my voyage has been dilatory, the fault is of foul weather, and not mine; nor shall it be mine in the other half either, for I shall return on board as soon as I have a reply, this very day. But also I am charged by his Holiness to tell the grand master and council how continually he is receiving complaints³ of the inaction and lethargy of the order; and that they are living too far from Palestine, where they ought to reside, and carry on war against the Turk, as the whole world knows they could; that even if they lived in Greece or Italy, it were better than in this little out-of-the-way island; that the fortifications you are erecting round Rhodes, are totally useless and superfluous, and merely display your own ill-will, and determi-

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., xi. Giunt. Vatic. Secret.

² Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1354.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxiii.

nation to be of no utility to Christendom; that you ought to be giving battle to the Paynim in some part of the Continent, where success would be of real importance and extremely easy; that it is the public voice, it would be greatly preferable to create a new order, and cut you down as a withered tree, like the Templars; and that, finally, your Smyrna quota should not be allowed to fall into arrear, but be paid annually at Avignon, as treaties duly explained prescribe, and his Holiness commands peremptorily.”¹ Which struck the poor old grand master mute, from astonishment and mortification; whence one of the grand crosses rose, and got leave to answer: “You, Heredia, of all men, should be the last to speak thus to him your sovereign, and us your brethren! Why are you Prior of Castile and Castellan of Emposta, one of the highest of our order, and some say the highest private dignity in Europe, and next to the grand-mastery itself? Why are you ambassador at Avignon? Is it not our goodness? Do you not owe it all to us? Why take the round by Avignon? It is with us must be sought what you probably desire! Will you never discern better? Do we not wink at your errors and continual absence? You are certainly

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxiv.—Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1359.

much oftener at Avignon than Rhodes, which ought not to be. Who avoids danger here? Why this is the very post of danger and honour! Reside in Palestine! we heartily wish we could. But could we? How? His Holiness says the whole world knows we could; but I for my part am entirely at a loss to imagine how, except all Christendom jumped up in arms like one man to assist us; but that is neither possible, nor perhaps desired by that Holy See which thinks European crusades far more necessary. The Smyrna quota with us has never been in arrear, nor please God ever shall. It shall be paid strictly, as the treaty says; but not to Avignon, to be eaten up by greedy churchmen; but directly to the furnishers of arms and stores for the Turkish war. The arrears are of the Papacy, that never has paid an obolo. Leave it to the infidels to call them devils, that most brave, most barbarously ill-treated garrison.¹ We entreat the Pontiff to pray for their souls; for unless Christian succours bestir themselves, the choice of our chivalry may every hour be cut to pieces—as indeed their profession inculcates—nor will they shrink from it! But should we calumniate or disregard them? Fortifications superfluous? Would they may not

¹ Diables enragés.—Chereffedin Ali.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 539.

be found not strong enough! Why threats and reproofs towards such honest servants? New order is but the usual scarecrow. Glorious fools like us are not so easy to find. What are we, if not too devoted and too patient?"

Limited as were Sir Peter's days, he had a chapter holden at Rhodes, not living as long, as with his usual inexactitude, Vertot pretends, much less nine years as Foxans, but twenty-two months as Bosio,¹ or rather until about mid autumn of 1355, as Seb. Paoli decides.²

His successor was Sir Roger de Pins, likewise of the language of Provence, and related to that Sir Odo de Pins, who had been the twenty-third grand master in Cyprus. This Sir Roger held a chapter at Rhodes likewise, in which many excellent statutes were made for the administration of commanders, and forbidding servants-at-arms to wear exactly the same cross as the knights. Prince of the utmost courtesy and most merciful feelings, at the same time a rigid disciplinarian, and of generosity and propriety of conduct, he reigned candid during ten no candid or quiet years.³ Of the most splendid devotedness was the conduct of the
1355 knights, at Smyrna, in universal opinion,

¹ Bosio: par. ii., lib. ii., anno 1355.

² Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 464. ³ Id.: Id., ii. 464.

including that of their declared enemies; yet did it draw down a reproach from him¹ in whose service they were dying with a heroism that the rest of the world celebrated. They had declared the post untenable, but when ordered to hold it, 1358 they died in the attempt. What more could mortals do? “Honore tamen super omnia preservato,” says the describer of that siege.²

This twenty-ninth grand master had the statutes, which were written in French in 1300, translated, the cream of them, into Latin, and with the conventual seal to them, sent a copy to each priory.³ It was some compensation for the injustice, 1360 where least to be expected, that a tribute of grateful respect was paid by the north of Europe, by a donation to the order, from the Marquises of Brandenburg and Lusatia, “High Chamberlains of the Holy Roman Empire,” of a kind of island between the Elbe and the Weser, and comprising several districts once a bishopric, afterwards a principality, and modernly a part of Lower Saxony. Its date is Taengermunde and Vranckenvorde in die *beati Marcelli Martyris*, 1360.⁴

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxiv.

² Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 540.—Beltramo, quond. Leonard de Mignanellis, de Senis tunc in illis partibus commorantis. M.S. di Siena.

³ Bosio: par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1357.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxv.

The thirtieth grand master, if by descent a Spaniard, was a Provençal by birth, in line from the Counts of Barcelona, sovereigns of Catalogna, certainly, and perhaps of Italy.¹ Whatever blaze of glory he inherited from his ancestors, Sir Raymond de Berenger showed his were qualifications to add to its lustre. After taking Alexandria by surprise, and burning the piratical fleet in its port,² a very bold and necessary exploit, though at the expense of one hundred knights killed, and a great
 1365 loss of horses (for those pirates spread destruction throughout the Christian shores of the Mediterranean), his return to his island was instantly followed by a letter to the procurator general for all the receivers to be commanded forthwith to send in all the responsions, and arrears, and debts, they could possibly collect, with whatever they could get on credit, to enable the order to resist the invasion of Rhodes that was on the point of ensuing by the Sultan of Babylon, in league with the Turks;³ so that in this most urgent danger the monies were absolutely requisite to its very existence, and this official note bearing the date of

¹ Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 466.

² Bosio: par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1365.

³ Id.: Id., anno 1366.

the twentieth of March, 1365,¹ demonstrates how expeditious Sir Raymond was, to have planned and executed such a feat in two winter months. A few weeks later he wrote letters to the Pope, the Emperor, the Kings of France, Hungary, England, Scotland, Arragon, Dacia, Poland, the Queen of Naples, the two Archdukes of Austria, and the Doge of Venice, to each a separate letter in Latin, imploring their aid for Christendom.² But what did that noble commencement avail? The letters were unattended to, and worse still, the division into Languages began already to produce its dreadful effects. That between the Languages of Provence and of Italy had got high, so began his doubts of his own ability for the grand mastership, and that another of more skill would succeed better, and he wished to abdicate; but the Pope refused his consent.³ Do not ask what the Pope had to do with it; for the Pope was their spiritual head, and then stood very high in the estimation of all men.

In 1366, some refugee Armenians were permitted to establish in the island of Samos, and we see what industrious Bosio could not have seen; a brief to

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxvi.

² Bosio : par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1366.

³ Id. : Id., anno 1373.

the emperor instigating him to assist the Hospitallers.¹ In the same 1366, the order sends to buy horses at Naples to take to Rhodes, where, also, a chapter general met, in which the turcopolier was a Sir William Middleton.² Fact is we find the grand master at Genoa, with Urban V., and the Admiral and Prior of Rhodes, and many knights of the order, all of them lodged in its house in that city, in 1367.³ Not that Gregory XI. did not remove the Papal Court from Avignon, passing by Genova, a little later, but also Urban V. had done the same, but returned and died in France.⁴ In the disputes between Provence and those of Italy, an appeal was made to his Holiness, who deputed two cardinals to hear and decide; so that Languages had too soon the result of trials out of the order,⁵ and if followed up had superseded grand masters and general chapters altogether, and completely undermined the first basis of its independence. What was it but not to be governed by themselves, or representatives, but by another?

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., xii. — Giunt, ii. 405.—Appendix, cxxxvii.

² Bosio : par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1366.

³ Seb. Paoli : Serie, ii. 465.—Bosio.—Petrarch.—Append., Num. cxxxvi.

⁴ Platina : iii. 242.

⁵ Bosio : par. ii., lib. 3, anno 1372.

In 1373, Smyrna was again in the hands of the Christians, and threatened with a mighty invasion of Turks by sea and land, the then Pope writes to the Hospitallers to guard it well, since to their care it was confided.¹ This in February, but in June he begs the grand master not to assist the Genoese, who were going to attack Cyprus.² And at that very same day and place, but probably at a late hour, he receives and answers an embassy from the grand master, and blames his knights, and that Raymond himself ought to restrain their freedom of speech, and that besides this written brief, which he sends by a trusty ecclesiastic, there will also be another ecclesiastic, who will let him know 1373 the same, still more seriously, by word of mouth.³

Early in 1374,⁴ there was a chapter of the order holden at Avignon, at which Berenger did not attend, for "*his great age*,"⁵ but in which, though its being not in Rhodes, but on a foreign shore, testified it lay under foreign influence, nothing improper

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xiii.—Giunt. Vatic. Secret.

² Id., Id., Id., xiv. Id. Id. —Appendix, cxxxviii.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xv.—Giunt. Vatic. Secret.—Appendix, cxxxix.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxxi.

⁵ Seb. Paoli : Osservazioni, ii. 465.

or disagreeable to him was enacted, so that his death was preceded by a gleam of content. He expired in the spring of that year; for then he was succeeded by Sir Robert de Julliac, Grand Prior of France, elected in Rhodes, but at that time in his priory. So passing by, he did his homage to the Pope, from whom he received the charge
 1374 of Smyrna, in the name of his order, with an assignment on the tithes of the kingdom of Cyprus of one thousand livres annually, to maintain the garrison.¹ Not, certainly, of the hardest, yet hard, at first sight, to find *Alis* for Hales—Sir Robert Hales, who became the twenty-fourth Prior of England, towards the close of Edward the Third's reign.² The Scotch as well as the Irish commanderies formed an integral part of the English Language, and its grand priory the grand priory of England. Only the first of the Irish commanders was indulged with title of prior, in courtesy. Scotland did not think an empty ambiguity worth having, though its kings squabbled about it.³

Julliac indubitably was alive in August, 1376,⁴

¹ Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 466.

² Bosio: par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1376.—Appendix, xxx.

³ Id.: Id., anno 1376.

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxx.—Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 466.—Appendix, cxl.

since we have it under his own hand in the document inserted in the bull: so that at all events they are a little in error who sustain he died in the preceding June.¹ But be it permitted to add, for my own part, that he continued grand master some days after March, 1377, date of the bull which still calls Heredia Castellán d'Emposta; who, however, became elected to the grand mastery before the 21st of August next ensuing, of which he is the *fili Magister*.²

Gregory XI., as Vertot has it, with some not unusual want of exactitude³ as to dates—to disdain which may in his time have passed for genius—sailed from Marseilles, reached Genoa on the 18th October, 1376, landed at Corneto, and spent the Christmas there, and entered the mouth of the Tiber early in January, when Heredia, then Grand Admiral of the order, Castellán d'Emposta, is described as a hale old man with a white beard, holding the ship's helm,⁴ and, as ambassador of the order, bearing its standard—real Gonfalon of the Church—on the entrance into Rome on the 17th of

¹ Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 466.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxxi.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 541.—Appendix, cxli.

³ Vertot: v. 289.

⁴ Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 466.—Appendix, cxlii.

January, in 1377.¹ His election in the next spring or summer at Rhodes made him instantly set out; for until then he had been a resident at the Papal Court as the order's ambassador, and Governor of Avignon and the contiguous country for the Pope. Also he went on extraordinary embassies to France, England, Spain, his native country; but however frequent, his usual residence was Rome.² If it were to convert an able dangerous opponent into a zealous friend, it was surely wise policy; since, though a knight of the order, he was at all times ready to sacrifice its interest to that of the Court he served; which being the central point of Christendom at that time, and he its prime minister, he had acquired the personal esteem of nearly every noted statesman in Europe; and having added great opulence to his elevated birth and mental qualifications, he was considered a personage of extreme distinction. The misfortunes of his latter years notwithstanding, the Knights of Rhodes chose well, and he will for ever be cited as one of the best and most worthy of their noble grand masters. That his brother was Grand Justiciary of Arragon, and their ancestry of the most illustrious of Spanish grandees, is little to what he was himself. Before

¹ Platina : iii. 251.—Muratori : Note D.

² Bosio : par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1376.

leaving Rome, he may have been given the bull LXXXI. to regulate his conduct at Rhodes; which he did not reach,¹ since on his way he aided the Venetians to take Patras, and afterwards in an incursion into the Morea² with the Christian army, he, near Corinth, fell into an ambush, and was made prisoner by the Turks; who, on his refusal to allow his knights to pay a considerable sum as they offered, with three priors as hostages for the payment, he, thanking them, opposed it as contrary to the statutes and injurious to the treasury, so that, if ransomed at all, it should be by his own family, not by the order; for that though it was by a stratagem, in no fair battle, yet in whatever way, a knight imprisoned is a knight dead. On which the infidels carried him into the Albanian mountains, where he underwent the harshest slavery,³ not however for several years, as pretended; and his family must have sent his ransom the instant they heard it, since he had got to

¹ Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 467.

² Bosio: par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1378.

³ Yet not improbable is Bosio's version, quoting Foxanus, that the grand master was at last persuaded to abide by the first agreement, and left three hostages while the money was coming from Rhodes, which it did immediately, and in every likelihood was repaid as soon as it could come from Spain. The hostages (who all three volunteered), were, the Prior of England, of St. Gilles, and of Rome. Bosio: par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1378.

1381 Rhodes before the 28th of March, 1381, which is the date of his letter to the order's captain general in Smyrna to take and try for high treason not a knight, but an officer in the pay of that town, and if found wholly or in part guilty, have the condign sentence put into execution instantly.¹ In a chapter general during his absence, it was ordained that the knight or servant-at-arms, who did not keep his horse and a man to groom him properly, and who had not his arms in order, and did not exercise himself frequently in shooting, should neither receive food from the order nor money.²

If a senex in 1377, what was Heredia four years older? Yet no doubt this command alone suffices to show he had the promptitude and decision of youth. He was moreover a fine example that a lofty mind does not become penurious from age; quite the contrary, as indeed should always naturally be, for the longer man lives, the more he sees how passing little is what can be bought with money, speaking merely of this world—nor love, nor friendship; nor anything of the honours worth having—much less wisdom or things truly valuable have their price in gold; fair fame, peace of mind,

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxxii.—Appendix, cxliii.

² Bosio: par. ii., lib. 3, anno 1380.

one moment's tranquil sleep, can money buy them? What veritable dross then is money! Money-maker as he had been in his youth and manhood—even to upwards of fifty, and consequently enormously rich, and *crescit amor nummi quanto ipsa pecunia crescit*, he showed himself generous and splendid, the very reverse of avaricious, from the moment made grand master; as careful of the order's interests and privileges, as before neglectful of them; and parsimonious as to its treasury, was most liberal of his own; and his splendour and generosity always went on increasing to his last breath, and he ended by becoming remarkable for something not unlike prodigality! And so it is without the least wonder, as to the brightest-minded; because the longer they exist, the clearer they discern the petty value to be put on human wealth—what a trifling portion of happiness it can purchase, if any; how shallow, fleeting, utterly insignificant, are what the purse-proud term riches! But finding the majority of his order in favour of Urban VI. as legitimately Pope, however personally tyrannical and finally odious.¹ The great

¹ Very ferocious; accused of having had five of the suspected cardinals tied up in as many sacks, and thrown into the sea during his voyage from Naples to Genoa. — Bosio: par. ii. lib. iv, anno 1384.

schism beginning in 1379, Urban died, and other Popes too, but the schism went on and lasted forty years, with infinite evils to all Christendom, and doubts and disputes among the best men.¹ Naples, Savoy, France, Arragon, Castile, taking one side, and Germany, England, Hungary, Poland, and the greatest part of Italy, the other, Heredia resolved on going to Europe, to endeavour to restore peace; yet, before he left Rhodes, took an oath not to give any place or exert magisterial authority in any way or dispose of the public property, till back on the island, according to a statute made in the late chapter convened in his own name; and carried several of the chiefs of the order with him to observe his conduct, of which they could on no occasion disapprove, for it was always in the highest degree disinterested and eminently noble. What passed in his interior, none can say; but if he rather inclined to the country he was native of, and that in which he resided so many years, it was no marvel; and if he avoided exposure to the violence of party, his companions never objected to that prudence; and in retiring to Avignon and his old friends, he appears to have renounced politics entirely, and taken a resolution to keep exclusively in

¹ Bosio : par. ii., lib. iii., anno 1379.

private life. Never more do we hear of his meddling with the world's affairs. Others used his name indeed, but he remained perfectly passive. It is probable he abdicated about 1383, though we have no decided proof,¹ but he is said to have lived until 1399; and during those final years, sent two ships at his own expense for the Smyrnian war, as well as large gifts of money to the order's treasury several times, without inquiring what party reigned, or who governed at Rhodes. Farewell then, brave and glorious Heredia! Farewell, high-minded nobleman. If thou didst take the wrong side, yet so did also a large minority of thine order, eight cardinals, and many of the finest countries in Europe, including the whole of thy native country, Spain, and dear, lovely France! Hard for thee to decide!

Sir Richard Caracciolo, a Neapolitan gentleman, was made the thirty-third grand master; but appears never to have been at Rhodes. And 1383 all recounted of him is, that in 1391 he established a house of Hospitallers at Florence; nor could any of his acts have been of high worth, since they were

¹ This is the critical date according to some, when the nomination to various dignities, which until then had been conferred by the chapters general, was allotted to the grand masters in council.—Bosio : par. ii., lib. iv.. anno 1383.

all subsequently annulled and forgotten.¹ And as he was born in Italy, there too he died in 1395, as his sepulchre testifies on the Aventine.² Of Caracciolo's grand mastery no one has a right to demur, leaving him out, like Vertot; since the inscription had the authority of the Holy See *ipso facto* by permitting it, and a cardinal renewed it when almost worn out by time.³

Then Sir Bartlo Caraffa bore the title of *locum-tenens* for a few months, as his tomb—also on
1395 the Aventine—shows; of whom we know little, except that he was a lover of young lions, and two years before his death, had a letter from the Common Council of Florence excusing their not being able to send him any, the cubs having died that winter of the cold; but promising him the next litter, that republic having the breed.⁴ Yet since not he, it must have been a *locum-tenens* of his, though under the name of grand master, who was at the unfortunate battle of Nicopolis, where Bajazet, previous to his conflict with Timour, had to withstand the united strength of France, Venice, Papacy, Hungary, Greece, Germany, and the Knights of

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxxiv.

² Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 467.

³ Id., Id., ii. 467.

⁴ Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 542.—Gian. Villani: x. clxxxv.

Rhodes. The Venetian, Papal, and Greek fleets acted under Moncenigo; but French, Germans, Hungarians, came overland.¹ And the knights, always ready for action, either on sea or sod, as if amphibious, left their galleys with maritime efficiency to increase the Christian army, and disembarking their horses, marched with their grand master at their head, and joined the allies; who undertook the siege of what has since been called Previsa, but then Nicopolis.² The valiant Turk who held it made frequent sallies; and the camp of Giaours, besides extreme debauchery, fell into the carelessness which dissoluteness causes; the officers continually with lewd women, and the privates drunk.³ The French were composed of the first heroes of France, including Marshal Boucicault and two princes of the blood. The Christian allies, amounting in all to a hundred thousand men, of whom there were sixty thousand horse, the choicest body in Christendom. The German knights under Zollern, and the Hungarian Hussars under their king. There was good reason to be proud of that army; yet finally it but produced a new Mansourah. The French, with uncalculating bravery, and puffed up

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 210.

² Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 591.—Appendix, cxlvii.

³ Vertot: vi. 323.

with the indiscipline of free-livers, allowed themselves to be surprised; and then a most splendid charge of the cavalry, headed by the Count of Nevers, but contrary to prudent advice, and not irresistible, as he flattered himself, was followed by an overthrow the most complete. The van of the Turkish forces, composed (as usual) of their worst troops, Nevers easily breaking it, imagined he had broken the whole Moslem army; but upon reaching the top of the hillock, saw them in full array and vast numbers; the Janissaries nearly intact. It was too late for a retreat; so the fierce lions became timorous hares,¹ and were cut to pieces. Little quarter. Of the Christians most slain, the rest taken; and if the King of Hungary and the grand master got into a boat, it was by the greatest exertions of his knights, who in effecting it were every one killed; and the boat down by the canal reached a galley, that conveyed the pair to the island of Rhodes. As for the few prisoners, they were called up the next day and massacred, except twenty-five of the French leaders, from whom an enormous ransom was expected.² And when the ransom came, and the Duke of Nevers had an audience on

¹ Vertot: vi. 330.

² *Annales Mediolensis ad annum 1395.*—Andrea Gataro: *Storia di Padova*, ed. Muratori.—*Bib. Crois.*, ii. 638.

his liberty, the fierce conqueror refused to accept his word not to make war on him, and with the utmost pride exclaimed: "On the contrary, the sooner the better; you will find me always prepared, and ready to win a second Nicopolis."¹ The Christians in truth lost the battle and twenty thousand men. In 1396 was thirty-fourth grand master, Sir Philip de Naillac, of Aquitain; and to 1396 reconcile all the extreme parties, it was then that Heredia died.²

Naillac went to Rhodes, where his conciliating manners did much good; and thence sent trusty ambassadors and agents, and one of the ablest knights, to prepare a desperate defence against a more terrible than Bajazet; and the Tartar, not from fanaticism (for of no religion was he, whatever the Persian pretend), but from sheer despotism, and because he wished to domineer over every other sovereign, and could not bear that not only Greek Constantinople, but also a small island, was defended by the water from his authority, resolved to attack Smyrna, the rather that it had resisted the Turk triumphantly for years; and that a despotic punctilio was uppermost in Timour's mind is clear

¹ Bosio : par. ii., lib. iv., anno 1397.—Froissart.—Michaud : Hist., v. 213.

² Seb. Paoli : Serie, ii. 468.

from his declaring he would be contented if his banners were set on the hissar, or citadel, which is indeed the upper Smyrna. But the knight commanding there, could of course assent to no such thing.¹ So, subsequent to various attempts, Timour got on horseback, though it was the very depth of winter, and undertook the direction of the siege himself; he being a great captain, according to the Arabian Ali, and indeed an incomparable hero—at least equal to Cyrus, Alexander, or Cæsar, according to his French biographers;² and after divers mines had been ineffectual, a breach was effected in the ramparts, communication with the sea cut off, and the town taken by storm, and the hissar as well, with a tremendous slaughter of every human creature within its walls—many in the heat, more in cold blood—murdered, man, woman, child. Even razed the place itself, in a considerable degree. That those of the order who were there were slain, is not surprising, though mournful. To their devotions at daybreak, and ere noon corpses. They captivated their will to obedience unto the death, doubly their duty, both as soldiers and as knights. Most valiant to the last. They fell for their own honour, and the protection of Christendom. A

¹ Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 539.

² Sainctyon: Hist. du Grand Tamerlan, ed. 1679.

statute of theirs expressly forbids them any sign of lamentation. Still their historians may complain of the apathy of the persons who left them in such straits. Those persons had the excuse of the communications cut off. But why did they wait for that? Shame on Europe's miserable parties and ingratitude! Yet the noble defence is said to have a little deferred Constantinople's evil day, and perhaps saved the rest of Christendom. The Turks were bad enough, but far worse the Tartars. Timour himself may in several things have been superior to his countrymen. The "iron cage" and all about it may be mere fable; but if it be true, as universally related, that he had Bajazet's favourite son butchered, did he not share their sanguinary disposition? A young man of no conspicuous family having entered by the dispense of one Pope, and being sent by another with an injunction to make him shield-bearer of the whole order, the knights did so, though grumbling at what they declared contrary to their statutes—growing pretensions, which, if they almost always allowed, it was always with remonstrances and regret. John of Perusia was a noble-hearted person, and well worthy of promotion, whatever his birth; for from the moment of their profession, all the knights were on complete equality, nor was it allowed even

to recur to past proofs, and preceding rank was waived. His converse with the choicest spirits of Christendom, and to be accustomed to the best tastes and customs of the whole civilised world, soon put him quite at his ease with his companions. We are wrong in thinking there was no civilisation at that time, because so near to what are forsooth called the dark ages. There was, but restricted to a few. And who were those few, if not the highest-bred families in Europe, of which Rhodes contained the choice? Their aristocratic youth might surely lead the fashions, and practise whatever of civilisation existed. That they used table plate we have seen, and very costly foreign furs and embellishments for their houses, horses, arms, armour; and two centuries earlier, we find their grand master sending a courier from Jerusalem to Bohemia, with the keys of one of their fortified castles, to King Wratislau, in order that he and his might rest in it as long as they pleased, for that it stood on the road he had to pass from Asia Minor into Syria. Now what more splendid hospitality? Would it not be a grand thing at present from England to France? But then it was from south of Jordan to north of the Danube. If travelling enlighten the mind (as it does), who travelled more than those knights? Why, they

were always travelling. Their head-quarters displayed the best of different customs, and had all the chief tongues then spoken in Europe, and others that are dead there, or were never living there. If gold forks were used by the fine ladies in Constantinople, let us recollect that at that exact time one of the knights was its emperor. Who had them, if not he? And the famous Frederick I. of Germany, did he not delight in saying he was their equal? And the royal houses of France and England, we may be quite sure there was nothing finer in either than with their near relatives, the Knights of Rhodes. If it be learning to be versant with all that remained of old Greece and Rome, and to be excellent in various sciences, but particularly such as relate to war, and not deficient in whatever of literature Europe or modern Greece offered, they had fairer opportunities than then existed anywhere else. If their table was reduced to a single dish, that was at a moment of great exertion, and even then related only to themselves, not to their guests; of whom they had generally more than one imperial or royal personage to maintain in beseeming grandeur. That they had young lions domesticated, hounds trained in France, hawks, and field sports, has been shown, and quite natural. Enough of their do-

mestic architecture remains at Rhodes to shame even our present mansions; and their buildings were only a reminiscence of Palestine, a poor miniature; as Famagosta of Acre. They appear to have been no great writers; but that resort of nations was in itself an academy. Soldiers have occasionally plenty of leisure to study. But Perusia soon closed his career; for he was ordered to Smyrna, where, after that brilliant defence, he and the entire garrison perished to a man. Vertot mistakes the Persian, who only says some of the inhabitants escaped by swimming out to the ship as they did; but the sad truth is, the knights were all killed. Timour's black banner had been hung out; the first day's white meaning *surrender*; the second's red, *blood of a few*; the third's black, *universal destruction*. As to the heads, the difference between Christians and flat-nosed Tartars was patent. Total destruction was the delight of the Tartars. The description of the state in which they had left Hungary about this time makes one's blood curdle. "We began to visit those deserts so lately such populous districts; the steeples were all we found in part standing; so we plodded from steeple to steeple, our only landmarks; for leagues and leagues not a house; high weeds and brushwood everywhere; some remains of roots and

onions, nothing else, in what had been the gardens of the peasantry, only food we could find, and glad to get it; but too generally we had to live on air. We never met a living soul for a long time; we had to sleep beneath no roof, for not one did we ever find; after eight days we entered what used to be a town, but there too, not a single living creature, but only bones and heads: at last the King of Hungary arrived with some knights of Rhodes, and then we were assured the Tartars were gone."¹

Naillac in person led a party against the fort, held by some Tartars left stationed there by Timour when he returned to Samarcand; and, having exterminated them, built a new, very strong fortress on what is supposed by many to be the precise site of the ancient Halicarnassus, and called it St. Peter's of the Freed; and about 1399 it became the sole asylum for all enslaved Christians to escape to along that coast of Asia Minor. The knights kept there a famous race of very large watch-dogs, who learned to distinguish men, with an instinct at least equal to that of those of the Grand St. Bernard. A Christian refugee, having thrown himself into the bottom of

¹ Joannis Thurocz: Chron. Hungarum.—Bib. Crois., iii. 215.—Rogerii Hungari Chron.

a well, or rather cistern, to avoid the Turks, who pursued him, he must have died of hunger, but for one of those sagacious and faithful animals, who, during several days, threw him down the greater portion of the bread given to him every morning for his own nourishment; until the servant, who dealt out the breads, surprised to see the dog got leaner every day, set to find out what he did with his food, and discovered the truth to his astonishment. So the good mastiff acquired his niche in history; of which who shall deprive him?

This celebrated fort had seven lines of bastions and walls landward, and on that side might be really inexpugnable; whoever got within it, must have passed seven gates. Over the inmost, however, was inscribed an avowal that to keep it, required more than human ability: *Nisi Dominus custodierat, frustra vigilat qui custodit*; but towards the sea was the point of attack; yet to take it, you must first have taken Rhodes itself. *Saint Pierre de Libertini* was now its name, and its site was won the very same year that Smyrna fell—1399.¹

Later, Naillac's wise policy preserved Cyprus

¹ Bosio: par. ii., lib. iv. — Seb. Paoli: Notiz. Geogr., ii. 499.—Appendix, cxlviii.

from a civil war, of which Venetians, Genoese, and French, were blowing the
1403
coals.¹

The despot of the Morea—a Porphyrogenitus—wishing to sell his dominions, got the stipulated sum from the order, partly in money, and partly in jewels; but the Spartans refused to be sold, or let the magisterial commissaries into the town at all. So the bargain had to be broken, and the value refunded; but the imperial swindler having spent or hidden the bulk of it, the order had much trouble to obtain back their own, and only by quotas and after years.²

Much praised then at Rhodes, chiefly in a peace between the emperor and other Christian powers, as the foremost of the pacific diplomatists, was a Sir Peter Holt, Turcopolier;³ and eventually he became Prior of Ireland.⁴

Naillac returned to Europe for the Council of Pisa, in 1409, and the conclave there which he guarded.⁵ The Papacy subsequently revoking

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxxv.

² Id., ii., Num. lxxxvii. — Bosio: par. ii., lib. iii.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. lxxxviii.—Appendix, cxi. —Bosio: par. ii., lib. iv.

⁴ Bosio: par. ii., lib. iii. p. 82.

⁵ Appendix, cxliv.—Platina: iii., 293, etc.—Bosio: par. ii., lib. iv, anno 1409.—Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii., 468. Y. Z.

much—perhaps as much as it conscientiously could—he undertook various long voyages and journeys, including to England, where the crown gives a safe-conduct for him, and a suite of a hundred persons, and their horses, goods, and harness, on the 8th of March, 1410; and finally at Ancona
 1410 in Italy, in the last days of 1419, he pleaded the aforesaid revocations, and persuaded all he could assemble of his till then refractory knights, to recognise the reigning Pope (Martin V.), which put an end to the schism; and pardon was promulgated, and a seal on the past.¹ Back at Rhodes, after an absence of eleven years, he convened a chapter
 1420 general there in 1420; where divers statutes of great moment were made, amongst which particularly deserving of notice are:—

1.—That no knight under what pretext soever can cite a companion before any other tribunals, ecclesiastical or civil, than those of his order alone.

2.—That none but a member can be present at its chapter general. And in three months after it he died in June, 1421.² Able prince as his diplomatic labours show, having been ambassador for

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xcii.—Bosio : par. ii., lib. iv., anno 1420.—Appendix, cxlv.

² Seb. Paoli : Serie, ii. 468.—Statuti Tit. vii. 10, 41.—Bosio : par. ii., lib. iv. 138.—Vertot : vi. 377.

both the King of France and Duke of Burgundy in the Levant, and for the Papacy at the Courts of Paris and London;¹ and Naillac too it was that negotiated the treaty of peace between Genova and Cyprus,² and brought to pass other laudable matters.³

END OF VOL. II.

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros.

² Id., ii., Num. lxxxv.

³ Id., ii., Num. lxxxvi.—Bosio: par. ii., lib. iv.,
anno 1414 and 1418.

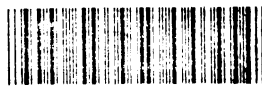
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